

THE NATURAL METHOD READERS



A FIFTH READER

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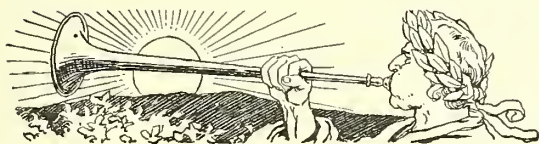
A FIFTH READER

BY

HANNAH T. McMANUS

PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE VARIAN



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PREFACE

The chief aims of reading in the fifth year do not differ materially from those of the fourth. The mechanics of the subject have been grasped, a certain degree of speed and accuracy in mastering the contents of the printed page has been acquired, and the foundations of a taste for reading have been laid. The work of the fifth year must continue along the lines followed in the fourth and must result in the broadening of the child's thought and in developing his power to read independently. To this end less time should be expended upon oral reading and a constantly increasing amount of effort should be given to silent reading. Encourage the child to read the maximum amount that the school programme allows and to do so at a good rate of speed. Then by questioning test the accuracy of his grasp of the thought and stimulate him to independent thinking.

The present great world crisis has laid new duties upon the teacher, especially the teacher of reading, and has opened up new opportunities to her. Now, as never before in our history, do we need to train boys and girls in our schools for the great tasks that the reconstructive efforts of the future are sure to demand of them. Now, as never before, do they need to have held up before them high standards of conduct and to be stimulated to rise to new levels of manliness and womanliness, to new heights of sacrifice and heroic endeavor, and to a loftier idealism. Above all, they must learn to be patriots, lovers of their country, true Americans.

In selecting the content of the Fifth Reader the author has been keenly alive to the above considerations. While the selections cover a wide range of subjects a larger proportion than usual are calculated to assist in character building and in developing patriotism.

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*Published with music by Harvey Worthington Loomis.

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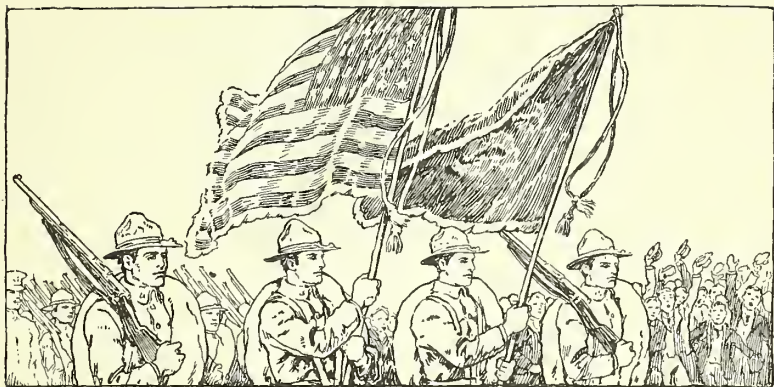
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A FIFTH READER

To get the good of the library in the school of life you must bring into it something better than a mere bookish taste. You must bring the power to read between the lines, behind the words, beyond the horizon of the printed page. I want books, not to pass the time, but to fill it with beautiful thoughts and images, to enlarge my world, to give me new friends in the spirit, to purify my ideals and make them clear, to show me the local color of unknown regions and the bright stars of universal truth.

HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE FLAG GOES BY

Hats off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off !

The flag is passing by !

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.

Hats off !

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:

Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Price and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.



JABEZ ROCKWELL'S POWDER-HORN

I

“Pooh, you are not tall enough to carry a musket! Go with the drums, and tootle on that fife you blew at the battle of Saratoga. Away with you, little Jabez, crying for a powder-horn, when grown men like me have not a pouch amongst them for a single charge of powder!”

A tall, gaunt Vermonter, whose uniform was a woollen bedcover draped to his knees, laughed loudly from the doorway of his log hut as he flung these taunts at the stripling soldier.

A little way down the snowy street of these rude cabins a group of ragged comrades was crowding at the heels of a man who hugged a leather apron to his chest with both arms. Jabez Rockwell was in hot haste to join the chase; nevertheless he halted to cry back at his critic:

“It’s a lie! I put my fife in my pocket at Saratoga and I fought with a musket as long and ugly as yourself. And a redcoat shot me through the arm. If the camp butcher has powder-horns to give away, I deserve one more than those raw militia recruits, so wait until you are a veteran of the Connecticut line before you laugh at us old soldiers.”

The youngster stooped to tighten the clumsy wrappings of rags which served him for shoes, and hurried on after

the little shouting mob which had followed the butcher down to the steep hillside of Valley Forge, where he stood at bay with his back to the cliff.

“There are thirty of you desperate villains,” puffed the fat fugitive, “and I have only ten horns, which have been saved from the choicest of all the cattle I’ve killed these two months gone. I would I had my maul and skinning-knife here to defend myself. Take me to headquarters, if there is no other way to end this riot. I want no pay for the horns. They are my gift to the troops, but, Heaven help me! who is to decide how to divide them amongst so many!”

“Stand him on his bald head, and loose the horns from the apron. As they fall, he who finds keeps!” roared one of the boisterous party.

“Toss them all in the air and let us fight for them,” was another suggestion.

The hapless butcher glared round him with growing dismay. At this rate half the American army would soon be clamoring round him, drawn by the chance to add to their poor equipment.

By this time Jabez Rockwell had wriggled under the arms of the shouting soldiers, twisting like an uncommonly active eel, until he was close to the red-faced butcher. With ready wit the youngster piped up a plan for breaking the deadlock:

“There are thirty of us, you say, that put you to rout, Master Ritter. Let us divide the ten horns by lot. Then

you can return to your cow-pens with a whole skin and a clear conscience."

"There is more sense in that little carcass of yours than in all those big, hulking troopers that could spit you on a bayonet like a sparrow!" rumbled Master Ritter. "How shall the lots be drawn?"

"Away with your lottery!" cried a burly rifleman, whose long hunting-shirt whipped in the bitter wind. "The road up the valley is well beaten down. The old forge is half a mile away. Do you mark a line, old beef-killing Jack, and we will run for our lives. The first ten to touch the stone wall of the smithy will take the ten prizes."

Some yelled approval, others fiercely opposed, and the wrangling was louder than before. Master Ritter, who had plucked up heart, began to steal warily from the hillside, hoping to escape in the confusion. A dozen hands clutched his collar and leather apron, and jerked him headlong back into the argument.

Young Jabez scrambled to the top of the nearest boulder, and ruffled with importance like a turkey-cock as he waved his arms to command attention.

"The guard will be turned out and we shall end this fray by cooling our heels in the prison huts on the hill," he declaimed. "If we run a foot-race, who is to say which of us first reaches the forge? Again—and I say I never served with such thick-witted troops when I fought under General Arnold at Saratoga—those with shoes to their feet have the advantage over those that are bound up in bits

of cloth and clumsy patches of hide. Draw lots, I say, before the picket is down upon us!"

The good-natured crowd cheered the boy orator, and hauled him from his perch with such hearty thumps that he feared they would break him in two.

Suddenly the noise was hushed as if the wranglers had been stricken dumb. Fur-capped heads turned to face down the winding valley, and without need of an order the company spread itself along the roadside in a rude, uneven line. Every man stood at attention, his head up, his shoulders thrown back, hands at his sides. Thus they stood while they watched a little group of horsemen trot toward them.

In front rode a commanding figure in buff and blue. The tall, lithe frame sat the saddle with the graceful ease of the hard-riding Virginia fox-hunter. The stern, smooth-shaven face, reddened and roughened by exposure to all weathers, lighted with an amiable curiosity at sight of this motley and expectant party, the central figure of which was the butcher, Master Ritter, who had dropped to his knees as if praying for his life.

General Washington turned to a sprightly looking red-haired youth who rode at his side, as if calling his attention to this singular tableau. The Marquis de Lafayette shrugged his shoulders after the French manner, and said, laughingly:

"It ees vat you t'ink? Vill they make ready to kill 'im? Vat they do?"

Just behind them pounded General Muhlenberg, the clergyman who had doffed his gown for the uniform of a brigadier, stalwart, swarthy, laughter in his piercing eyes as he commented:

“To the rescue! The victim is a worthy member of my old Pennsylvania flock. This doth savor of a soldier’s court martial for honest Jacob Ritter.”

The cavalcade halted, and the soldiers saluted, tonguetied and embarrassed, scuffling, and prodding one another’s ribs in an attempt to urge a spokesman forward, while General Washington gazed down at them as if demanding an explanation.

The butcher was about to make a stammering attempt when the string of his apron parted, and the ten cow-horns were scattered in the snow. He dived in pursuit of them, and his speech was never made.

Because Jabez Rockwell was too light and slender to make much resistance, he was first to be pushed into the foreground, and found himself nearest the commander-in-chief. He made the best of a bad matter, and his frank young face flushed hotly as he doffed his battered cap and bowed low.

“May it please the general we were in a good-natured dispute touching the matter of those ten cow-horns which the butcher brought amongst us to his peril. There are more muskets than pouches in our street, and we are debating a fair way to divide them. It is—it is exceedingly bold, sir, but dare we ask you to suggest a way out of the

trouble which preys sorely on the butcher's mind and body?"

A fleeting frown troubled the noble face of the chief, and his mouth twitched, not with anger but in pain, for the incident brought home to him anew that his soldiers, these brave, cheerful, half-clothed, freezing followers, were without even the simplest tools of warfare.

The cloud cleared and he smiled, such a proud, affectionate smile as a father shows to sons of his who have deemed no sacrifice too great for duty's sake. His eyes softened as he looked down at the straight stripling at his bridle-rein, and replied:

"You have asked my advice as a third party, and it is meet that I share in the distribution. Follow me to the nearest hut."

His officers wheeled and rode after him, while the bewildered soldiers trailed behind, two and two, down the narrow road, greatly wondering whether reward or punishment was to be their lot.

As for Jabez Rockwell, he strode proudly in the van as guide to the log cabin, and felt his heart flutter as he jumped to the head of the charger, while the general dismounted with the agility of a boy.

Turning to the soldiers, who hung abashed in the road, Washington called:

"Come in, as many of you as can find room!"

The company filled the hut, and made room for those behind by climbing into the tiers of bunks filled with boughs to soften the rough-hewn planks.



In one corner a wood-fire smouldered in a rough stone fireplace, whose smoke made even the general cough and sneeze. He stood behind a bench of barked logs, and took from his pocket a folded document. Then he picked up from the hearth a bit of charcoal, and announced:

“I will write down a number between fifteen hundred and two thousand, and the ten that guess nearest this number shall be declared the winners of the ten horns.”

He carefully tore the document into strips, and then into small squares, which were passed among the delighted audience. There was a busy whispering and scratching of heads. Over in one corner, jammed against the wall until he gasped for breath, Jabez Rockwell said to himself:

“I must guess shrewdly. Methinks he will choose a number half-way between fifteen hundred and two thousand. I will write down seventeen hundred and fifty. But stay! Seventeen seventy-six may come first into his mind, the glorious year when the independence of the colonies was declared. But he will surely take it that we, too, are thinking of that number, wherefore I will pass it by.”

As if reading his thoughts, a comrade curled up in a bunk at Rockwell’s elbow muttered:

“Seventeen seventy-six, I haven’t a doubt of it!”

Alas for the cunning surmise of Jabez, the chief did write down Independence year, “1776,” and when this verdict was read aloud, the boy felt deep disappointment. This was turned to joy, however, when his guess of “1750”

was found to be among the ten nearest the fateful choice, and one of the powder-horns fell to him.

The soldiers pressed back to make way for General Washington as he went out of the hut, stooping low that his head might escape the roof-beams. Before the party mounted, the boyish Lafayette swung his hat round his head and shouted:

“A huzza for ze wise general!”

The soldiers cheered lustily, and General Muhlenberg followed with:

“Now a cheer for the Declaration of Independence and the soldier who wrote down ‘Seventeen seventy-six.’”

General Washington bowed in his saddle, and the shouting followed his clattering train up the valley on his daily tour of inspection. He left behind him a new-fledged hero in the person of Jabez Rockwell, whose bold tactics had won him a powder-horn and given his comrades the rarest hour of the dreary winter at Valley Forge.

In his leisure time he scraped and polished the horn, fitted it with a wooden stopper and cord, and with greatest care and labor scratched upon its gleaming surface these words:

JABEZ ROCKWELL, RIDGEWAY, CONN.—HIS HORN.

MADE IN CAMP AT VALLEY FORGE.

Thin and pale, but with unbroken spirit, this sixteen-year-old veteran drilled and marched and braved picket duty in zero weather, often without a scrap of meat to brace

his ration for a week on end; but he survived with no worse damage than sundry frostbites. In early spring he was assigned to duty as a sentinel of the company which guarded the path that led up the hill to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. Here he learned much to make the condition of his comrades seem more hopeless and forlorn than ever.

Hard-riding scouting-parties came into camp with reports of forays as far as the suburbs of Philadelphia, twenty miles away. Spies disguised as farmers returned with stories of visits into the heart of the capital city held by the enemy. This gossip and information, which the young sentinel picked up bit by bit, he pieced together to make a picture of an invincible veteran British army, waiting to fall upon the huddled mob of "rebels" at Valley Forge and sweep them away like chaff. He heard it over and over again, that the Hessians, with their tall and gleaming brass hats and fierce mustaches, "were dreadful to look upon," that the British Grenadiers, who tramped the Philadelphia streets in legions, "were like moving ranks of stone wall."

Then Jabez would look out across the valley, and perhaps see an American regiment at drill, without uniforms, ranks half filled, looking like an array of scarecrows. His heart would sink despite his memories of Saratoga; and in such dark hours he could not believe it possible even for General Washington to win a battle in the coming summer campaign.

It was on a bright day of June that Capt. Allan McLane, the leader of scouts, galloped past the huts of the sentinels, and shouted as he rode:

“The British have marched out of Philadelphia! I have just cut my way through their skirmishers over in New Jersey!”

A little later orderlies were buzzing out of the old stone house at headquarters like bees from a hive, with orders for the troops to be ready to march. As Jabez Rockwell hurried to rejoin his regiment, men were shouting the glad news along the green valley, with songs and cheers and laughter. They fell in as a fighting army, and left behind them the tragic story of their winter at Valley Forge, as the trailing columns swept beyond the Schuylkill into the wide and smiling farm lands of Pennsylvania.

Summer heat now blistered the dusty faces that had been for so long blue and pinched with hunger and cold. A week of glad marching and full rations carried Washington's awakened army into New Jersey, by which time the troops knew their chief was leading them to block the British retreat from Philadelphia.

Jabez Rockwell, marching with the Connecticut Brigade, had forgotten his fears of the brass-capped Hessians and the stone-wall Grenadiers. One night they camped near Monmouth village, and scouts brought in the tidings that the British were within sight. In the long summer twi-

light Jabez climbed a little knoll hard by and caught a glimpse of the white tents of the Queen's Rangers, hardly beyond musket-shot. Before daybreak a rattle of firing woke him, and he scrambled out, to find that the pickets were already exchanging shots.

He picked up his old musket, and chewing a hunk of dry bread for breakfast, joined his company drawn up in a pasture. Knapsacks were piled near Freehold Meeting-house, and the troops marched ahead, not knowing where they were sent.

Across the wooded fields Jabez saw the lines of red splotches which gleamed in the early sunlight and he knew these were British troops. The rattling musket-fire became a grinding roar, and the deeper note of artillery boomed into the tumult. A battle had begun, yet the Connecticut Brigade was stewing in the heat hour after hour, impatient, troubled, wondering why they had no part to play. As the forenoon dragged along the men became sullen and weary.

When at last an order came it was not to advance, but to retreat. Falling back, they found themselves near their camping-place. Valley Forge had not quenched the faith of Jabez Rockwell in General Washington's power to conquer any odds, but now he felt such dismay as brought hot tears to his eyes. On both sides of his regiment American troops were streaming to the rear, their columns broken and straggling. It seemed as if the whole army was fleeing from the veterans of Clinton and Cornwallis.

Jabez flung himself into a corn-field, and hid his face in

his arms. Round him his comrades were muttering their anger and despair. He fumbled for his canteen, and his fingers closed round his powder-horn. "General Washington did not give you to me to run away with," he whispered; and then his parched lips moved in a little prayer:

"Dear Lord, help us to beat the British this day, and give me a chance to empty my powder-horn before night. Thou hast been with General Washington and me ever since last year. Please don't desert us now."

Nor was he surprised when, as if in direct answer to his petition, he rose to see the chief riding through the troop lines, but such a chief as he had never before known. The kindly face was aflame with anger, and streaked with dust and sweat. The powerful horse he rode was lathered, and its heaving flanks were scarred from hard-driven spurs.

As the commander passed the regiment, his staff in a whirlwind at his heels, Jabez heard him shout in a great voice vibrant with rage and grief:

"I cannot believe the army is retreating. I ordered a general advance. Who dared to give such an order! Advance those lines——"

"It was General Lee's order to retreat," Jabez heard an officer stammer in reply.

Washington vanished in a moment, with a storm of cheers in his wake. Jabez was content to wait for orders now. He believed the Battle of Monmouth as good as won.

His recollection of the next few hours was jumbled and hazy. He knew that the regiment went forward, and then the white smoke of musket-fire closed down before him. Now and then the summer breeze made rifts in this stifling cloud, and he saw it streaked with spouting fire. He aimed his old musket at that other foggy line beyond the rail fence, whose top was lined with men in coats of red and green and black.

Suddenly his officers began running to and fro, and a shout ran down the thin line:

“Stand steady, Connecticut! Save your fire! Aim low! Here comes a charge!”

A tidal wave of red and brass broke through the gaps in the rail fence, and the sunlight rippled along a wavering line of British bayonets. They crept nearer, nearer, until Jabez could see the grim ferocity, the bared teeth, the staring eyes of the dreaded Grenadiers.

At the command to fire he pulled trigger, and the kick of his musket made him grunt with pain. Pulling the stopper from his powder-horn with his teeth, Jabez poured in a charge, and was ramming the bullet home when he felt his right leg double under him and burn as if red-hot iron had seared it.

Then the charging tide of Grenadiers swept over him. He felt their hobnailed heels bite into his back; then his head felt queer, and he closed his eyes. When he found himself trying to rise, he saw, as through a mist, his regiment falling back, driven from their ground by the first



shock of the charge. He groaned in agony of spirit. What would General Washington say?

Jabez was now behind the headlong British column, which heeded him not. He was in a little part of the field cleared of fighting, for the moment, except for the wounded, who dotted the trampled grass. The smoke had drifted away, for the swaying lines in front of him were locked in the frightful embrace of cold steel.

The boy staggered to his feet, with his musket as a crutch, and his wound was forgotten. He was given strength to his need by the spirit of a great purpose.

Alone he stood and reeled, while he beckoned, passionately, imploringly, his arm outstretched toward his broken regiment. The lull in the firing made a moment of strange quiet. Therefore, the shrill young voice carried far, as he shouted:

“Come back, Connecticut! I’m waiting for you!”

His captain heard the boy, and waved his sword with hoarse cries to his men. They caught sight of the lonely little figure in the background, and his cry went to their hearts, and a great wave of rage and shame swept the line like a prairie fire. Like a landslide the men of Connecticut swept forward to recapture the ground they had yielded. Back fell the British before a countercharge they could not withstand, back beyond the rail fence. Nor was there refuge even there, for, shattered and spent, they were smashed to fragments in a flank attack driven home in the nick of time by the American reserves.

From a low hill to the right of this action General Washington had paused to view the charge just when his line gave way. He sent an officer in hot haste for reserves and waited for them where he was.

Thus it happened that his eye swept the littered field from which Jabez Rockwell rose, as one from the dead, to rally his comrades, alone, undaunted, pathetic beyond words. A little later two privates were carrying to the rear the wounded lad, who had been picked up alive and conscious. They halted to salute their commander-in-chief, and laid their burden down as the general drew rein and said:

“Take this man to my quarters, and see to it that he has every possible attention. I saw him save a regiment and retake a position.”

The limp figure on the litter of boughs raised itself on an elbow, and said very feebly:

“I didn’t want to see that powder-horn disgraced, sir.”

With a smile of recognition General Washington responded:

“The powder-horn? I remember. You are the lad who led the powder-horn rebellion at Valley Forge. And I wrote down ‘Seventeen seventy-six.’ You have used it well, my boy. I will not forget.”

When Jabez Rockwell was able to rejoin his company he scratched upon the powder-horn this addition to the legend he had carved at Valley Forge:

FIRST USED AT MONMOUTH, JUNE 28, 1778.

A hundred years later the grandson of Jabez Rockwell hung the powder-horn in the old stone house at Valley Forge which had been General Washington’s headquarters. And if you should chance to see it there you will find that the young soldier added one more line to the rough inscription:

LAST USED AT YORKTOWN, 1781.

RALPH D. PAINE.



THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED REBEL

A boy drove into the city, his wagon loaded down
With food to feed the people of the British-governed
town;

And the little black-eyed rebel, so innocent and sly,
Was watching for his coming from the corner of her eye.

His face looked broad and honest, his hands were brown
and tough,

The clothes he wore upon him were homespun, coarse,
and rough;

But one there was who watched him, who a long time lin-
gered nigh,

And cast at him sweet glances from the corner of her eye.

He drove up to the market, he waited in the line;
His apples and potatoes were fresh and fair and fine;
But long and long he waited, and no one came to buy,
Save the black-eyed rebel, watching from the corner of
her eye.

“Now who will buy my apples?” he shouted, long and loud;
And “Who wants my potatoes?” he repeated to the crowd:
But from all the people round him came no word of a reply,
Save the black-eyed rebel, answering from the corner of
her eye.

For she knew that 'neath the lining of the coat he wore
that day,
Were long letters from the husbands and the fathers far
away,
Who were fighting for the freedom that they meant to
gain or die;
And a tear like silver glistened in the corner of her eye.

But the treasures—how to get them? crept the question
through her mind,
Since keen enemies were watching for what prizes they
might find:
And she paused awhile and pondered, with a pretty little
sigh;
Then resolve crept through her features, and a shrewd-
ness fired her eye.

So she resolutely walked up to the wagon old and red;
“May I have a dozen apples for a kiss?” she sweetly
said:

And the brown face flushed to scarlet; for the boy was
somewhat shy,

And he saw her laughing at him from the corner of her
eye.

“You may have them all for nothing, and more, if you
want,” quoth he.

“I will have them, my good fellow, but can pay for them,”
said she;

And she clambered on the wagon, minding not who all
were by,

With a laugh of reckless romping in the corner of her eye.

Clinging round his brawny neck, she clasped her fingers
white and small,

And then whispered, “Quick! the letters! thrust them
underneath my shawl!

Carry back again this package, and be sure that you are
spritly!”

And she sweetly smiled upon him from the corner of her
eye.

Loud the motley crowd were laughing at the strange, un-
girlish freak,

And the boy was scared and panting, and so dashed he
could not speak;

And, "Miss, I have good apples," a bolder lad did cry;
But she answered, "No, I thank you," from the corner
of her eye.

With the news of loved ones absent to the dear friends
they would greet,
Searching them who hungered for them, swift she glided
through the street.

"There is nothing worth the doing that it does not pay
to try,"

Thought the little black-eyed rebel, with a twinkle in her
eye.

WILL CARLETON.



GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

CHARACTERS

MRS. MARTIN
MRS. ANDERSON
POLLY MARTIN
JACK MARTIN

GENERAL WASHINGTON
GENERAL LAFAYETTE
A SOLDIER

SCENE I

IN WIDOW MARTIN'S LIVING-ROOM, A FEW MILES FROM
VALLEY FORGE

TIME, THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, 1777

JACK *and* POLLY MARTIN, *aged ten and twelve, respectively, come running in, chasing a big black-and-white cat. JACK has a pea-shooter and keeps shooting at the cat, which jumps about, runs under the table and chairs, etc.*

JACK: Ha, ha! Did you see him jump! I'm sure I hit him that time.

POLLY: Oh, Jack, please don't! You'll hurt him; I know you will.

JACK: Ho, ho! Hurt him! Of course not. It only livens him up a little. He's a lazy cat. There, there! I hit him again. Ho, ho!

POLLY: Oh, Jack! You must stop. If you don't I'll tell mother. Then you'll be sorry.

JACK: Oh, you'll be a tattle-tale, will you? That's just

like a girl. You'll be a sneak, will you? You're a fine sister!

POLLY: Now, Jack, that's unkind of you. You know I'm not a tattle-tale. But I can't have you hurt Ebenezer. He's such a good cat, and you know what a fine mouser he is.

JACK: Ho, ho! He's a great, fat, lazy fellow. He spends most of his time sleeping in the sun. It will do him good to make him hop and run a little.

POLLY: Oh, Jack, please, please don't tease him any more!

JACK: Well, sis, just one more shot and I'm through. Where is he, under the sofa? (*Pushes sofa; the cat runs out.*) Ah, there he goes! (*Jumps to get a good shot at the cat and knocks over a small table with plants. Everything goes crashing to the floor.*)

POLLY: Oh, Jack, what have you done now? What will mother say?

MRS. MARTIN *comes in, followed by* MRS. ANDERSON.

MRS. MARTIN: Hoity-toity! What's the meaning of all this confusion? Oh, oh! What a mess! Run and get the dust-pan, Polly. (*POLLY runs out and soon returns with dust-pan and brush. Mrs. Martin picks up plants.*) Ah, Mrs. Anderson, such a mischievous pair, these children of mine. They are always making some sort of trouble for me.

JACK: I'm sorry, mother. I didn't mean to knock over the flower-pots. Polly and I were playing with Ebenezer, and——

MRS. MARTIN: Yes, teasing the poor cat again! Oh, Jack, when will you learn to behave? Well, well, you must be punished. Go into the corner there and stand facing the wall till I tell you you can go. (*JACK does as his mother says.*)

MRS. ANDERSON: Can I help you, Mrs. Martin?

MRS. MARTIN: No, thank you; it's all right now. There, Polly, take this dust-pan outdoors. Mrs. Anderson, please be seated. I'm sorry you should find my house in such confusion.

MRS. ANDERSON: Pray, relieve your mind, Mrs. Martin. Children are indeed a trouble, but they're a blessing, too. Mine are grown up now and gone away, and it's very, very lonely now for me.

MRS. MARTIN: I can well believe that, Mrs. Anderson. Since my good man was killed at Saratoga many a lonely day has passed. Were it not for Jack and Polly I could hardly endure it.

MRS. ANDERSON: Ah, it's a sad war. God grant that it will be soon over. My Sandy, who's at Valley Forge with General Washington, writes me that things are in a dreadful state there. Many of the men have no blankets in this bitter cold, and some even have no shoes.

MRS. MARTIN: Oh, the poor lads, the poor lads!

MRS. ANDERSON: Yes, and that is not half the tale. They're hungry, too. Sometimes for a week there's not a mouthful of meat in the whole camp.

POLLY peeps in at the door and listens.

MRS. MARTIN: Ah, the brave boys! It's a wonder their spirits hold up.

MRS. ANDERSON: They love General Washington too well to leave him.

MRS. MARTIN: Ah, there's a noble man!

MRS. ANDERSON: Noble he is indeed, Mrs. Martin. Sandy says he's always going about the camp among the men, even in the coldest and gloomiest weather, heartening them up. He does all he can to get proper food and clothing for them, and he often sends them food from his own table.

MRS. MARTIN: God bless him! He'll bring us through the war if any one can.

MRS. ANDERSON: That he will, but I fear it will be a long, hard struggle.

MRS. MARTIN: Well, we must hope for the best.

SCENE II

LATER THE SAME DAY, IN THE BARNYARD

POLLY: Oh, Jack, did you hear what they said about the poor soldiers at Valley Forge?

JACK: Yes, of course, I heard. How could I help it?

POLLY: But isn't it dreadful?

JACK: Why, yes, so it seems. But it's not our concern.

POLLY: Oh, Jack! Of course it's our concern.

JACK: I don't see how.

POLLY: Why, Jack, it's our country they are fighting

for. They are trying to make us free. And to think that the soldiers haven't enough blankets to keep them warm in this cold weather, and some of them are barefooted, and they don't have food enough. Oh, Jack!

JACK: Well, I don't see that we can help it. So what's the use of talking about it? Of course it's too bad, but why should we vex ourselves with the matter?

POLLY: But, Jack, I believe we can do something. Yes, I'm sure we can. Let me think.

JACK: You're a silly, Polly. What can we do?

POLLY: (*Claps her hands.*) Oh, Jack! I've just thought of something I can do. I'm going to take my old gander for General Washington's Christmas dinner. And, Jack!

JACK: Well?

POLLY: Don't you think you ought to do something too?

JACK: Well, what do you mean? What can I do?

POLLY: I'll tell you what, Jack. I'll take my gander Samuel, and you take your old gobbler Solomon. We'll saddle Dobbin and ride over to the camp with them this very day.

JACK: Oh, but Polly! I can't give away Solomon.

POLLY: But think how much more General Washington needs him than you do, and think how much General Washington is doing for his country. You are doing nothing. You ought to be willing to give your turkey to feed the hungry soldiers at the camp. Come, come, I know you'll say yes. Let's saddle old Dobbin and ride over to the camp right away.

SCENE III

At WASHINGTON'S headquarters at Valley Forge. WASHINGTON sits writing at a table. GENERAL LAFAYETTE stands with his back to the fireplace, with his hands behind his back. Two or three officers stand near the door.

WASHINGTON: (*Stops writing, folds paper, seals it, and signs to officer.*) There, Captain McLane, despatch this by a trusty messenger to the Congress. The need is great. Urge, therefore, the utmost haste. Our brave soldiers suffer greatly from the cold and must have blankets, shoes, and clothing, and that right soon.

Officer takes paper, salutes, and goes out.

LAFAYETTE: Ah, your soldiers! Dey are so brave! It make my heart bleed, dey suffer so. Last night it was so cold. And many of de brave fellows sat up all night around dere fires to keep warm.

WASHINGTON: (*Shaking his head sadly*) They are brave indeed! They endure most cheerfully the greatest hardships. Such soldiers cannot be vanquished. They will fight to the bitter end.

There is a noise outside, and a soldier comes in with

POLLY and JACK. *Each of them carries a big basket.*

The soldier salutes.

WASHINGTON: (*Returning the soldier's salute*) Well, my man, what have we here? Prisoners?

SOLDIER: Why, yes, sir; you might say so, unless they

can give a good account of themselves. The picket brought them in. They said they must see the general.

POLLY: Please, sir, are you General Washington?

WASHINGTON: Yes, child, I am; and who are you?

POLLY: I am Polly Martin, and this is my brother Jack.

WASHINGTON: I'm glad to know you, Polly, and you too, Jack. (*Shakes hands with each of them and smiles encouragingly.*) I hope you've not come far in all this cold and snow.

POLLY: We've come from Inman's Ford, where our home is.

WASHINGTON: From Inman's Ford! Why, that is full five miles. And did you come alone?

POLLY: Just Jack and I. You see, our father's dead. He was killed at Saratoga, and of course mother couldn't come with us.

WASHINGTON: Oh, I see. What was your father's name?

POLLY: John Martin—Captain Jack, folks called him.

WASHINGTON: John Martin! I knew him well. He was a brave man and a gallant officer. But what do you wish from me?

POLLY: Why, sir, we heard that you and your brave soldiers are often hungry, and as to-morrow is Christmas we thought it would be a pity if you didn't have something good for dinner. So we've brought you some presents. (*Holds out basket.*)



WASHINGTON: Why, what have we here? (*Opens cover of basket and the long neck of the gander sticks out.*)

POLLY: It's Samuel, my pet gander. I shall miss him greatly, but I want you to have him, if you're really very hungry. Jack has brought you something too. (*Opens JACK's basket.*) It's his pet turkey Solomon.

WASHINGTON: God bless the child. (*Catches POLLY up in his arms and kisses her.*) You're a brave little maid. I wish I had one of my own like you. (*Turns to JACK and pats him on the head.*) And you, my lad, I thank most heartily. I'll take your gifts, but you must take mine, too. (*Opens a drawer in his desk, and takes out a pair of shoe-buckles, which he gives to POLLY.*) Here, little maid, take these shoe-buckles, and wear them as a remembrance from General Washington. (*Gives JACK a pair of spurs.*) These are for you, Jack. Some day you'll be as brave a man as was your father. As for your gifts, they are right welcome. Tomorrow, thanks to you, we'll have a jolly feast, and you may be sure we'll often think of you. Here, some one, see these children safely home. They must not come to harm. We shall need such patriots in future years. The country's safe so long as we have such brave and generous boys and girls as they.

R. H. BOWLES.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

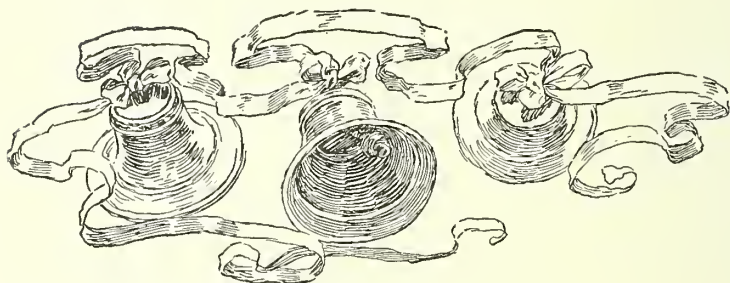
Then from each black, accursed mouth,
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



JIMMIE REEDER'S GOOD TURN

A rule of the Boy Scouts is every day to do some one a good turn. Not because the copy-books tell you it deserves another, but in spite of that pleasing possibility. If you are a true scout, until you have performed your act of kindness your day is dark. You are as unhappy as is the grown-up who has begun his day without shaving or reading the *New York Sun*. But as soon as you have proved yourself you may, with a clear conscience, look the world in the face and untie the knot in your kerchief.

Jimmie Reeder untied the accusing knot in his scarf at just ten minutes past eight on a hot August morning after he had given one dime to his sister Sadie. With that she could either witness the first-run films at the Palace, or by dividing her fortune patronize two of the nickel shows on Lenox Avenue. The choice Jimmie left to her. He was setting out for the annual encampment of the Boy Scouts at Hunter's Island, and in the excitement of that adventure even the movies ceased to thrill. But Sadie also could be unselfish. With the heroism of a camp-fire maiden she made a gesture which might have been interpreted to mean she was returning the money.

"I can't, Jimmie!" she gasped. "I can't take it from you. You saved it, and you ought to get the fun of it."

"I haven't saved it yet," said Jimmie. "I'm going to cut it out of the railroad fare. I'm going to get off at

City Island instead of at Pelham Manor and walk the difference. That's ten cents cheaper."

Sadie exclaimed with admiration: "And you carrying that heavy grip!"

"Oh! That's nothing," said the man of the family.

"Good-by, mother. So long, Sadie."

To ward off further expressions of gratitude he fled down the front steps.

He wore his khaki uniform. On his shoulders was his knapsack, from his hands swung his suitcase, and between his heavy stockings and his "shorts" his kneecaps, un-kissed by the sun, as yet unscathed by blackberry vines, showed as white and fragile as the wrists of a girl. As he moved toward the "L" station at the corner, Sadie and his mother waved to him; in the street, boys too small to be scouts hailed him enviously; even the policeman glancing over the newspapers on the news-stand nodded approval.

"You a Scout, Jimmie?" he asked.

"No," retorted Jimmie, for was not he also in uniform? "I'm Santa Claus out filling Christmas stockings."

The patrolman also possessed a ready wit.

"Then get yourself a pair," he advised. "If a dog was to see your legs——"

Jimmie escaped the insult by fleeing up the steps of the Elevated.

An hour later, with his valise in one hand and staff in the other, he was tramping up the Boston Post Road and

breathing heavily. The day was cruelly hot. Before his eyes, over an interminable stretch of asphalt, the heat waves danced and flickered. Already the knapsack on his shoulders pressed upon him like an Old Man of the Sea; the linen in the valise had turned to pig iron, his pipe-stem legs were wabbling, his eyes smarted with salt sweat, and the fingers supporting the valise belonged to some other boy, and were giving that boy much pain. But as the motor-cars flashed past with raucous warnings, or, that those who rode might better see the boy with bare knees, passed at "half speed," Jimmie stiffened his shoulders and stepped jauntily forward. Even when the joy-riders mocked with "Oh, you Scout!" he smiled at them. He was willing to admit to those who rode that the laugh was on the one who walked. And he regretted—oh, so bitterly—having left the train. He was indignant that for his "one good turn a day" he had not selected one less strenuous. That, for instance, he had not assisted a frightened old lady through the traffic. To refuse the dime she might have offered, as all true scouts refuse all tips, would have been easier than to earn it by walking five miles, with the sun at ninety-nine degrees, and carrying excess baggage. Twenty times James shifted the valise to the other hand, twenty times he let it drop and sat upon it.

And then, as again he took up his burden, the Good Samaritan drew near. He drew near in a low gray racing-car, at the rate of forty miles an hour, and within a hundred feet of Jimmie suddenly stopped and backed toward

him. The Good Samaritan was a young man with white hair. He wore a suit of blue, a golf cap; the hands that held the wheel were disguised in large yellow gloves. He brought the car to a halt and surveyed the dripping figure in the road with tired and uncurious eyes.

“You a Boy Scout?” he asked.

With alacrity for the twenty-first time Jimmie dropped the valise, forced his cramped fingers into straight lines, and saluted.

The young man in the car nodded toward the seat beside him.

“Get in,” he commanded.

When James sat panting happily at his elbow the old young man, to Jimmie’s disappointment, did not continue to shatter the speed limit. Instead, he seemed inclined for conversation, and the car, growling indignantly, crawled.

“I never saw a Boy Scout before,” announced the old young man. “Tell me about it. First, tell me what you do when you’re not scouting.”

Jimmie explained volubly. When not in uniform he was an office boy, and from pedlers and beggars guarded the gates of Carroll and Hastings, stock-brokers. He spoke the names of his employers with awe. It was a firm distinguished, conservative, and long-established. The white-haired young man seemed to nod in assent.

“Do you know them?” demanded Jimmie suspiciously.
“Are you a customer of ours?”



“I know them,” said the young man. “They are customers of mine.”

Jimmie wondered in what way Carroll and Hastings were customers of the white-haired young man. Judging him by his outer garments, Jimmie guessed he was a Fifth Avenue tailor; he might be even a haberdasher. Jimmie continued. He lived, he explained, with his mother at One Hundred and Forty-sixth Street; Sadie, his sister, attended the public school; he helped support them both, and he now was about to enjoy a well-earned vacation camping out on Hunter’s Island, where he would cook his own meals and, if the mosquitoes permitted, sleep in a tent.

“And you like that?” demanded the young man. “You call that fun?”

“Sure!” protested Jimmie. “Don’t you go camping out?”

“I go camping out,” said the Good Samaritan, “whenever I leave New York.”

Jimmie had not for three years lived in Wall Street not to understand that the young man spoke in metaphor.

“You don’t look,” objected the young man critically, “as though you were built for the strenuous life.”

Jimmie glanced guiltily at his white knees.

“You ought to see me two weeks from now,” he protested. “I get all sunburnt and hard—hard as anything!”

The young man was incredulous.

"You were near getting sunstroke when I picked you up," he laughed. "If you're going to Hunter's Island, why didn't you take the Third Avenue to Pelham Manor?"

"That's right!" assented Jimmie eagerly. "But I wanted to save the ten cents so's to send Sadie to the movies. So I walked."

The young man looked his embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured.

But Jimmie did not hear him. From the back of the car he was dragging excitedly at the hated suitcase.

"Stop!" he commanded. "I've got to get out. I've got to walk."

The young man showed his surprise.

"Walk!" he exclaimed.

Jimmie dropped the valise and followed it into the roadway. It took some time to explain to the young man. First, he had to be told about the scout law and the one good turn a day, and that it must involve some personal sacrifice. And, as Jimmie pointed out, changing from a slow suburban train to a racing-car could not be listed as a sacrifice. He had not earned the money, Jimmie argued; he had only avoided paying it to the railroad. If he did not walk he would be obtaining the gratitude of Sadie by a falsehood. Therefore, he must walk.

"Not at all," protested the young man. "You've got it wrong. What good will it do your sister to have you sunstruck? I think you are sunstruck. You're crazy

with the heat. You get in here, and we'll talk it over as we go along."

Hastily Jimmie backed away. "I'd rather walk," he said.

The young man shifted his legs irritably.

"Then how'll this suit you?" he called. "We'll declare that first 'one good turn' a failure and start afresh. Do me a good turn."

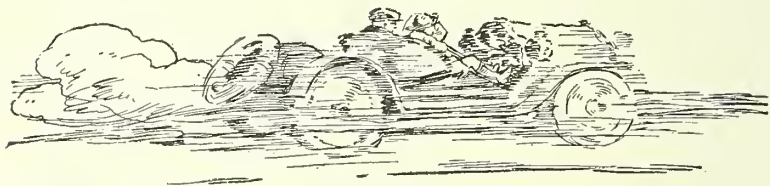
Jimmie halted in his tracks and looked back suspiciously.

"I'm going to Hunter's Island Inn," called the young man, "and I've lost my way. You get in here and guide me. That'll be doing me a good turn."

On either side of the road, blotting out the landscape, giant hands, picked out in electric-light bulbs, pointed the way to Hunter's Island Inn. Jimmie grinned and nodded toward them.

"Much obliged," he called, "I've got to walk." Turning his back upon temptation, he wobbled forward into the flickering heat waves.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



THE RULES OF THE GAME

We all know what a miserable thing a game becomes when it is not played according to the rules. If we cannot trust our opponents to play fair, the spirit of the whole game is lowered, and we are forced not only to pay attention to our own play but feel obliged to watch our opponents and the umpire at every point. A game like this, where there is suspicion of foul play, either on one or both sides, ceases to be play, because there can be comparatively little enjoyment in it. There is no confidence in the honor of our opponents, and therefore there is no respect and there can be no friendship. When foul play is suspected on one side, it offers a temptation to the other side to behave in the same way, and a lack of self-respect takes the place of the sure trust and loyal confidence that heightens the enjoyment of the game between friends.

The fact is that the rules of the game are the foundation of the game; because, when the rules are not kept, and the game ceases to be play, it becomes a scramble or a swindling-match. And for this reason fair play has been the thing which men of our race have always loved most of all, because it represents faithfulness to an obligation of honor. True sportsmanship rests upon this foundation: that a man would rather lose a point, and indeed lose the

whole game, than play against the rules; just as a soldier would prefer a thousand times to be killed than to be a coward and neglect his duty.

The presence of an umpire, of course, does not mean that players are not to be trusted, and that it is the umpire's duty to be a kind of policeman and so prevent foul play. The umpire's business in the game is to decide questions according to the rules, when the judgment of one player may honestly differ from that of another, and so to save time and settle all questions as promptly as possible.

The rules of the game really form a solemn agreement according to which the players have decided beforehand to play; and, therefore, a deliberate breach of the rules is just as much a violation of honor as the breaking of a business agreement or a treaty between nations.

In a game of ball, a man may at some time be tempted to claim a run without having touched second base; and even in the excitement of the moment we must compel ourselves to stand up for the truth at all costs and realize the obligation of honor which it is our duty to hold sacred. As American Scouts we have taken Abraham Lincoln as our standard-bearer; and this is just what he meant when he said: "I may fail, but I am bound to be true."

This same principle is recognized in all professions and employments—wherever men work together and depend upon one another to carry on their work. Many of the agreements are, so-called, unwritten laws and depend only upon the general sense of honor which grows finer and

finer in a man in proportion as he is faithful to the plain obligations of duty about which nobody can make any mistake.

It is easy to see, for instance, that the cashier of a bank cannot steal the bank's funds without a breach of honor; but it is not so obvious to young and inexperienced people that, if a committee of men are working together for some common end, either in politics or business, or any other field, it is not honorable for one or a few to work on their own account privately, without consulting their associates. In business, in politics, in war, and in every other line of action, there is the same obligation to "respect the rules of the game," whether they are the laws of the land, or written agreements between men, or else unwritten and even unspoken agreements which are taken for granted as a matter of course.

The people who settled this country in the early days of our history brought with them a tradition, or custom, which had been handed down from one generation to another, which was against all underhand and sneaking attempts, in any line, to take a mean advantage of any one else. The same tradition exists among true gentlemen of all nations, but there seemed to be a particular emphasis put upon it by the old Anglo-Saxons which is greatly appreciated in this country by men who are descended from other races. To read other people's letters without their knowledge or consent; to listen to or try to overhear private conversations between other people; to accept favors

and then talk meanly about those who have benefited us—all such things are underhand and squirmy acts which keep people in the habit of breaking the rules of the game. Among all decent people such acts are considered despicable and weak, and the unwritten law requires that every one should, in his secret heart, close his eyes to what he is not meant to see; stop his ears to what he is not meant to hear, and keep his mouth sealed to protect another's secret. It is just because these little, mean, slimy things can be done so often, without being found out, that they are so mean; but they are often betrayed by the very tone and manner of the people who practise them; for men and women, whether old or young, who love to be straightforward and aboveboard, just as they love fresh air, have a bearing and a manner which cannot be successfully imitated, and which is very different from that of a sneak.

The spirit of faithfulness to all written or unwritten obligations results in confidence and happiness, because these laws and agreements represent really the groundwork of society which makes decent and happy human lives possible; but the thing which gives it its special enjoyment, and arouses in us on certain occasions a thrill of enthusiasm, is that it requires the sacrifice of all the mean and selfish things which stand in its way. We love to think of Hobson sinking the *Merrimac* to block the harbor of Santiago, because it proved that he was willing to throw his life away for the good of his country; and that same spirit may be working in the minds of the most obscure

or humble man or boy who prefers to give up some keen pleasure or advantage for the sake of doing his plain, everyday, humdrum duty.

When we read the story of Captain Craven, who went down with his ship at the battle of Mobile Bay, there seems a special charm and beauty in his act, although it was nothing but his complete willingness to do the nearest duty at hand. He had not only been trained in the navy, where orders have to be obeyed, but he had the spirit of devotion which gave to his act a peculiar grace and freedom. When the ship was struck by a torpedo and had begun to sink, he was up in the turret with the pilot, and the only way out was down a little iron ladder through a manhole. Only one man could go down this ladder at a time; and the captain—remembering his responsibility for the lives of those on board—quietly stepped back and said, “After you, pilot,” and went down with his ship.

He had done the same thing in spirit many times before; whenever, in fact, he had done a difficult duty against odds in the daily routine of his life; and now, when the odds were merely the loss of his own life, according to the rules of the game, there was no hesitation and no difficulty.

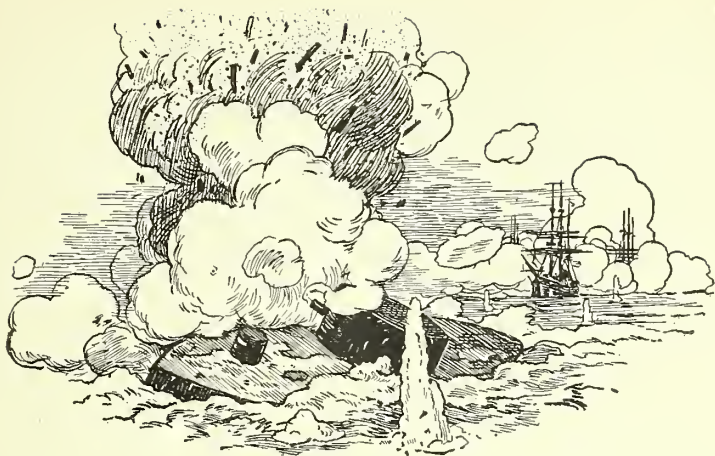
There are rules of the game in the navy and in the army, and in every other public service, and they are not so very different, for they are all derived from the central law that personal advantage must be sacrificed to the public welfare. Different professions have different ways of expressing this principle, partly because they have to work

with different weapons, tools, or instruments in different conditions of life. The lawyer in his office, the carpenter at the bench, the judge in court, the blacksmith at his anvil—for all of these there is just as much a set of rules of the game as there is for soldiers and sailors and frontiersmen. Only, when the rules apply so deeply and are concerned with the foundations of life instead of recreation and play—when they are so serious that we cannot lightly talk about them and they cannot be settled by an umpire—we do not call them or think of them as rules, but as laws of life.

Now, when we speak of a number of laws which belong together for a common purpose, we call them a “code,” such as the old Roman code, or the Code Napoléon; but when they are deeper than the civil law and apply to the inner thoughts and motives of men, and not only to their outward acts, we call them a Code of Honor.

This is just what the Scout Law is, and therefore it is necessary for us to study and practise it. But we must remember one thing at the very start—that we cannot understand it just by reading, or studying, or even learning it by heart; but only by trying our best every day to obey it, and then carefully noting when we have succeeded and when we have failed. Doing this will help us to understand the law better and better as time goes on, and to practise it with increasingly good results.

ARTHUR A. CAREY.



CRAVEN

(Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864)

Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming: the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke—
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:
"After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grave of the empty hands and promises loud;

Sidney thirsting, a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command.

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

A FIGHT WITH A WILDCAT

Wilbur took the aluminum pot and started for the spring. He had not gone half the distance when he noted a stout crotched stick such as he had been used to getting when he camped out in the Middle West for the purpose of hanging the cooking-utensils on over the fire. So he picked it up and carried it along with him. Presently the gurgling of water told him that he was nearing the spring, and a moment later he saw the clearing through the trees. But suddenly a low snarling met his ears, and he halted dead at the edge of the clearing.

There, before him, on the ground immediately beside the spring, crouched a large wildcat, the hairy tips of her ears twitching nervously. Under her claws was a rabbit, evidently just caught, into which the wildcat had just sunk her teeth when the approach of the boy was heard. At first Wilbur could not understand why she had not sprung into the woods with her prey at the first distant twig-snapping which would betoken his approach. As he looked more closely he saw that this was precisely what the cat had tried to do, but that in the jerk the rabbit had been caught and partly impaled on a tree root that projected above the ground, and for the moment the cat could not budge it.

Wilbur was utterly at a loss to know what to do. He had been told that wildcats would never attack any one unless they had been provoked to fight, and he found himself very unwilling to provoke this particular specimen. The cat stood still, her eyes narrowed to mere slits, the ears slightly moving, and the tip of the tail flicking from side to side in quick, angry jerks. There was menace in every line of the wildcat's pose.

The boy had his revolver with him, but while he had occasionally fired a six-shooter he was by no means a crack shot, and he realized that if he fired at and only wounded the creature he would unquestionably be attacked. And there was a lithe suppleness in the manner that the movement of the muscles rippled over the skin that was alarmingly suggestive of ferocity. Wilbur did not like the looks of it at all. On the other hand, he had not the slightest intention of going back to the camp without water. He had come for water and he would carry water back, he thought to himself, if a regiment of bobcats was in the way.

The old fable that a wild beast cannot stand the gaze of the human eye recurred to Wilbur's remembrance, and he stood at the edge of the clearing regarding the cat fixedly. But the snarls only grew the louder. Wilbur was frightened, and he knew it, and what was more, he felt the cat knew it with that intuition the wild animals have for recognizing danger or the absence of danger. She made another effort to drag away the rabbit, but failing in that, with an angry yowl, with quick jerks and rending of her

powerful jaws began to try to force the rabbit free from the entangling root, which done, she could carry it into the forest to devour at leisure. The ease with which those claws and teeth rent asunder the yielding flesh was an instructive sight for Wilbur, but the fact that the wildcat should dare to go on striving to free her prey instead of slinking away in fright made the boy angry. Besides, he had come for that water.

Wilbur decided to advance into the clearing anyway, and then, if the creature did not stir, he would be so near that he couldn't miss her with the revolver. As he grew angrier his fear began to leave him. He took the pot in his left hand, putting the long stick under his arm, and, drawing his six-shooter, advanced on the cat. He came forward slowly, but without hesitation. At his second step forward the wildcat raised her head, but instead of springing at him, as Wilbur half feared, she retreated into the woods, leaving her prey, snarling as she went. Wilbur went boldly forward to the spring, and, thinking that he would see no more of the cat, put away his revolver.

Having secured the water, and as he turned to go, however, the boy felt a sudden impulse to look up. He had not heard a sound, and yet, on a low branch a few feet above his head crouched the wildcat, her eyes glaring yellow in the waning light. Once again he felt a temptation to shoot her, but resisted it through his fear of only wounding the creature and thus bringing her full fury upon him.

But it occurred to Wilbur that it was not unlikely that he might have to come back to the spring a second time for more water, and he did not wish to risk another encounter. He thought to himself that if he did return and interrupted the wildcat a second time he would not escape as easily as he had escaped on this occasion. Consequently he tried to devise a means to prevent such meeting. He figured that if he picked up the rabbit and threw it far into the woods the cat would follow, and the path to the spring would be open. Forgetting for the moment that he could not expect the angry creature in the tree to divine the honesty of his intentions, he stooped down and grasped the rabbit by the leg to throw it into the forest. As he did so, the wildcat, thinking herself about to be deprived of her prey, sprang at him.

With one hand holding the pot of water, which, boy-like, he did not want to spill, and the other grasping the rabbit, Wilbur was terribly handicapped. But, by the greatest good fortune, as he stooped the crotch of the stick that he was carrying caught the wildcat under the body as she launched herself at him from the tree. The stick was knocked out of the boy's grasp, but it also turned the cat aside, and she half fell, landing on Wilbur's outstretched leg instead of on his neck, which was the objective point in her spring. As her claws ripped into the soft flesh of his thigh, Wilbur released his hold of the rabbit, drew his revolver, and fired full at the creature hanging on his leg.



Almost instantaneously with the shot, however, one of her fore claws shot out and caught the back of his right hand, making a long but superficial gash from the wrist to the knuckles. At the same time, too, one of her hind claws struck down, opening the calf of the leg and making the boy sick for a moment. His right hand was bleeding vigor-

ously and paining a good deal, but his finger was still on the trigger, and Wilbur fired again. A moment later the Ranger came running into the clearing. But before he reached the boy's side the cat had fallen limply to the ground.

The old Ranger, without wasting time in words, quickly examined the boy's injuries and found them slight, although they were bleeding profusely. Wilbur reached out the pot full of water from the spring.

"Here's the water, Rifle-Eye," he said a little quaveringly; "I hardly spilled a drop."

The old woodsman took the vessel without a word. Then he looked down at the cat.

"Just as well for you," he said, "that it wasn't a true lynx. But how did she get at your leg?"

Wilbur, laughing a little nervously from the reaction of the excitement, described how it was that the wildcat had landed on his leg instead of on his neck, and the old hunter nodded.

"She'd have got out of your way so quickly you couldn't see her go," said the hunter, "if you had given her a chance. Next time leave a wildcat's dinner alone."

"Next time I will," the boy declared.

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER.

THE MOTHER TEAL AND THE OVERLAND ROUTE

I

A green-winged teal had made her nest in the sedge by one of the grass-edged pools that fleck the sunny slope of the Riding Mountain. The passing half-breed, driving his creaking ox wagon, saw only a pond with the usual fringe of coarse grass, beyond which was a belt of willow scrub and an old poplar-tree. But the little teal in the rushes, and her neighbors, the flickers, on the near-by poplar, saw in the nestling pool a kingdom, a perfect paradise, for this was home. Now was the ripeness of the love moon, with the mother moon at hand in its fulness of promise. Indeed, the little flickers had almost chipped their glassy shells, and the eggs, the ten treasures of the teal, had lost the look of mere interesting things and were putting on, each, an air of sleeping personality, warm, sentient, pulsatory, and almost vocal.

The little teal had lost her mate early in the season. At least he had disappeared, and, as the land abounded in deadly foes, it was fair to suppose him dead. But her attention was fully taken up with her nest and her brood.

All through the latter part of June she tended them carefully, leaving but a little while each day to seek food,

and then covering them carefully with a dummy foster-mother that she had made of down from her own breast.

One morning, as she flew away, leaving the dummy in charge, she heard an ominous crackling in the thick willows near at hand, but she wisely went on. When she returned, her neighbor, the flicker, was still uttering a note of alarm, and down by her own nest were the fresh tracks of a man. The dummy mother had been disturbed, but, strange to tell, the eggs were all there and unharmed.

The enemy, though so near, had been baffled after all. As the days went by, and the grand finish of her task drew near, the little greenwing felt the mother-love growing in her heart to be ready for the ten little prisoners that her devotion was to set free. They were no longer mere eggs, she felt, and sometimes she would talk to them in low, raucous tones, and they would seem to answer from within in whispered "peepings," or perhaps in sounds that have no human name because too fine for human ear. So there is small wonder that when they do come out they have already learned many of the few simple words that make up teal talk.

The many hazards of the early nesting-time were rapidly passed, but a new one came. The growing spring-time had turned into a drought. No rain had fallen for many, many days, and as the greatest day of all drew near the mother saw with dismay that the pond was shrinking, quickly shrinking. Already it was rimmed about by a great stretch of bare mud, and unless the rains came soon

the first experience of the little ones would be a perilous overland journey.

It was just as impossible to hurry up the hatching as it was to bring rain, and the last few days of the mother's task were, as she had feared, in view of a wide mud-flat where once had been the pond.

They all came out at last. The little china tombs were broken one by one, disclosing each a little teal: ten little balls of mottled down, ten little cushions of yellow plush, ten little golden caskets with jewel eyes, enshrining each a priceless spark of life.

But fate had been so harsh. It was now a matter of life and death to reach a pond. Oh, why did not Old Sol give the downlings three days of paddling to strengthen on before enforcing this dreadful journey overland? The mother must face the problem, and face it now, or lose them all.

The ducklings do not need to eat for several hours after they are hatched. Their bodies are yet sustained by the provender of their last abode. But once that is used they must eat. The nearest pond was half a mile away. And the great questions were: Can these baby ducks hold out that long? Can they escape the countless dangers of the road? For not a harrier, falcon, hawk, fox, weasel, coyote, gopher, ground-squirrel, or snake but would count them his lawful prey.

All this the mother felt instinctively, even if she did not set it forth in clear expression, and as soon as the ten were

warmed and lively she led them into the grass. Such a scrambling and peeping and tumbling about as they tried to get through and over the grass-stalks that, like a bamboo forest, barred their way! Their mother had to watch the ten with one eye and the whole world with the other, for not a friend had she or they outside of themselves. The countless living things about were either foes or neutral.

II

After a long scramble through the grass they climbed a bank and got among the poplar scrub, and here sat down to rest. One little fellow that had struggled along bravely with the others was so weak that there seemed no chance of his reaching that far-away Happy-land, the pond.

When they were rested, their mother gave a low, gentle quack that doubtless meant, "Come along, children," and they set off again, scrambling over and around the twigs, each peeping softly when he was getting along nicely, or plaintively when he found himself caught in some thicket.

At last they came to a wide, open place. It was easy to travel here, but there was great danger of hawks. The mother rested long in the edge of the thicket, and scanned the sky in every direction before she ventured into the open. Then, when all was clear, she marshalled her little army for a dash over this great desert of nearly one hundred yards.

The little fellows bravely struggled after her, their small

yellow bodies raised at an angle, and their tiny wings held out like arms as they pushed along after "mother."

She was anxious to finish it all at one dash, but soon saw that that was hopeless. The strongest of her brood could keep up with her, but the others dragged in order of weakness. The brood now formed a little procession over twenty feet long, and the weakling was nearly ten feet behind that again.

A dangerous rest in the open was now enforced. The peepers came panting up to their mother, and full of anxiety she lay there beside them till they were able to go on. Then she led them as before, quacking gently, "Courage, my darlings!"

They were not half-way to the pond yet, and the journey was telling on them long before they reached this last friendly thicket. The brood strung out into another procession, with a wide gap to the runtie in the rear, when a great marsh-hawk suddenly appeared skimming low over the ground.

"Squat!" gasped Mother Greenwing, and the little things all lay flat, except the last one. Too far off to hear the low warning, he struggled on. The great hawk swooped, seized him in his claws, and bore him peeping away over the bushes. All the poor mother could do was gaze in dumb sorrow as the bloodthirsty pirate bore off the downling, unresisted and unpunished. Yet no; not entirely; for, as he flew straight to the bank of the pond where lodged his crew of young marauders, he heedlessly passed

over the home bush of a kingbird, and that fearless little warrior screamed out his battle-cry as he launched in air to give chase. Away went the pirate, and away went the king, the one huge, heavy, and cowardly, the other small, swift, and fearless as a hero, away and away, out of sight, the kingbird gaining at every stroke, till his voice was lost in the distance.

The sorrow of the mother greenwing, if less deep than that of the human mother, was yet very real. But she had now the nine to guard. They needed her every thought. She led them as quickly as possible into the bushes, and for a time they breathed more freely.

Thenceforth she managed to have the journey lie through the cover. An hour or more passed by in slight alarms and in many rests, and the pond was very near; and well it was, for the ducklings were almost worn out, their little paddles were scratched and bleeding, and their strength was all but gone. For a time they gasped under shadow of the last tall bush before again setting out in a compact flock to cross the next bare place, a rough opening through the poplars.

And they never knew that death in another form had hovered on their track. A red fox crossed the trail of the little duck army. His keen nose told him at once that here was a feast awaiting, and all he had to do was follow it up and eat. So he sneaked softly and swiftly along their well-marked trail. He was already in sight of them. In the ordinary course he soon would have them, mother

and all, but the ordinary course may go askew. He was near enough to count the little marchers, if count he could, when the wind brought something which made him stop, crouch low; then, at a surer whiff, he slunk away, fled as swiftly as he could without being seen. And the realest danger, surest death of all that had threatened, was thwarted by an unseen power, and not even the watchful mother duck had the slightest hint of it.

III

The little ones now toddled along after their mother, who led them quickly to cross the opening. To her delight, a long arm of the pond was quite close, just across that treeless lane. She made straight for it, joyfully calling, "Come, my darlings!"

But alas! the treeless opening was one of the man-made things called a "cart-trail." On each side of it were two deep-worn, endless canyons that man calls "wheel-ruts," and into the first of these fell four of her brood. Five managed to scramble across, but the other rut was yet deeper and wider, and the five were there engulfed.

Oh, dear, this was terrible! The little ones were too weak now to climb out. The ruts seemed endless in both directions, and the mother did not know how to help them. She and they were in despair, and as she ran about calling and urging them to put forth all their strength, there came up suddenly the very thing she most feared—the deadliest enemy of ducks—a great, tall man.



Mother Greenwing flung herself at his feet and flopped on the grass. Not begging for mercy! Oh, no! She was only trying to trick the man into thinking she was wounded, so that he would follow her, and she could lead him away.

But this man knew the trick, and he would not follow. Instead of that he looked about and found the nine little bright-eyed downlings deep in the ruts, vainly trying to hide.

He stooped gently and gathered them all into his hat. Poor little things, how they did peep! Poor little mother,

how she did cry in bitterness for her brood! Now she knew that they all were to be destroyed before her very eyes, and she beat her breast on the ground before the terrible giant in agony of sorrow.

Then the heartless monster went to the edge of the pond, no doubt for a drink to wash the ducklings down his throat. He bent down, and a moment later the ducklings were spluttering free over the water. The mother flew out on the glassy surface. She called, and they all came scurrying to her. She did not know that this man was really her friend; she never knew that he was the divinity whose mere presence had been enough to drive the fox away and to save them in their direst strait—his race had persecuted hers too long—and she went on hating him to the end.

She tried to lead her brood far away from him. She took them right across the open pond. This was a mistake, for it exposed them to other, to real, enemies. That great marsh-hawk saw them, and he came swooping along, sure of getting one in each claw.

“Run for the rushes!” called out the mother green-wing; and run they all did, pattering over the surface as fast as their tired little legs could go.

“Run! run!” cried the mother. But the hawk was close at hand now. In spite of all their running he would be upon them in another second. They were too young to dive. There seemed no escape, when, just as he pounced, the bright little mother gave a great splash with all her



strength, and using both feet and wings dashed the water all over the hawk. He was astonished. He sprang back into the air to shake himself dry. The mother urged the little ones to "keep on." Keep on they did. But down came the hawk again, again to be repelled with a shower of spray. Three times did he pounce, three times did she drench him, till at last all the downlings were safe in the friendly rushes. The angry hawk now made a lunge at the mother; but she could dive, and giving a good-by splash, she easily disappeared.

Far in the rushes she came up, and called a gentle quack, quack! The nine tired little ones came to her, and safely they rested at last.

But that was not all. Just as they began to feast on the teeming insect life, a far-away faint peep was heard. Mother Greenwing called again her mothering qu-a-a-a-a-c-c—k. And through the sedge, demurely paddling like an old-timer, came their missing one that the hawk had carried off.

He had not been hurt by the claws. The valiant king-bird had overtaken the hawk over the pond. At the first blow of his bill the hawk had shrieked and dropped his prey; the little duck fell unharmed into the water, and escaped into the rushes till his mother and brothers came; then he rejoined them, and they lived happily in the great pond till they all grew up and flew away on wings of their own.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.



THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of night,
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in light;
'Tis then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from tree
to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:
Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear.

Fish are breaking,
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished
with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-
fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world
were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:
Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely.

There's wild azalea on the hill, and roses down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still a-bloom beside the well;

The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow
pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to
drink.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat,
Fluttering gayly beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:
Which way, sir?
I say, sir,
Let me teach you,
I beseech you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?
This way, sir!
I'll teach you.

Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave your
fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet
mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take what God
may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, "'Tis luck enough
to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;

Hark how it warbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:
Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE HUNTING PARTY

It was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep, rich green; scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow mingled with the hues of summer warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless, the sun shone out bright and warm; the songs of birds and hum of myriads of summer insects filled the air; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled, in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels.

Such was the morning when an open carriage, in which were three Pickwickians (Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home), Mr. Wardle, and Mr. Trundle, with Sam Weller on the box beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the roadside, before which stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy: each bearing a bag of capacious dimensions, and accompanied by a brace of pointers.

“I say,” whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, “they don’t suppose we’re going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they?”

“Fill them!” exclaimed old Wardle. “Bless you, yes! You shall fill one, and I the other; and when we’ve

done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more.’’

Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation; but he thought within himself, that if the party remained in the open air until he had filled one of the bags, they stood a considerable chance of catching colds in their heads.

“Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl; down, Daph, down,’’ said Wardle, caressing the dogs. “Sir Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin?”

The tall gamekeeper replied in the affirmative, and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was holding his gun as if he wished his coat pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his as if he were afraid of it—as there is no earthly reason to doubt he really was.

“My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin,’’ said Wardle, noticing the look. “Live and learn, you know. They’ll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle’s pardon, though; he has had some practice.”

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead upon the spot.

“You mustn’t handle your piece in that way, when you come to have the charge in it, sir,’’ said the tall

gamekeeper, gruffly, "or you will make cold meat of some of us."

Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing contrived to bring the barrel into pretty sharp contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hallo!" said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. "Hallo, sir! if you come it this way, you'll fill one of those bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Here the leather-leggined boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned majestically.

"Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snack, Martin?" inquired Wardle.

"Side of One-tree Hill, at twelve o'clock, sir."

"That's not Sir Geoffrey's land, is it?"

"No, sir; but it's close by it. It's Captain Boldwig's land; but there'll be nobody to interrupt us, and there's a fine bit of turf there."

"Very well," said old Wardle. "Now the sooner we're off the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Pickwick?"

Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle's life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalizing to turn back, and leave his friends to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied:

"Why, I suppose I must."

“Isn’t the gentleman a shot, sir?” inquired the long gamekeeper.

“No,” replied Wardle; “and he’s lame besides.”

“I should very much like to go,” said Mr. Pickwick, “very much.”

There was a short pause of commiseration.

“There’s a barrow t’other side the hedge,” said the boy. “If the gentleman’s servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, and we could lift it over the stiles, and that.”

“The very thing,” said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he ardently longed to see the sport. “The very thing. Well said, Smallcheck; I’ll have it out in a minute.”

But here a difficulty arose. The long gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting party of a gentleman in a barrow as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and fed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by “punching” the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set, Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way, and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

“Stop, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

“What’s the matter now?” said Wardle.

“I won’t suffer this barrow to be moved another step,” said Mr. Pickwick, resolutely, “unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different manner.”

“How am I to carry it?” said the wretched Winkle.

“Carry it with the muzzle to the ground,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“It’s so unsportsmanlike,” reasoned Winkle.

“I don’t care whether it’s unsportsmanlike or not,” replied Mr. Pickwick; “I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody.”

“I know the gentleman’ll put that charge into somebody before he’s done,” growled the long man.

“Well, well—I don’t mind,” said poor Winkle, turning his gun-stock uppermost; “there.”

“Anything for a quiet life,” said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

“Stop!” said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards further.

“What now?” said Wardle.

“That gun of Tupman’s is not safe: I know it isn’t,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Eh? What! not safe?” said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

“Not as you are carrying it,” said Mr. Pickwick. “I am very sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it as Winkle does his.”

“I think you had better, sir,” said the long gamekeeper, “or you’re quite as likely to lodge the charge in yourself as in anything else.”

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party, advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

“What’s the matter with the dogs’ legs?” whispered Mr. Winkle. “How queer they’re standing.”

“Hush, can’t you?” replied Wardle, softly. “Don’t you see, they’re making a point?”

“Making a point!” said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to. “Making a point! What are they pointing at?”

“Keep your eyes open,” said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. “Now then.”

There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns—the smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

“Where are they?” said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. “Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they?”

“Where are they?” said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. “Why, here they are.”

“No, no; I mean the others,” said the bewildered Winkle.

“Far enough off, by this time,” replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

“We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes,” said the long gamekeeper. “If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he’ll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Mr. Weller.

“Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower’s confusion and embarrassment.

“Sir?”

“Don’t laugh.”

“Certainly not, sir.” So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggins, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round, to hide his own merriment.

“Bravo, old fellow!” said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; “you fired that time, at all events.”

“Oh, yes,” replied Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride. “I let it off.”

“Well done. You’ll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, isn’t it?”



“Yes, it’s very easy,” said Mr. Tupman. “How it hurts one’s shoulder, though! It nearly knocked me backward. I had no idea these small firearms kicked so.”

“Ah,” said the old gentleman, smiling; “you’ll get used to it in time. Now then—all ready—all right with the barrow there?”

“All right, sir,” replied Mr. Weller.

“Come along, then.”

“Hold hard, sir,” said Sam, raising the barrow.

“Aye, aye,” replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went, as briskly as need be.

“Keep that barrow back now,” cried Wardle when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

“All right, sir,” replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

“Now, Winkle,” said the old gentleman, “follow me softly, and don’t be too late this time.”

“Never fear,” said Mr. Winkle. “Are they pointing?”

“No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly.” On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy’s head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man’s brain would have been, had he been there instead.

“Why, what on earth did you do that for?” said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

“I never saw such a gun in my life,” replied poor Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. “It goes off of its own accord. It will do it.”

“Will do it!” echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. “I wish it would kill something of its own accord.”

“It’ll do that before long, sir,” observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

“What do you mean by that observation, sir?” inquired Mr. Winkle, angrily.

“Never mind, sir, never mind,” replied the long gamekeeper; “I’ve no family myself, sir; and this boy’s mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he’s killed on his land. Load again, sir, load again.”

“Take away his gun,” cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man’s dark insinuations. “Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody?”

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onward with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state, that Mr. Tupman’s mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than that adopted by Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman’s process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once ob-

served that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the bystanders; obviously, the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the act of falling wounded to the ground. He was on the point of congratulating Mr. Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced toward him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

“Tupman,” said the old gentleman, “you singled out that particular bird?”

“No,” said Mr. Tupman—“no.”

“You did,” said Wardle. “I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you, as you raised your piece to take aim; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before.”

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed, and blazed, and smoked

away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure.

“Well,” said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face; “smoking day, isn’t it?”

“It is, indeed,” replied Mr. Pickwick. “The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don’t know how you must feel it.”

“Why,” said the old gentleman, “pretty hot. It’s past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?”

“Certainly.”

“That’s the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there’s the boy with the basket, punctual as clockwork!”

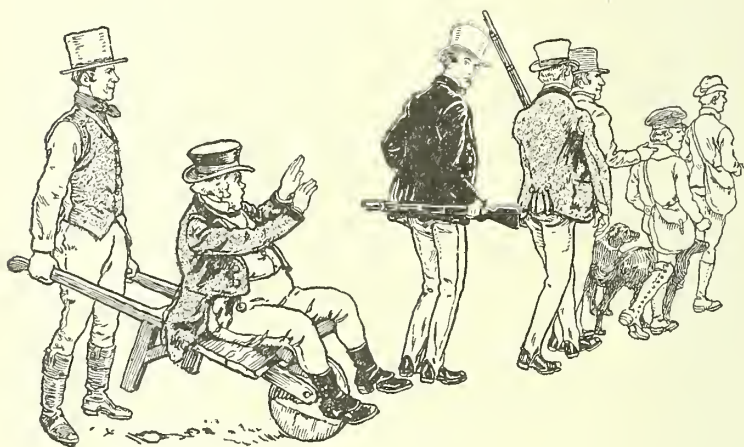
“So he is,” said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. “Good boy, that. I’ll give him a shilling, presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away.”

“Hold on, sir,” said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. “Out of the way, young leathers.” And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost despatch.

“A very good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether,” said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. “Now, gen’l’m’n, ‘fall on.’”

It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require to induce Mr. Weller, the long gamekeeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass, at a little distance, and do good execution upon a decent proportion of the viands. An old oak afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out below them.

CHARLES DICKENS.



THE WIND

The wind, the wind,
The mourning wind!
It comes and grieves
About my eaves;
It knocks and groans,
It cries and moans,
And the chilly moon
Rides aloft at noon
In the mourning, mourning wind.

The wind, the wind,
The raining wind!
Thro' dripping sprays
And grass-wet ways
It winds and lifts,
It weaves and shifts,
And I walk apart
Where the storm-rills start
In the raining, raining wind.

The wind, the wind,
The summer wind!

In idle ease
Thro' weeds and trees
It wafts and woos,
It soothes and sues,
And I fall asleep
Where the grass is deep,
In the summer, summer wind.

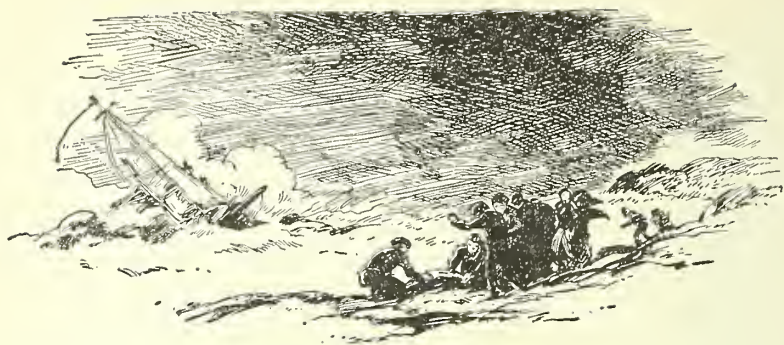
The wind, the wind,
The thieving wind!
It whisks and starts,
It scuds and darts,
It whips the vanes,
It shakes the panes,
And the apples fall
Where the weeds are tall,
In the thieving, thieving wind.

The wind, the wind,
The winter wind!
It sweeps and soars,
It howls and roars,
It drives the snow,
It piles the flow,
And the drifting sky
Runs gainless and dry
In the winter, winter wind.

The wind, the wind,
The midnight wind!
When night hours wane
And star-hosts reign
In monotone
It moves alone,
And nobody knows
Where the dead world blows
In the midnight, midnight wind.

L. H. BAILEY.





THE WIND'S WILL

Wild enough is a night of storm on the North Sea, but wilder still is that upon the open North Atlantic. In latitude 40° , longitude 40° , in the region of "the brave west winds," there is no yellow tinge to the water that comes from shallowness, no short wave that comes from hampered movement. Wind and water are both free and both of great strength. Hand in hand the waves come marching down upon the straining ship in inexhaustible sequence and energy. And occasionally, looming above the horizon line, swinging and pushing to the front, lifting, still lifting as it nears, comes a huge "gray-back." With the cry of warning from no one knows exactly where, every man-jack leaps into the rigging and takes a twist of a rope about him as the great comber strikes the shoulder of the ship, rushes up and over the bulwarks, and thunders across the trembling decks. In a moment it has vanished, but it is not long before the warning cry tells of another. All day,

and the night through perhaps, they come and go, the push and shock are terrific; and the wonder is that ribs of oak, or even of steel, can stand such buffeting without breaking.

With the sailing vessel there is always some making of leeway, some bending and drifting with the wind, some swerving under the blow. Not so with the ocean liner—the craft that sad sea-dogs tell us is only a floating hotel where we see the calm ocean from cabin windows. A great steamer going twenty knots an hour to the west, meeting a gale travelling sixty miles an hour to the east, will furnish forth more dashing waves in an hour than any ship, bark, or schooner ever encountered in a lifetime. The force of that sharp-nosed craft driven headlong against the seas simply shatters the water into dust, flings it up and over bow and bridge and sometimes smoke-stacks, whirls it aft over funnels and cabins with a blizzard velocity. The plunge of the bow into the smother of the sea, the heave-up with running decks, the clouds of driving spray with their long-drawn hiss-ss-sss along the whole ship's length, make up about as wild a sight as one ever witnesses upon the open ocean.

And yet fiercer still seems the blow of the wave struck upon the rocks of the shore, and wilder far is the storm seen from some point of pines along the New England coast when a great gale is blowing. Such a storm usually anticipates itself with various warnings. Sometimes the waves arrive before the wind, having outrun the storm that

created them; but usually the sea is still, flat, apparently hushed. Presently a gentle puffing of the wind is noticeable, with a hum of the pine-needles, and a strange little moaning along the clefts of the rocks. It may be some hours later before the sky clouds over, looks ominous or "greasy," as the sailors say, and the rain begins to fall. With the rain the wind begins to rise. The drenched pines gradually change their note from a hum to a wail not unlike the sound in the rigging of a ship—Wooooh! Weee-ooooh! The rising surge on the beach begins beating out its regular Boooooom-sh, Boooooom-sh! Boooooom-sh! The wall of granite against which the waves go rushing gives back the hollow roar of the sea—War! Waaar! Waaarrrr! Out of the mid-Atlantic, pushed by the wind for a thousand miles or more, come the great seas. Their impetus is something almost irresistible, their weight something enormous, their striking power something terrific. Higher and higher they rise in the crest as they near the coast,

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow
That lifted and lifted and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder."

|When they strike the rock nothing can stop their upward rush save disintegration and destruction. The bulk of the wave is fended off by the rock-bases; but this only shunts power upward into the crest which is shot into the air and blown to pieces over the upper cliffs with a long-drawn Swisssssshhh!

What a sight it is, this white-ridged ocean rolling and clamoring toward the shore, this beaded water dashing high in air! What fresh fury seems added by each new-coming wave, what slashing blows are dealt left and right, what convulsive twist and writhe and strain of the waters! And riding down this chaos, burying it out of sight at times, comes again that monster comber—the “gray-back” of the seas—swinging far up the rocks with a deafening thundering crash, its shattered crest flung high in air and carried landward like a cloud of steam.

As the night shuts down perhaps the wind rises higher and higher, the mingling of spray and rain makes an atmosphere that can be felt, the meeting-places of the elements are blurred, and the hue over all is a neutral gray, a sea-gray—the residuum of wrecked color. Far down along the coast the feeble flash of a lighthouse appears at intervals, and out from the reef is heard in momentary gurglings the half-human sob of a bell-buoy rising, rolling, and sinking in the waves. Ghostlike in the dim light reel and toss the white riders of the storm. Onward they come. Swash! Boooooom! Sssssss-ss! And the great caldron under the cliff having flung forth its spume, halts, hesitates, sinks back upon itself, sucks out in a great undertow, then rises into a new crest higher than ever. Waaarr! Ssss-sssss! Weeeeeooooohhh!

All night long the pound against the cliffs and the tremble of the shore! All night the whistle of the spray-laden wind as it drives through the branches of the pines!

All night the curl and flash of the white crests on the open sea! By morning perhaps the wind has fallen, the clouds have vanished, the sun is forth; and yet for many hours afterward the far ocean waves keep swashing against each other and collapsing in swirls of foam. Finally the sea runs down, the breakers sink; and at sunset as you walk along the beach all is quiet. It is hard to realize perhaps that the now smooth sea with its placid little swells could ever have worn such a savage front. But the traces of its fury still remain. The dunes are cut through by inlets here and piled high with wet sand there, the beaches are ripped and torn, the boulders are rolled over, scarred and battered; and the face-walls of the cliffs show where tons and tons of stone have been broken away and fallen into the sea.

Perhaps far out upon the distant reef, where the white-caps are still showing, hung helplessly upon the sharp-fanged rocks, heeled over on her side with masts and rigging all down, is the battered hulk of a schooner that was driven in by the wind the night before. The little black speck that moves slowly about her fore foot is possibly a boat of a life-saving crew that was unable to save during the storm, and is now only making a perfunctory examination of what remains. Perhaps again the little knot of fisherfolk that is seen crowded together far down the beach has found at the water's edge, half-buried in the sand, a cold form with a frayed rope shirred about the waist, purplish hands with torn finger-nails, and a white face with

wet hair clinging about it as the tide went out. Dead, quite dead! Yes; but what cares the sea! Captain or cabin-boy, prince or pauper, lover or hater, what cares the sea!

The high-water line along the beach always has its tale to tell, its report of accident, its whisperings of disaster. Fragments of weed and shell, wreckage of ship and sail, blocks, planks, spars, boxes, flat corks, strange woods—all the flotsam of the wave is there—flung together in an odd confusion. And as one wanders along the sands the eye picks out things more personal to humanity—a glove, a woman's hat, a faded photograph, a wreath of orange blossoms, a Japanese book printed on rice paper and on the fly-leaf in faded script a name, "Thérèse¹ Marcou." Tales of the sea too simple for comment, perhaps. Yes, and with them, sometimes, horrors too obvious to be mistaken.

To-day a battle-ship goes down, and from her a thousand bubbling cries rise skyward; yesterday the sea waters crept into the heart of Mont Pelée,² and the overwhelming of St. Pierre³ followed; to-morrow perhaps some South Sea island or Indian shore will be inundated by a tidal wave and whole villages destroyed. But what cares the sea! The bright waves continue to travel landward, they fling the broken remnants on the shore, the very dust of disaster is shaken from the surface. The passing of light, of shade, of color, of life, are all one to the sea.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

¹ Tā rāz'.

² Môn pē lā'.

³ Săn py âr'.

AFTER THE SHIPWRECK

When I waked it was broad day, the weather clear, and the storm abated, so that the sea did not rage and swell as before; but that which surprised me most was that the ship was lifted off in the night from the sand where she lay by the swelling of the tide, and was driven up almost as far as the rock which I first mentioned, where I had been so bruised by the dashing me against it. This being within about a mile from the shore where I was, and the ship seeming to stand upright still, I wished myself on board, that, at least, I might save some necessary things for my use.

When I came down from my apartment in the tree, I looked about me again, and the first thing I found was the boat, which lay as the wind and the sea had tossed her upon the land, about two miles on my right hand. I walked as far as I could upon the shore to have got to her, but found a neck, or inlet of water, between me and the boat, which was about half a mile broad; so I came back for the present, being more intent upon getting at the ship, where I hoped to find something for my present subsistence.

A little after noon, I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship. And here I found a fresh renewing of

my grief; for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board, we had been all safe—that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship—so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for, as she lay aground and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of.

I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the forechains, so low as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and, by the help of that rope, got up into the forecastle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged, and had a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, and her stern lay lifted up upon the bank and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled, and what was free. First I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. Now I wanted nothing but a boat to

furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare topmast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage of their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done, I went down to the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft, and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and, with the carpenter's saw, I cut a spare topmast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labor and pains. Hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to do upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with

provisions, namely, bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but, to my great disappointment, I found afterward that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all.

While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use, for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as, first, tools to work with on shore. It was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-load of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols; these I secured first, with some powder-horns and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them. With much

search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water; those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, nor rudder, and the least capful of wind would have upset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements: a smooth, calm sea; the tide rising, and setting in to the shore; what little wind there was blew me toward the land. Thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and, besides the tools which were in the chest, having found two saws, an axe, and a hammer, with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile, or thereabouts, my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before; by which I perceived that there was some indraft of the water, and, consequently, I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was. There appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it, so I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broke my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at one end of it upon a shoal, and, not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off toward that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my



utmost, by setting my back against the chests, to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength. Neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but, holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level; and, a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel. Then, driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current, or tide, running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore; for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping, in time, to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which, with great pain and difficulty, I guided my raft, and at last got so near as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. Here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land but where one end of the float, if it ran on shore, would lie so high, and the other sink lower as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor, to hold the side of it fast to the shore near a flat piece of ground, which I expected the water would flow over, and so it did. As

soon as I found water enough—for my raft drew about a foot of water—I thrust her upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened, or moored her, by sticking my two broken oars into the ground—one on one side, near one end, and one on the other side, near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

My next work was to view the country, and seek a proper place for my habitation, and where to stow my goods, to secure them from whatever might happen. Where I was I yet knew not; whether on the continent or on an island—whether inhabited or not inhabited—whether in danger of wild beasts or not.

There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high, and which seemed to overtop some other hills which lay as in a ridge from it northward. I took out one of the fowling-pieces, and one of the pistols, and a horn of powder; and thus armed I travelled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had with great labor and difficulty got to the top, I saw my fate to my great affliction, namely, that I was in an island, environed every way with the sea—no land to be seen, except some rocks which lay a great way off, and two small islands less than this, which lay about three leagues to the west.

I found also, that the island I was in was barren, and, as I saw good reason to believe, uninhabited, except by wild beasts, of which, however, I saw none. Yet I saw abundance of fowls, but knew not their kinds; neither,

when I killed them, could I tell what was fit for food, and what not. At my coming back, I shot at a great bird, which I saw sitting upon a tree on the side of a great wood. I believe it was the first gun that had been fired there since the creation of the world. I had no sooner fired, but, from all parts of the wood, there arose an innumerable number of fowls of many sorts, making a confused screaming, and crying every one according to his usual note; but not one of them of any kind that I knew. As for the creature I killed, I took it to be a kind of a hawk, its color and beak resembling it, but it had no talons, or claws, more than common; its flesh was carrion, and fit for nothing.

Contented with this discovery, I came back to my raft, and fell to work to bring my cargo on shore, which took me up the rest of that day. And what to do with myself at night I knew not, nor indeed where to rest; for I was afraid to lie down on the ground, not knowing but some wild beast might devour me; though, as I afterward found, there was really no need for those fears.

However, as well as I could, I barricaded myself round with the chests and boards that I had brought on shore, and made a kind of a hut for that night's lodging. As for food, I yet saw not which way to supply myself, except that I had seen two or three creatures like hares run out of the wood where I shot the fowl.

I now began to consider that I might yet get a great many things out of the ship, which would be useful to me, and particularly some of the rigging and sails, and such other things as might come to land, and I resolved to make

another voyage on board the vessel, if possible. And as I knew that the first storm that blew must necessarily break her all in pieces, I resolved to set all other things apart, till I got everything out of the ship that I could get. Then I called a council (that is to say, in my thoughts), whether I should take back the raft; but this appeared impracticable. So I resolved to go as before, when the tide was down, and I did so, only that I stripped before I went from my hut, having nothing on but a checked shirt and a pair of linen trousers, and a pair of pumps on my feet.

I got on board the ship as before, and prepared a second raft; and having had experience of the first, I neither made this so unwieldy, nor loaded it so hard, but yet I brought away several things very useful to me; as first, in the carpenter's stores, I found two or three bags full of nails and spikes, a great screw-jack, a dozen or two of hatchets, and, above all, that most useful thing called a grindstone. All these I secured, together with several things belonging to the gunner, particularly two or three iron crows, and two barrels of musket-balls, seven muskets, and another fowling-piece, with some small quantity of powder more, a large bag full of small shot, and a great roll of sheet lead; but this last was so heavy I could not hoist it up to get it over the ship's side.

Besides these things, I took all the men's clothes that I could find, and a spare foretop-sail, hammock, and some bedding; and with this I loaded my second raft, and brought them all safe on shore, to my very great comfort.

I was under some apprehensions during my absence

from the land, that at least my provisions might be devoured on shore; but, when I came back, I found no sign of any visitor, only there sat a creature like a wildcat, upon one of the chests, which, when I came toward it, ran away a little distance, and then stood still. She sat very composed and unconcerned, and looked full in my face, as if she had a mind to be acquainted with me. I presented my gun at her, but as she did not understand it, she was perfectly unconcerned at it, nor did she offer to stir away; upon which I tossed her a bit of biscuit, though, by the way, I was not very free of it, for my store was not great. However, I spared her a bit, I say, and she went to it, smelled of it, and ate it, and looked, as pleased, for more; but I thanked her, and could spare no more—so she marched off.

Having got my second cargo on shore, though I was fain to open the barrels of powder, and bring them by parcels—for they were too heavy, being large casks—I went to work to make me a little tent, with the sail and some poles which I cut for that purpose; and into this tent I brought everything that I knew would spoil, either with rain or sun; and I piled all the empty chests and casks up in a circle round the tent, to fortify it from any sudden attempt, either from man or beast.

When I had done this, I blocked up the door of the tent with some boards within, and an empty chest set up on end without, and, spreading one of the beds upon the ground, laying my two pistols just at my head, and my

gun at length by me, I went to bed for the first time, and slept very quietly all night, for I was very weary and heavy. For the night before I had slept little, and had labored very hard all day, as well to fetch all those things from the ship as to get them on shore.

I had the biggest magazine of all kinds now that ever was laid up, I believe, for one man, but I was not satisfied still; for, while the ship sat upright in that posture, I thought I ought to get everything out of her that I could. So every day, at low water, I went on board, and brought away something or other; but particularly the third time I went, I brought away as much of the rigging as I could, as also all the small ropes and rope-twine I could get, with a piece of spare canvas, which was to mend the sails upon occasion, and the barrel of wet gunpowder. In a word, I brought away all the sails first and last, only that I was fain to cut them in pieces, and bring as much at a time as I could; for they were no more useful to be sails, but as mere canvas only.

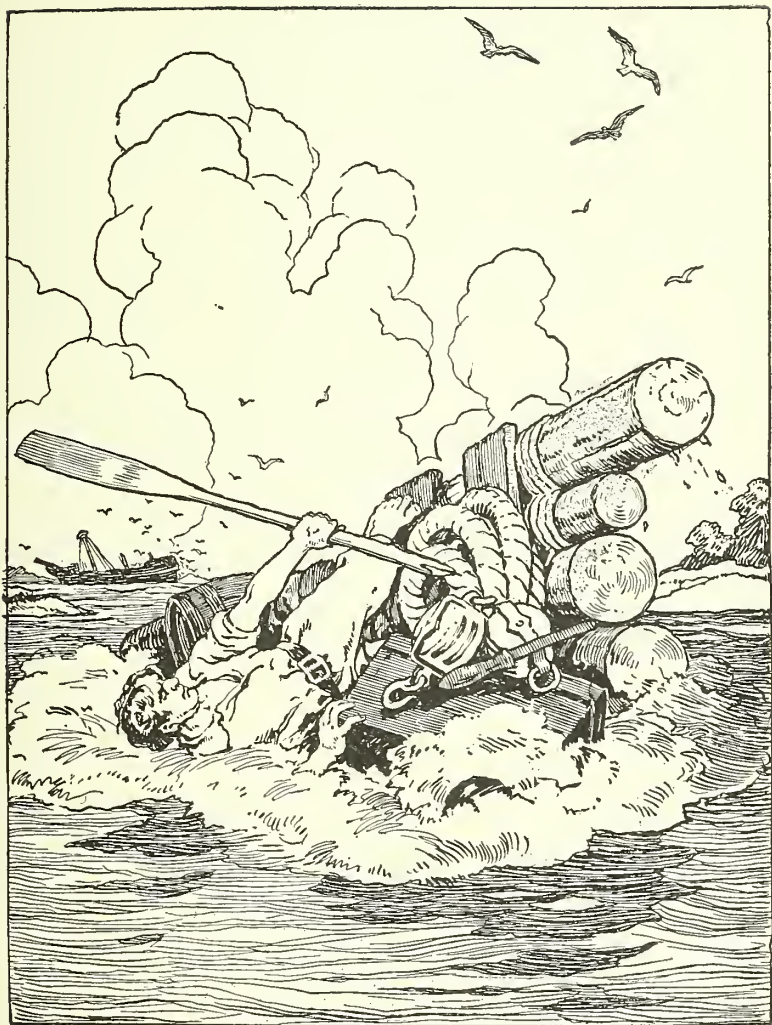
But that which comforted me more still, was, that last of all, after I had made five or six such voyages as these, and thought I had nothing more to expect from the ship that was worth my meddling with—I say, after all this, I found a great hogshead of bread, and a box of sugar, and a barrel of fine flour. This was surprising to me, because I had given over expecting any more provisions, except what was spoiled by the water. I soon emptied the hogshead of that bread, and wrapped it up, parcel by parcel, in pieces

of the sails, which I cut out; and, in a word, I got all this safe on shore also.

The next day I made another voyage; and now, having plundered the ship of what was portable and fit to hand out, I began with the cables; and cutting the great cable into pieces, such as I could move, I got two cables and a hawser on shore, with all the iron work I could get. And having cut down the spritsail-yard, and the mizzen-yard, and everything I could, to make a large raft, I loaded it with all those heavy goods, and came away. But my good luck began now to leave me; for this raft was so unwieldy and overladen, that, after I had entered the little cove, where I had landed the rest of my goods, not being able to guide it so handily as I did the others, it overset, and threw me and all my cargo into the water. As for myself, it was no great harm, for I was near the shore; but as to my cargo, it was, great part of it, lost, especially the iron, which I expected would have been of great use to me. However, when the tide was out, I got most of the pieces of cable ashore, and some of the iron, though with infinite labor; for I was fain to dip for it into the water, a work which fatigued me very much.

After this, I went every day on board, and brought away what I could get.

I had been now thirteen days on shore, and had been eleven times on board the ship; in which time I had brought away all that one pair of hands could well be supposed capable to bring, though I believe verily, had the calm held,



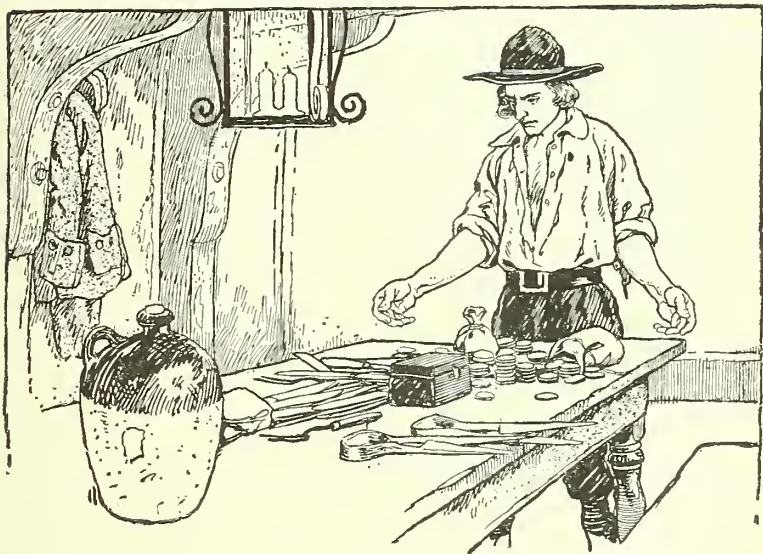
I should have brought away the whole ship, piece by piece. But preparing the twelfth time to go on board, I found the wind began to rise; however at low water I went on board, and though I thought I had rummaged the cabin so effectually as that nothing more could be found, yet I discovered a locker with drawers in it, in one of which I found two or three razors, and one pair of large scissors, with some ten or a dozen of good knives and forks. In another I found about thirty-six pounds value in money, some European coin, some Brazil, some pieces of eight, some gold, some silver.

I smiled to myself at the sight of this money. “O drug!” said I, aloud, “what art thou good for? thou art not worth to me—no, not the taking off of the ground; one of those knives is worth all this heap; I have no manner of use for thee; even remain where thou art, and go to the bottom as a creature whose life is not worth saving.” However, upon second thoughts I took it away, and, wrapping all this in a piece of canvas, I began to think of making another raft; but, while I was preparing this, I found the sky overcast, and the wind began to rise, and in a quarter of an hour it blew a fresh gale from the shore. It presently occurred to me, that it was in vain to pretend to make a raft with the wind offshore, and that it was my business to be gone before the tide of flood began, otherwise I might not be able to reach the shore at all. Accordingly, I let myself down into the water, and swam across the channel which lay between the ship and the sands,

and even that with difficulty enough, partly with the weight of things I had about me, and partly the roughness of the water, for the wind rose very hastily, and, before it was quite high water, it blew a storm.

But I was gotten home to my little tent, where I lay with all my wealth about me very secure. It blew very hard all that night, and in the morning when I looked out, behold, no more ship was to be seen! I was a little surprised, but recovered myself with this satisfactory reflection, namely, that I had lost no time, nor abated no diligence, to get everything out of her that could be useful to me, and that indeed there was little left in her that I was able to bring away if I had had more time.

DANIEL DEFOE.



O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME

“O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o’ Dee!”

The western wind was wild and dank wi’ foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o’er and o’er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair,—
A tress o’ golden hair,—
O’ drowned maiden’s hair,—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,—
The cruel, crawling foam,—
The cruel, hungry foam,—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o’ Dee.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE ANEMONES

I

“Peewit! Peewit!” cried the lapwing, as he flew over the moss in the wood. “Dame Spring is coming! I can feel it in my legs and wings.”

When the new grass, which lay down below in the earth, heard this, it at once began to sprout and peeped out gayly between the old, yellow straw. For the grass is always in an immense hurry.

Now the anemones in between the trees had also heard the lapwing’s cry, but refused on any account to appear above the earth.

“You mustn’t believe the lapwing,” they whispered to one another. “He is a flighty customer, whom one can’t trust. He always comes too early and starts calling at once. No, we will wait quite quietly till the starling and the swallow come. They are sensible, sober people, who are not to be taken in and who know what they are about.”

And the starlings came.

They sat down on a twig outside their summer villa and looked about them.

“Too early, as usual,” said Mr. Starling. “Not a green leaf and not a fly, except an old tough one of last year, not worth opening one’s beak for.”

Mrs. Starling said nothing, but looked none too cheerful either.

"If we had only remained in our snug winter quarters beyond the mountains!" said Mr. Starling. He was angry because his wife did not answer, for he was so cold that he thought a little discussion might do him good. "But it's *your* fault, just as last year. You're always in such a terrible hurry to go to the country."

"If I'm in a hurry, I know the reason *why*," said Mrs. Starling. "And it would be a shame for you if you didn't know too, for they are your eggs as well as mine."

"Heaven forbid!" replied Mr. Starling, indignantly. "When have I denied my family? Perhaps you expect me, over and above, to sing to you in the cold?"

"Yes, *that* I do!" said Mrs. Starling, in the tone which he could not resist.

He at once began to whistle as best he could. But, when Mrs. Starling had heard the first notes, she flapped her wings and pecked at him with her beak.

"Will you be quiet at once!" she screamed angrily. "That sounds so dismal that it makes one quite melancholy. You'd better see to it that the anemones come out. I think it's high time. And, besides, one always feels warmer when there are others shivering too."

Now, as soon as the anemones had heard the starling's first whistle, they carefully stuck their heads out of the ground. But they were still so tightly tucked up in their green wraps that one could hardly see them. They looked like green buds which might turn into anything.

"It's too early," they whispered. "It's a shame for

the starling to call us. There's no one in the world left that one can trust."

Then the swallow came:

"Tsee! Tsee!" he whistled, and darted through the air on his long, pointed wings. "Out with you, you silly flowers! Can't you see that Dame Spring has come?"

But the anemones had become careful. They just pushed their green wraps a little to one side and peeped out.

"One swallow does not make a summer," they said. "Where is your wife? You have only come to see if it's possible to live here, and now you're trying to take us in. But we are not so stupid as all that. We know that, if once we catch cold, we're done for."

"You're a pack of poltroons," said the swallow, and sat down on the weather-cock on the ranger's roof and looked out over the landscape.

But the anemones stood and waited, and were very cold. One or two of them, who could not control their impatience, cast off their wraps in the sun. The cold killed them at night, and the story of their pitiful death went from flower to flower and aroused great consternation.

II

Then Dame Spring came one delightfully mild and still night.

No one knows what she looks like, for no one has ever

seen her. But all long for her and thank her and bless her. She goes through the wood and touches the flowers and the trees, and they bud at once. She goes through the stables and unfastens the animals and lets them out into the field. She goes straight into men's hearts and makes them glad. She makes it difficult for the best-behaved boy to sit still on his bench at school, and occasions a terrible lot of mistakes in the exercise-books.

But she does not do this all at once. She attends to her business night after night and comes first to those who long for her most.

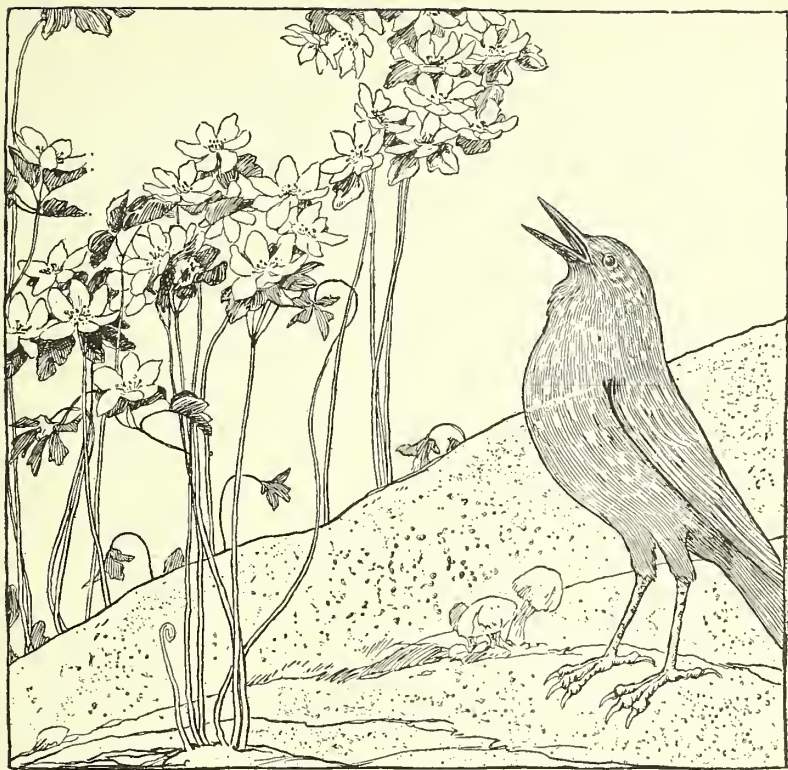
So it happened that, on the very night when she arrived, she went straight off to the anemones, who stood in their green wraps and could no longer curb their impatience.

And one, two, three! There they stood in newly ironed white frocks and looked so fresh and pretty that the starlings sang their finest songs for sheer joy at the sight of them.

"Oh, how lovely it is here!" said the anemones. "How warm the sun is! And how the birds sing! It is a thousand times better than last year."

But they say this every year, so it doesn't count.

Now there were many others who went quite off their heads when they saw the anemones were out. There was a schoolboy who wanted to have his summer holidays then and there, and then there was a beech, who was most offended.



“Aren’t you coming to me soon, Dame Spring?” he said. “I am a much more important person than those silly anemones, and really I can no longer control my buds.”

“I’m coming, I’m coming!” replied Dame Spring. “But you must give me a little time.”

She went on through the wood. And, at every step, more anemones appeared. They stood in thick bevvies

round the roots of the beech and bashfully bowed their round heads to the ground.

“Look up freely,” said Dame Spring, “and rejoice in heaven’s bright sun. Your lives are but short, so you must enjoy them while they last.”

The anemones did as she told them. They stretched themselves and spread their white petals to every side, and drank as much sunshine as they could. They knocked their heads against one another, and wound their stalks together and laughed and were constantly happy.

“Now I can wait no longer,” said the beech, and came into leaf.

Leaf after leaf crept out of its green covering and spread out and fluttered in the wind. The whole green crown arched itself like a mighty roof above the ground.

“Good heavens, is it evening so soon?” asked the anemones, who thought that it had turned quite dark.

“No, it is *death*,” said Dame Spring. “Now *you’re* finished. It’s the same with you as with the best in this world. All must bud, blossom, and die.”

“Die?” cried some of the small anemones. “Must we die yet?”

And some of the large anemones turned quite red in the face with anger and pride.

“We know all about it!” they said. “It’s the beech that’s killing us. He steals the sunshine for his own leaves and grudges us a single ray. He is a nasty, wicked thing.”

They stood and scolded and wept for some days. Then Dame Spring came for the last time through the wood.

She had still the oaks and some other querulous old fellows to visit.

“Lie down nicely to sleep now in the ground,” she said to the anemones. “Next year I will come again and wake you to new life.”

And some of the anemones did as she told them. But others continued to stick their heads in the air and grew up so ugly and lanky that they were horrid to look at.

“Fie, for shame!” they cried to the beech leaves. “It’s you that are killing us.”

But the beech shook his long boughs, so that the brown husks fell to the ground.

“Wait till the autumn, you little blockheads,” he said and laughed. “Then you’ll just see.”

The anemones could not understand what he meant. But when they had stretched themselves as far as they could they cracked in two and withered.

III

The Summer was past and the farmer had carted his corn home from the field.

The wood was still green, but darker; and in many places yellow and red leaves appeared among the green ones. The sun was tired of his warm work during the Summer and went early to bed.

At night the Winter stole through the trees to see if his time would soon come. When he found a flower he kissed her politely and said:

“Well, well, are you there still? I am glad to see you.

Stay where you are. I am a harmless old man and wouldn't hurt a fly."

But the flower shuddered with his kiss, and the bright dew-drops that hung from her petals froze to ice at the same moment.

The Winter went oftener and oftener through the wood. He breathed upon the leaves, so that they turned yellow, or upon the ground, so that it grew hard.

Even the anemones, who lay down below in the earth and waited for Dame Spring to come again as she had promised, could feel his breath, and shuddered right down to their roots.

"Oh, dear, how cold it is!" they said to one another. "How ever shall we last through the winter? We are sure to die before it is over."

"Now *my* time has come," said the Winter. "Now I need no longer steal round like a thief in the night. From to-morrow I shall look everybody straight in the face and bite his nose and make his eyes run with tears."

At night the storm broke loose.

"Let me see you make a clean sweep of things," said the Winter.

And the storm obeyed his orders.

He tore howling through the wood and shook the branches so that they all creaked and broke. Any that were at all decayed fell down and those that held on had to twist and turn to every side.

"Away with all that finery!" howled the storm, and

tore off the leaves. "This is no time to deck one's self out. Soon there will be snow on the branches: that's another story."

All the leaves fell terrified to the ground, but the storm did not let them be in peace. He took them by the waist and waltzed with them over the field, high up in the air and into the wood again, swept them together into great heaps and scattered them once more to every side, just as the fit seized him.

Not until the morning did the storm grow weary and go down.

"Now you can have peace for *this* time," he said. "I am going down till we have our spring cleaning. Then we can have another dance, if there are any of you left by that time."

And then the leaves went to rest and lay like a thick carpet over the whole earth.

The anemones felt that it had grown delightfully warm.

"I wonder if Dame Spring can have come yet?" they asked one another.

"I haven't got my buds ready!" cried one of them.

"No more have I! No more have I!" exclaimed the others in chorus.

But one of them took courage and just peeped out above the ground.

"Good morning!" cried the withered beech leaves. "It's rather too early, little missie; if only you don't come to any harm!"

"Isn't that Dame Spring?" asked the anemone.

"Not just yet," replied the beech leaves. "It's we, the green leaves you were so angry with in the summer. Now we have lost our green color and have not much left to make a show of. We have enjoyed our youth and danced, I may tell you. And now we are lying here and protecting all the little flowers in the ground against the Winter."

"And meanwhile I am standing and freezing with my bare branches," said the beech crossly.

The anemones talked about it down in the earth and thought it very nice.

"Those dear beech leaves!" they said.

"Mind you remember it next summer, when I come into leaf," said the beech.

"We will, we will!" whispered the anemones.

For that sort of thing is promised; but the promise is never kept.

CARL EWALD.



A HANDFUL OF CLAY

There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed with fair, clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become! You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength, and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. "My time will come," it said. "I was

not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season.”

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: “This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world.”

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that came after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and moulded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it—fierce and penetrating—hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But, through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great

future. "Surely," it thought, "I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king."

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There, for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something—it knew not what—but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

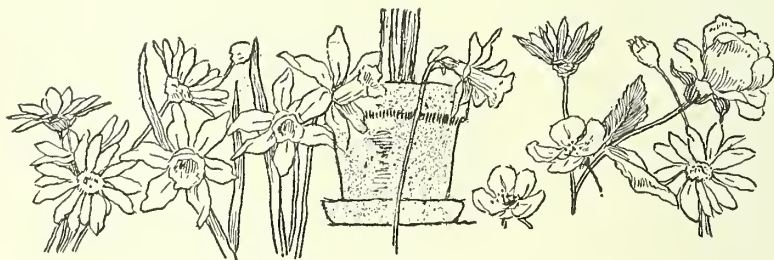
But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was sprinkled over it,

and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it—a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it: “Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?” And the other vessel answered: “Do you not know? You are carrying a royal sceptre of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart.”

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE GRAPE-VINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grape-vine swing.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonny and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

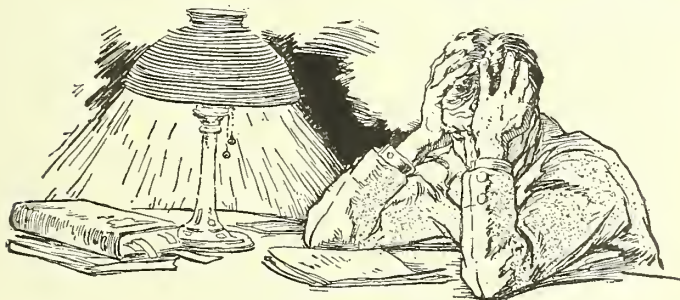


Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,—
 Oh, to be a boy,
 With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
 I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
 As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
 And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
 And a swing in the grape-vine swing.

Swinging in the grape-vine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
 I would I were away
 From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.



KING COTTON

“I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Sowing seeds in the sandy bottom,
Look away, look away, look away to Dixie land.”

Hilda Strong lived in an old Massachusetts town, where her father was superintendent of a big cotton-mill. She had heard much talk about the manufacture of cotton cloth, and she had been all through the big mill many times; but she had never seen cotton growing in the fields until she visited her school friend, Janey Darrow, in South Carolina.

The Darrows' summer place was up in the mountains, where the air was cool and sweet with the resinous fragrance of the pines. Mr. Darrow owned a big cotton plantation near Columbia, however, and as Hilda was very eager to see it he arranged to make up a party and take them down there in his motor-car a few days after Hilda's arrival.

It was a beautiful morning in late August when they left Piney Hill, the Darrows' summer home. The sky was bright blue and hung with soft, white clouds. The outlines of the pine-clad mountains about them were softened by the late summer haze.

“It's going to be a perfect day for our trip,” said Janey, “though I reckon it will be pretty hot by noon.”

“The breeze will keep us cool when we are once under way,” said Mr. Darrow.

Chirr-r-r-r! went the motor, and the big car leaped forward and bowled swiftly and noiselessly down the gravelly country road. It was a beautiful ride. Now they rolled through groves of great pines whose long needles made a soft carpet for the wheels of the car; now they descended a steep hill, the rocky slope rising abruptly on one side, while on the other they looked out over the tree-tops of the valley below. Again they rattled across a wooden bridge that spanned a mountain torrent, and for a time followed its windings down a narrow rocky gorge. And always they were leaving the mountains behind and descending to the rolling uplands. At length, before Hilda was the least bit weary from her ride, Mr. Darrow stopped the car at the top of a long slope and said with a sweep of his arm, “There’s the plantation.”

Hilda looked. “Oh, oh, oh!” she cried, clapping her hands. “How beautiful!”

The sight before her eyes was indeed beautiful, far more so than her imagination had pictured it. For half a mile the land stretched away in gentle undulations, covered with a thick growth of green and russet-leaved plants three to four feet high, and these plants were covered with what appeared to be big, snowy-white blossoms. Here and there among the rows of plants were negroes, both men and women, picking the fluffy white cotton into great bags that hung about their necks. Evidently they enjoyed

their work, for they talked and laughed, and some of them even sang as they toiled.

"You have seen cotton plants before, haven't you?" asked Mr. Darrow.

"Only dried ones," said Hilda; "not real, live, growing plants like these."

"Let us get out and pick some of them," said Janey.

The girls got out of the car and picked several large branches covered with the big fluffy cotton bolls.

"Aren't they lovely!" exclaimed Hilda. "They look like snowballs."

"Or like great masses of foam," said Janey.

"Or like little white, downy chicks bursting out of their shells."

"Only their shells are brown," said Janey.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Darrow, "it used to be thought in ancient times that cotton was the wool of a tiny little lamb that grew on a tree."

"What a pretty idea!" said Hilda.

"If Mistress Mary quite contrary had known that, it would have given her a hint for her wonderful garden. She had

‘Silver bells and cockle-shells
And pretty maids all in a row.’

She might have had some little white cotton lambs in her garden too."

The girls got into the car, and Mr. Darrow drove slowly



along the edge of the field and then turned into a road that led down to the house. It was a stately, old-fashioned colonial mansion, painted white, with a broad veranda in front, and half-buried in flowering shrubs and vines.

"Isn't it perfectly lovely!" cried Hilda. "It's just what I expected a Southern mansion to be."

Mr. Darrow looked pleased. "It was built by my great-grandfather," said he, "so that four generations of the Darrow family have lived here."

A few minutes later they were seated on the broad veranda, drinking lemonade and eating "Aunt Mirandy's" delicious cake, while "Aunt Mirandy" herself, wearing a neat cotton dress and an immaculate turban, bustled about filling their glasses and passing the cake, her black face shining with pleasure.

"Now that we are here I want you to tell me all about cotton," said Hilda.

“I’m afraid I can’t quite do that,” said Mr. Darrow; “but I will tell you all I know.”

“If cotton was known to the ancients of course it isn’t a strictly American plant like Indian corn, is it?” said Hilda.

“Oh, no!” said Mr. Darrow. “It was grown centuries ago in China, India, Egypt, and some other places. In fact, it is more than once mentioned in the Bible. The country around Jericho was said to be noted for its cotton.”

“Then why do we hear so much about American cotton?”

“Because the greater part of the world’s supply comes from this country. About four-fifths of all the cotton used in Europe and the United States comes from our own Southern States.”

“My! Doesn’t that make you feel proud, Janey?” exclaimed Hilda.

Janey smiled, but said nothing. It was evident from her expression, however, that she did feel proud of her country, and especially of Dixie-land.

“You see,” continued Mr. Darrow, “cotton is much cheaper than silk, flax, or wool, the other chief clothing materials, and so is more widely used. Hence it is much more important. Next to the wheat crop it is the most important crop produced in America.”

“That is why people say that ‘Cotton is King,’ I suppose,” said Hilda.

“Exactly.”

“And has cotton been grown here very long?”

“Pretty nearly from the earlier times. Virginia took it up first, about 1620; South Carolina followed about 1660. It wasn’t many years before the settlers were raising enough cotton to supply their own needs. Their wives spun it and wove it into cloth themselves.”

“And dyed it too, I suppose,” said Hilda.

“And dyed it too,” said Mr. Darrow.

Hilda held in her lap a branch of a cotton-plant, and plucked from the pods several fluffy bolls of cotton.

“Some of the cotton seems to stick to the bolls,” she said. “It must be hard to get all the cotton cleanly picked from the plants.”

“It is,” said Mr. Darrow. “A field is never thoroughly picked the first time. You see new bolls keep developing and opening, so that the pickers keep going over the field gathering the new cotton and also picking what they missed before. Gradually they clean up all the cotton.”

“Wouldn’t it be a great help if cotton could be picked by machinery?”

“Yes, if a perfectly satisfactory machine could be invented. I have tried several cotton-picking machines, but I found them unsatisfactory. Hand-picking is really the only practical method.”

“What are these little things in the middle of the cotton bolls?” asked Hilda. “Are they seeds?”

“Yes, those are the seeds,” said Mr. Darrow.

“And are those picked out by hand? I should think that would be a tremendous amount of work.”

Mr. Darrow laughed. “It certainly would be,” said he, “and it certainly was, until an ingenious Connecticut Yankee, named Eli Whitney, invented the cotton-gin. That was in 1793. Before that time it took hours of patient picking to get the seeds out of enough cotton to provide for a few minutes’ spinning. Cotton would never have come into such general use but for the invention of the cotton-gin. It gave a tremendous boom to cotton-growing and to cotton-manufacture. Before the cotton-gin was invented less than ten thousand bales of cotton were exported a year, while fifty years later this amount had risen to four million bales.”

“But the picking of the cotton wasn’t the whole thing of course,” said Hilda. “After the cotton-gin was invented raw cotton could be separated from the seed and so prepared for spinning, but it couldn’t be made into cloth rapidly until other inventions were made, could it?”

“As a matter of fact,” said Mr. Darrow, “the Arkwright spinning-frame, the Hargreaves spinning-jenny, and the Compton ‘mule,’ a machine which combined them into a single machine, had already been invented, so only the invention of Eli Whitney’s cotton-gin was needed to make possible an abundant supply of raw cotton and so give a tremendous impetus to the whole cotton business—both to the growing of the fibre and to its manufacture into cloth.”

“Hurrah for the Connecticut Yankee!” cried Hilda, clapping her hands.

Mr. Darrow smiled. “While you are rightfully applauding Eli Whitney for his very useful invention, don’t forget that the world owes a great debt to scores of industrious and intelligent planters who have studied the subject of cotton-growing and have developed methods that have enormously increased the yield. Their names are unknown to the world, but their work has been none the less important.”

“The cotton fibre isn’t the only valuable part of the cotton-plant,” continued Mr. Darrow. “The seeds are valuable too. In the old days they were supposed to be worthless. When I was a small boy there were always great piles of seed on my father’s plantation, and one of the favorite sports among us boys was to climb to the top of these piles and slide down in the loose seeds. It was great fun but not very good for our clothes.”

“What is done with the seeds now?” asked Hilda.

“They are used in many ways,” said Mr. Darrow. “Of course you have heard of cottonseed-oil?”

“Oh, yes!” said Hilda, “sometimes we used it in cooking-school.”

“Yes, it is sometimes used in place of lard and also for salad oil,” said Mr. Darrow. “Sardines are packed in it too.”

“I don’t like it as well as olive-oil,” said Janey.

Mr. Darrow laughed. “Well, that’s a matter of

taste," said he. "In the mills the men like to eat the oil drippings on their bread for luncheon. After the oil is squeezed out the seeds are pressed into cakes or ground into meal, to be fed to cattle or poultry. You see, nothing is wasted."

"Isn't it wonderful!" exclaimed Hilda. "I don't wonder people say 'Cotton is King.'"

"Suppose we go down to the fields where they are picking," said Mr. Darrow. "From there we can look in at the sheds where the cotton is baled for shipment."

As they passed along the fields where the hands were at work they noticed great baskets partly filled with newly picked cotton standing at the ends of the rows.

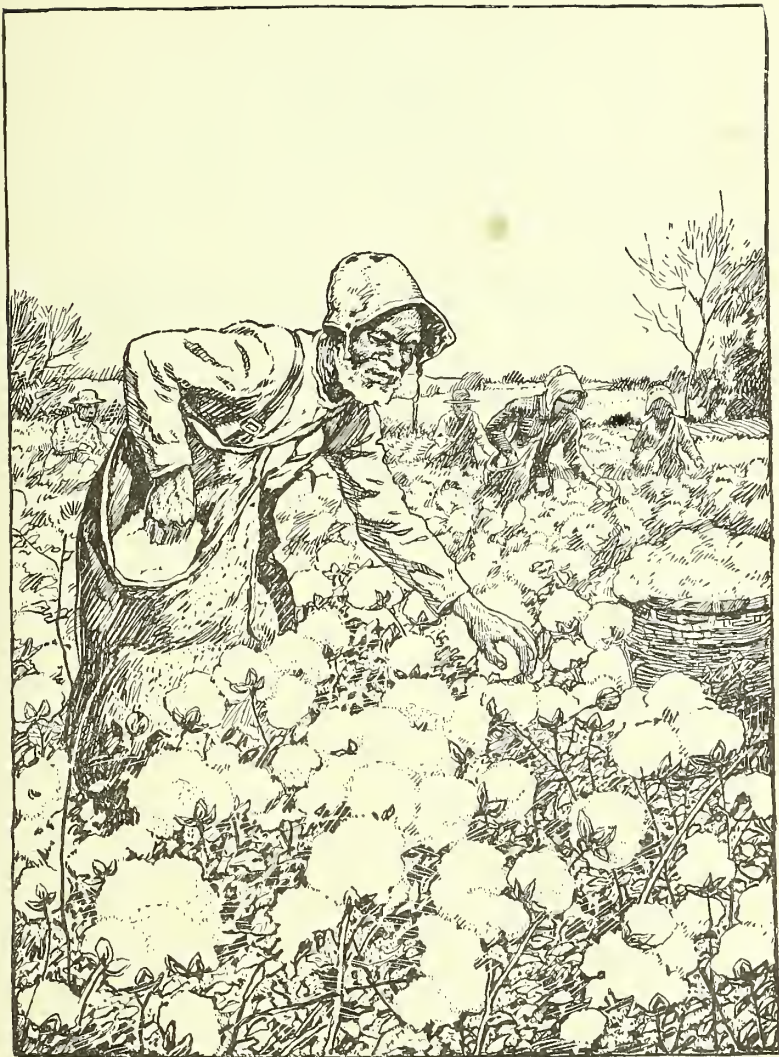
"You see," said Mr. Darrow, pointing to these baskets, "as the hands fill the bags that they pick into they bring them out and empty them into these big baskets. Then at night the weighers come along and weigh the cotton that each hand has gathered. The hands are paid according to the amount of cotton they have picked."

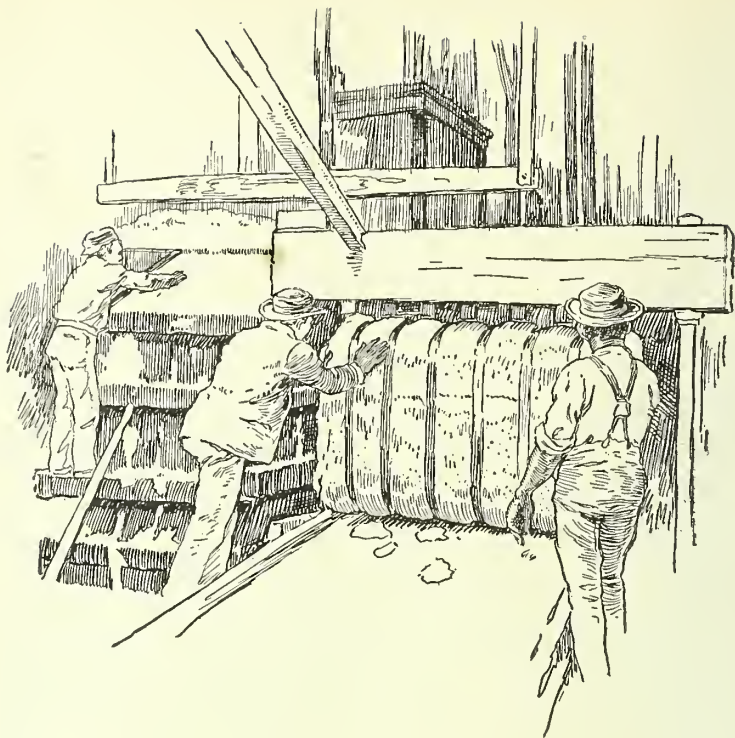
"It looks so interesting that I should like to try cotton-picking myself," said Hilda. "Shouldn't you, Janey?"

"Indeed I should," said Janey. "I think it would be great fun."

Mr. Darrow laughed. "I'm afraid you would find it rather back-breaking work," said he.

From the field they went on to the great packing-shed where the cotton was being prepared for shipment. First, great fluffy masses of cotton were gathered up into a big





loose bale and covered with bagging. These bales were then caught up by hooks which ran on overhead trolleys and were carried along into a big room where the cotton-press was. Here the bagging was quickly ripped off, the bale reduced to half its original size by a great weight which was brought crashing down upon it half a dozen times, the bagging was replaced, iron bands fastened about it, and the bale was ready for shipment.

Hilda was fascinated by the orderly regularity of the work. Every workman had a particular task to do; every part of the process moved with exactness and precision.

Suddenly they were recalled to the outside world by the shrill voice of a little colored boy:

“Mister Darrow, suh, please suh, Aunt Mirandy she say yo’ lunch is ready.”

“All right, Josephus; tell ‘Aunt Mirandy’ that we will be at the house directly,” said Mr. Darrow.

Ten minutes later they were seated in the handsome dining-room of the old Darrow mansion eating the fried chicken, beaten biscuit, and corn fritters that “Aunt Mirandy” had prepared for their luncheon. For a time cotton was forgotten while they all paid tribute to “Aunt Mirandy’s” delicious cooking. Presently Mr. Darrow said: “Well, Hilda, what interests you most in what you have seen and learned about cotton?”

Hilda smiled and looked at Mr. Darrow with a mischievous look in her blue eyes. “The little cotton lambs that grow on trees. I should like a whole flock of them,” she said.

“BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND”

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude:

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou does not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy string is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

A MAINE LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER

I

Fred Barlow had expected to go home for the Christmas holidays, but only a few days before school closed his mother wrote that Mr. Barlow had been ordered to Texas on government business, and that she herself was leaving for Colorado, where her sister was seriously ill. All plans for the holidays were therefore to be cancelled, and Fred would have to stay at Felton Academy during the two weeks' vacation. When Fred told his roommate, Tom Fellows, the dismal news, Tom clapped Fred on the shoulder and said, "Here's your chance, old man. You've often spoken of going home with me and seeing something of the Maine woods, but I've never been able to get you started. Now, I'm going to telegraph to my mother to-day to ask if I can't take you home with me. I know it will be all right. So cheer up. We'll have the grandest time ever."

It turned out as Fred anticipated. Mr. and Mrs. Fellows were glad of the opportunity of taking a homesick boy into their home for the Christmas holidays, and Fred was delighted at the prospect of being among friends at such a season. Besides, he saw a chance of being able to see something of the Maine woods in winter, about which Tom had so often spoken.

So it happened that one cold, clear evening a few days before Christmas the boys arrived at Center Falls, the busy Maine lumbering town where the Fellows lived. The snow lay deep upon the ground and the ice was thick upon the river. The first ten days of Fred's stay flew past quickly. There were all sorts of jolly times. There were coasting and skating parties, straw-rides and snow-shoe trips—vigorous, active sports in the keen, frosty air. Fred entirely forgot that his vacation was to be a failure. On the contrary, he found himself saying that he had never enjoyed his holidays more.

One of the best times of all, however, came after Christmas, and only a few days before Fred's return to school. This was a visit to a lumber camp away up the Narragagus* River, more than thirty miles back in the depths of the woods. Mr. Fellows was a lumber manufacturer, and was chief owner in several lumber mills in Center Falls. Back in the woods he had big crews of men busy cutting the logs for the next season's work. A day or two after Christmas he found it necessary to visit one of his camps, and offered to take the boys with him. "If you've never seen a lumber camp," he said to Fred, "you'd better come with me. You'll see a lot of new things and learn a great deal that will be useful to you some day."

So they bundled up in warm clothes, and one morning before it was light they set off for the camp. Jingle-jangle, jingle-jangle, went the bells as the pung glided swiftly over

* Nă'ra gwā'gus.

the snow, drawn by Mr. Fellows's pair of big bay horses. A three hours' drive over smooth, hard roads carried them beyond the last settlement and into the woods. For nearly an hour more they wound their way in and out among the hills, now through dense groves of pine, spruce, and hemlock, now across frozen swamps of cedar and hackmatack, now along hillsides of hardwood timber—maple, birch, oak, and beech, their trunks rising bare and naked from the snow, their leaves all gone but for scattered bunches that still clung to the boughs and rattled in the wind. It was a wild but wonderfully beautiful ride.

At noon they rounded the shoulder of a little hill and came suddenly upon the camp. It consisted of a half-dozen buildings, built of logs, grouped in a clearing on a sunny hillside, and only a few rods from the shore of a big lake.

As they drew up in front of the main camp they were greeted cordially by several men who came forward to meet them. Fred noted that they were powerfully built, active men with faces tanned almost to the color of mahogany. They wore thick heavy woollen coats of startling colors and high woollen boots whose feet were stuck into heavy rubbers. It was a picturesque costume.

"Just in time for dinner, boys," said one of the men, whom Mr. Fellows addressed as "Ran." "Got some nice togue for you to-day, too. I'll bet it's a long time since you have eaten any."

"Not since last summer, Ran," said Tom.

“What is ‘togue’?” asked Fred.

“A kind of lake-trout,” said Tom. “It’s different from the squaretail or brook-trout, and it grows larger. They have been caught in the lake here as large as eighteen pounds.”

“Phew, that’s a big fish!” said Fred. “But how do you catch them in winter-time?”

“Through the ice. Before we leave we’ll try them, if you like.”

Through the ice! Fred had never heard of catching fish through the ice. Evidently he had much to learn.

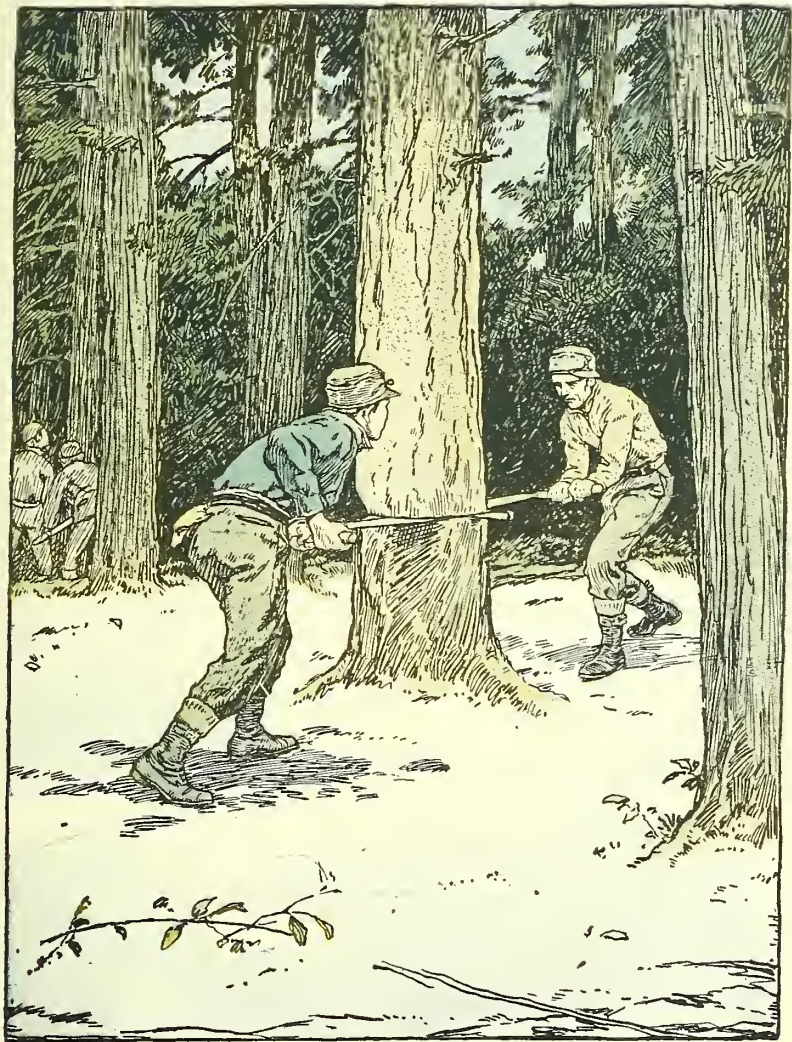
A few minutes later they were seated at table enjoying a hot and savory dinner. There were delicious fried trout, fried potatoes, cranberry sauce, hot corn bread, doughnuts, and coffee. Everything was good and everybody ate heartily.

“Now, boys,” said Mr. Fellows, when they had eaten all they wanted, “I shall be busy the rest of the day, and I’m going to turn you over to Ran. He will show you everything of interest and answer all your questions. I know Fred will want to learn all he can about lumbering, and he couldn’t have a better teacher than Ran Tracy.”

Ran looked pleased at Mr. Fellows’s compliment. “I’ll do the best I can to show them the ropes,” said he.

“I know you will, Ran,” said Mr. Fellows, and, bidding the boys good-by, he left them in the care of the lumberman.

The first thing to be done was to look over the camp.



Fred found it extremely interesting. It was built of logs with the ends notched at the corners and the chinks filled with moss and clay. At one end, opposite the door, were the "bunks." These were boxes or compartments, like the berths in the stateroom of a steamboat, arranged in tiers and filled with a deep layer of freshly picked balsam boughs. Here the men slept in heavy coarse blankets.

"That's where we are to sleep, I take it," said Fred.

"Yes," said Tom, "and if you've never slept on fir boughs before you'll be surprised to find how soft and springy they are."

"They smell sweet and woody," said Fred.

Along one side of the room ran a long, rudely made table where thirty men or so could eat at one time. There were narrow benches to sit upon. On the opposite side in one corner was an enormous stove, in the other a shelf and a pail of water and a wash-basin. The camp was lighted by several small windows.

"It's mighty cosey and comfortable in here," said Fred. "Do you ever have any trouble to keep it warm?"

"Bless your heart, no!" said Ran. "On cold nights we fill the stove full to the top with big log ends, and it gets red hot. When we turn in for the night we shut all the drafts and the fire burns till morning."

From the main camp a door led into the cook-shack. Here there was a big range on which the meals were cooked by a good-natured little French-Canadian called Jules, and here also all the supplies were stored.

“See that new door?” asked Ran, pointing to the outside door of the shack, which was evidently made of new boards. “When we put the supplies in this fall the boys who drove the load in left the stuff in the camp and went up to the head of the lake to look over the timber. When they came back at night they found that a big bear had been here. He had broken down the door and helped himself to everything he wanted in the shack. He ate up or spoiled a whole barrel of sugar and a barrel of pork, and tore open packages and cases right and left. The shack was a sight. The boys set two or three traps for him, but they never got him. They caught one bear cub, but that wasn’t the fellow that did the mischief.”

A bear! Fred’s eyes grew bigger. “Do you suppose there’s any chance of our seeing a bear while we are here, Ran?” he asked.

The lumberman laughed. “I’m afraid not,” he said; “you see, they are in their winter quarters now. When the cold weather comes on they crawl into a cave or a hollow log and go to sleep for the winter. It isn’t often that one comes out at this time of year.”

A short distance away from the main camp was the “hovel,” or stable for the horses. Like the camp for the men, it was built of logs, and was large enough to hold eighteen or twenty horses. Close by there was a shop where there was a rude forge and anvil. Here tools could be sharpened, sleds repaired, chains rewelded, and horses shod.

II

“Well, boys,” said Ran, after they had completed their inspection, “are you ready for a tramp? If you are, we’ll go up to see the axe and saw men at work.”

The boys had come prepared for tramping in the woods, and expressed their readiness to set out at once. So under Ran’s lead they started off along the road through the woods toward the head of the lake. As they advanced they could hear the sounds of axes and saws in the distance, and before long they came upon the men. They were divided into little groups. Some were cutting or sawing down trees, some were trimming fallen trees of their branches, and others were sawing them into logs. Ran took the boys over where a couple of men were just about to begin felling a new tree.

“How do they know what trees to cut?” asked Fred.

“They are marked beforehand by the forester, so when we begin operations the cutters know just what trees to fell.”

First the men looked carefully about to see where it would be best for the tree to fall.

“You see, it’s important not to injure small trees any more than is absolutely necessary in getting out the bigger ones,” explained Ran. “We are cutting our timber scientifically, just enough each year to take care of the additional growth. We cut nothing under ten inches in thickness. By operating in this way we give the young

trees a chance to grow, and we get more timber in the long run.”

The axemen quickly decided in what direction they wanted the tree to fall, and then one of them chopped a deep notch in the trunk on that side and at a point about the thickness of the trunk above the ground. Then with a big double cross saw, one man at each end, they began to saw through the tree from the opposite side. Back and forth went the saw, the sawdust flying from the path it made through the big trunk, the sweet smell of the newly exposed wood filling the air.

“I thought the trees were always cut down with axes,” said Fred.

“They used to be,” said Ran, “but sawing wastes less of the timber and is quicker too.”

After sawing some distance into the tree, the men stopped, and one of them slipped an iron wedge into the crack made by the saw.

“What is that for?” asked Fred.

“To prevent the tree from settling down on the saw and making it impossible to draw the blade back and forth,” said Ran.

The men resumed their sawing, and after a while they put some oil on the blade to make it run more easily. A minute or two later they stopped sawing again and put a larger wedge in the crack behind the saw. Presently the tree shivered a little. One of the men caught up his axe and deepened the gash in the trunk. The tree began to totter.

“Timber!” shouted one of the lumbermen. Every one stepped back. The great tree shuddered and groaned, then, with a tremendous cracking and rushing, it began to fall. Down it came, cutting a wide swath in the forest as it fell, and making the earth tremble with its impact. From some trees that were in the way it tore great branches; others it broke off short with a noise like the report of a gun; still others it bent over and pinned to the ground. Two axemen at once began to trim the great trunk of its boughs, and the sawyers began to saw the trunk into sections from twelve to sixteen feet in length.

“Do you know what kind of tree this is?” asked Ran.

“No, I’m afraid not,” said Fred. “I know pine and cedar, but I’m not sure of any of the other evergreens.”

“This is a spruce,” said Ran. “You see, the little needles grow all the way round the branches or twigs.”

“I am never sure of the difference between spruce and fir,” said Fred.

“The sprays of fir are flat. The needles grow only on the sides of the twigs,” said Ran. “Besides that, fir or balsam has a stronger fragrance than spruce. Crush a little in your fingers and you will see what a sweet, spicy fragrance it has. Fir isn’t worth much for lumber. It is soft and it doesn’t grow to any considerable size.”

“How about hemlock?” asked Fred.

“Hemlock is valuable. The lumber is widely used for most ordinary purposes, and the bark is used in tanning. We cut the hemlocks in the spring when the sap is flowing

and the bark can be peeled off easily. The bark is piled where it can be hauled out and shipped later, when the snow comes and hauling is easier, and the logs are left in the woods also till winter, when they can be handled more easily."

"I saw some cedar on the way up," said Fred. "Do you use that at all?"

"Oh, yes," said Ran, "but that has to be handled by separate crews. For the most part cedar grows by itself in swamps. It doesn't grow very large either, so that we usually get only one log to a tree. We use it chiefly to make shingles for roofing."

"Isn't it used to make chests, too?" asked Fred.

"Yes, it has a rather strong smell that moths are supposed to dislike. So it is used to make chests for storing clothing. It is used also to a certain extent for inside finish, cabinet-work, picture-frames, etc."

"What is done with the tops and limbs of all these trees?" asked Fred, as they stood watching the axemen trim a big spruce that had just been felled.

"We use the biggest of them for firewood. The rest we burn," said Ran. "You see, it wouldn't do to leave them in the woods. They would be too dangerous in case of forest fires. In the old days all the limbs, tops, etc., used to be left right where they fell, so that a 'cut-down,' or tract where the timber had been cut, was a perfect jungle. If a fire got started from a hunter's pipe or camp-fire and got into a cut-down, there was no stopping it, and it

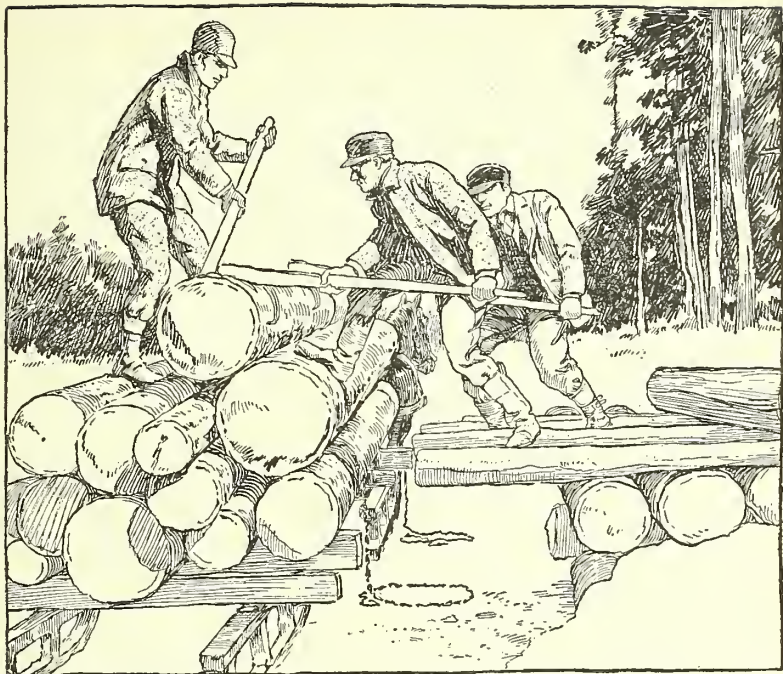
might run for miles and do hundreds of thousands of dollars' damage before it could be checked. But now we clean up as we go and greatly reduce the risk of fire."

"The next thing to see," continued Ran, "is the skidding or piling of the logs in the yards. After the trees are cut and sawed into logs they are dragged or hauled to the yards and piled. Here we are so near the lake that we haven't far to haul them."

They soon found a crew of men who were loading newly cut logs onto a heavy sled drawn by four horses. They handled the logs with cant-hooks and peaveys and fastened them on the sleds with chains. It was wonderful to see with what apparent ease the men handled the heavy logs.

"Sometimes," said Ran, "when the logs have been felled in places where they are not easily got at, they are pulled or 'twitched' out with chains. But here we can handle them better with sleds."

After watching the men load the logs for a time they walked through the woods to the "yard," on the shore of the lake. Here the logs lay in great piles ready to be rolled into the water when the ice broke in the spring and the "drive" down to the mills began. Groups of men were at work with peaveys and cant-hooks unloading sleds and piling up logs. It was dangerous work, for the slipping of a peavey or the unexpected rolling of a heavy log might easily mean the breaking of a man's leg. As each log was unloaded, a man called "the scaler" stood by and made a note of its size and the amount of lumber it contained,



and marked it with red crayon to show that it had been measured.

It was now getting late. The sun had disappeared behind the rugged shoulder of Spruce Mountain, directly across the lake, and the air was growing keener.

“Well, boys,” said Ran, “it’s time we were getting to camp. “You’ve had a long day and must begin to feel a little tired.”

So they left the “yard” and set out for home. The darkness came on rapidly. The walking along the rough

road was hard, and the lights of the camp were a welcome sight.

When they entered the camp they found Mr. Fellows already there. He listened with interest to Fred's account of what they had seen.

"I wish you could visit us in the spring," said he, "and go down-river with the drive. You have seen the trees cut, trimmed, sawed into lengths, hauled to the yards, and piled, but you haven't seen what is perhaps the most interesting stage of the process, the getting those logs down to the mills."

"I suppose that isn't done till the ice goes out," said Fred.

"No; when the ice melts in the lakes and rivers in the spring we roll the logs from the yards into the water, float them down to the dam at the foot of the lake, and let them through the sluice into the river. The log-driving crews follow them right down-river, riding the logs through the rough water, picking out any that get caught in the bushes along the banks or on rocks, and keeping them on the move."

"That must be dangerous work," said Fred.

"It certainly is, but the men are so active and skilful that one is rarely drowned. Last year we had a man break his leg by getting caught between a couple of logs, but it is several years since one was drowned."

"I don't see how they keep their footing on the logs," said Fred.

Mr. Fellows smiled. "Jake," he called to a tall muscular man who was chatting in a group on the other side of the camp. "Show the youngsters the boots you wear on the logs."

The tall lumberman pulled from under his bunk a pair of heavy long-legged boots and brought them over for the boys' inspection. Soles and heels were thickly set with sharp iron brads, or "calks," as they are called, half an inch long.

"You see, those help," said Mr. Fellows, laughing. "Their pick-poles are a great help, too."

"What are they?" asked Fred.

"They are long poles twelve or fourteen feet long armed with a sharp iron spike. With these the men push the logs along by thrusting the pick into another log or into the bottom."

"It must be slow work," said Fred.

"It is, in spots," said Mr. Fellows. "But when the drive begins the rivers are high from the melting snow and ice and the water runs swiftly. It's only when the logs get caught in some narrow place and form a jam that the drive gets slowed up. Then the men have to pick the logs out one by one and start them on down-river again, or, as sometimes happens, we have to put in a charge of dynamite and blow them out to break the jam. But you have to see it to appreciate it. You will have to make us another visit in the spring, when you can go down with the drive."

"I hope I can," said Fred.

Supper was now ready, and Mr. Fellows and the boys took their places at one end of the long table. Steaming platters of baked beans and big panfuls of boiled potatoes were put on the table, and there was fresh gingerbread and tea. Everything was well cooked.

"I never ate better baked beans in my life," declared Fred.

Mr. Fellows smiled. "They are good," he said. "Jules is a good cook. I find that it pays to feed the men well. It improves their spirits and they do better work."

Fred had hardly eaten supper when he found himself nodding. The talk of the men sounded faint and far away, and the lights of the camp flickered strangely. At length, when he had several times nearly fallen off his bench, Mr. Fellows insisted that he and Tom go to bed.

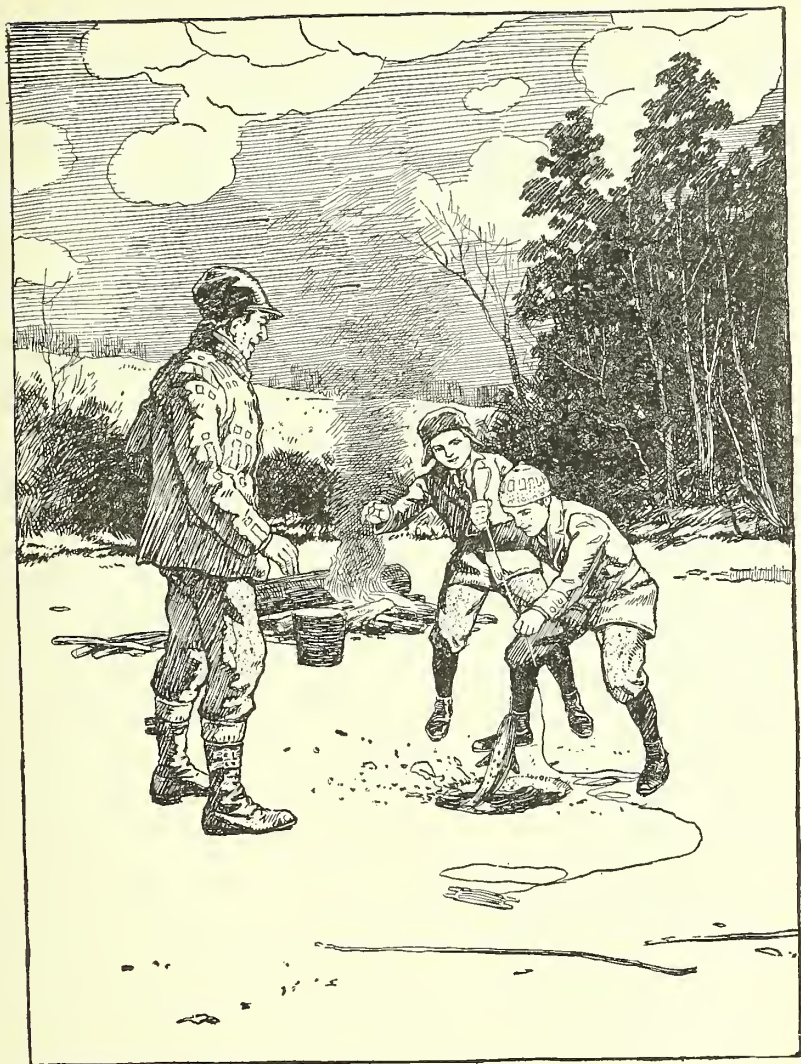
"You have had a long day, boys," he said. "Turn in and get a good night's rest."

A few minutes later Fred was fast asleep on a bed of soft, springy, fragrant balsam.

III

Next morning when the boys awoke they found the camp quiet and all the men gone. They washed their faces and hands at the bench by the door and were soon dressed. Meanwhile Jules had prepared for them a delicious breakfast of fried bacon and potatoes and hot biscuits.

While they were still at the table Ran stuck his head in the door. "Your father has gone across the lake again



this morning," he said to Tom, "and has left you in my charge. It's a fine morning; what do you say to trying some fishing through the ice?"

Both boys were pleased with the idea, so when breakfast was over Ran found some lines for them and they started for the lake. Then Fred noticed that the woodman was carrying a large tin pail.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"Shiners for bait," said Ran.

"How do you get them?"

"With a net down at the outlet below the dam," said Ran.

The ice on the lake was covered with several inches of snow so that the footing was not difficult. They walked half a mile or so on the ice to a place where the lake narrowed and a little island lay midway of the channel. Here they found some holes that had been cut through the ice some time before. Ice an inch or two thick had formed over the holes, but this was easily broken with a long-handled ice-chisel which Ran had brought.

"Now, boys," said the woodman, "you watch me and see how it is done."

First he cut some strong but springy twigs three or four feet long and fastened them in the ice in such a way that they would lean just over each of the holes. Then he baited the hook with a live shiner, let the line down carefully into the water until it was at the right depth, and tied the line securely to the end of the twig.

"Now, boys," he said, "when a fish bites you will see

the stick wiggle, so watch them carefully. When you see one move pull up the line quickly so that he won't have time to get off the hook. While you watch I'll build a fire, for it will be cold out here on the ice."

Sure enough, it was cold. The sun was bright, but the air was keen, and the ice under their feet was cold, too. They were glad when Ran got a big fire going. They rolled an old log down on the ice so that they would have something to sit on.

"Ah, this is comfort," said Tom.

"Rather a lazy man's way to fish," said Fred.

"Hello!" shouted Ran, all at once. "See that stick moving."

Sure enough, one of the twigs was jumping like a live thing. Tom was there first and began to pull up the line hand over hand.

"My! he feels heavy," he called.

Up, up, up came the line, the wet coils falling on the ice beside the hole. All at once there was a sudden jerk, and Tom found himself holding an empty line. "Hard luck!" he said ruefully. "Probably he wasn't a very big one after all. Let us hope so anyway." He pulled up his hook and putting a fresh shiner on it let it down again carefully.

A few minutes later another twig began to bob, and this time Fred began to pull up the line. Up, up, hand over hand, came the line. At the end Fred could feel something heavy that tugged and twisted and tried to get away. A few more pulls and out on the ice flopped a beautiful big fish.

Fred held him up. "What is it?" he asked.

"It's a togue," said Tom, "and a good one, too. He'll weigh three pounds."

He was a handsome fish, with dark, mottled back and sides, white with touches of pink underneath, and with yellow and blue spots on his sides.

"He isn't so handsome as the squaretail," said Ran, "but he's a beauty just the same."

Before long Tom caught another togue about the same size as Fred's. Then there was a lull. They sat on the log by the fire facing toward the holes and chatted. Half an hour went by and still there were no bites.

"Pretty quiet fishing to-day," said Ran.

"My feet are getting cold," said Tom. "Let's go back to camp."

"Oh, we must get one apiece," said Ran. Just as he spoke Fred saw one of the sticks begin to bob.

"Look, Ran, look!" he called, "there's a bite." The lumberman hurried over to the line and began to pull it in.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "he's a whopper; he feels as big as a whale."

The boys rose from their log and went over to the hole. Ran was beginning to get excited.

"I never caught a fish that pulled so hard," said he. "Suppose I should beat the record?"

"Hope you do," said Tom.

Just then, with a tremendous plop, up came the fish, but instead of flopping about, as any well-regulated, self-

respecting fish should do, he began squirming about on the ice like a snake.

“Good gracious! What is it?” exclaimed Fred. Tom began to laugh.

“Ha, ha! Ran, the joke is on you. It’s only a big eel.”

Sure enough, it was a big, ugly eel fully three feet long.

Ran looked disgusted. “Well, that beats all my going a-fishing,” said he.

It was now nearly noon, and as they were planning to have an early luncheon and start for home immediately afterward, they decided not to fish any longer. They reeled in their lines, took the pail of bait and the fish they had caught, and trudged back to the camp.

Two hours later they said good-by to Ran and Jules, and tucking themselves into the pung, set out on their homeward journey.

“It has been a glorious trip,” said Fred. “I wouldn’t have missed it for anything.”

“Oh, we’ll make a lumberman of you yet,” said Mr. Fellows, laughing, “but this trip is only the first installment of your instruction. Next spring I shall expect you to go down-river with the drive.”

“You may count on me, Mr. Fellows,” said Fred. “I shall not be satisfied until I can tread logs in a pair of calked boots and handle a peavey and a pick-pole with the best lumberjack in the Maine woods.”

“That’s the spirit that wins,” said Mr. Fellows.

R. H. BOWLES.

A WINTER FIRESIDE

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draft
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



UNDER THE "BLUEBIRD"

Joe and I were Cape Cod boys, born and brought up within a stone's throw of the ocean; and so, when I was sixteen and Joe nearly a year younger, I suppose that it was only natural for us to decide that we should like to go to sea.

Persuading our parents was no easy task. At last, however, they consented, and early in June we shipped on the schooner *Clara*, bound with a cargo of coal for Halifax, Nova Scotia. The trip was without incident, but in Halifax we were fortunate enough to make friends with Captain Reuben Marsh of the auxiliary bark *Bluebird*, which was about to sail for Madeira.

No kinder man and no better skipper than Captain Marsh ever trod a deck, and, luckily for us, he happened to be anxiously on the lookout for two active seamen, of light weight, to handle the royals and topgallants on board the bark.

He heard our story, gave us a chance to show what we could do aloft, and then, to our delight, told us that we could ship with him as ordinary seamen for the cruise.

This voyage was more eventful. Heavy weather, porpoises, and Mother Carey's chickens all served to enliven

the trip, and early on the morning of the twenty-third day out we sighted the island, and by noon had reached the entrance to the harbor.

Even Captain Marsh, who had been there a dozen times before, admitted that Madeira was a "right pretty place," and to Joe and to me, brought up as we had been on the wind-swept sand-dunes of the Cape, it seemed like a veritable paradise.

We made our way under power into the harbor, and, since there is no beach to speak of, we ran in to within a hundred yards of the shore, where the big rollers went roaring through caves and grottos hollowed in the volcanic rock.

Before the anchor was down half a dozen clumsy, old-fashioned market-boats had surrounded us, each with three or four dark-skinned Portuguese boys grouped in the bow, gesticulating wildly, and shouting over and over again what sounded to Joe and to me like the tragic news, "Pea soup: I'll die!" But the captain soon enlightened us.

"In the island," he explained, "the duty on soap makes it a great luxury, and they are trying to tell you that if you will throw a piece overboard they will dive for it."

Joe immediately ran for a bar of soap and, standing at the stern of the bark, threw it as far as he could over the rail. Instantly a boat was in pursuit, with a boy crouched ready in the bow; and, when it had come within a dozen feet of the spot, down he plunged into the crystal water,

and some thirty feet below the surface recovered the "soup" and brought it up in triumph.

Immediately both Joe and I decided that we too must have a swim. The clearness of the water, its warmth, and the filmy pink-and-green sea-ferns, so clearly visible far below us, all served to make us eager for a plunge, and a very few minutes later we were diving from the rail of the bark.

Swimming under these conditions was delightful. The temperature of the water was perfect, and the water itself was so clear that you could see when below the surface almost as well as you could when above it. That afternoon the captain granted us shore leave. We rowed ashore in the dinghy, landed on the old stone quay, where the soldiers were marching to and fro in front of their sentry-boxes, and then made our way onward into the town, to look at the tiny, one-storied buildings, the cobblestoned streets, and the huge, patient bullocks harnessed to sleds set on wooden runners.

But we soon returned to the *Bluebird*, for the swimming enticed us even more than the unusual sights of the quaint old town.

After we had been in swimming three or four times Joe, who was one of those restless boys who are never satisfied with anything they are doing, decided that diving off the rail of the bark was tame business. Now, the rail was at least fourteen feet above the water; but Joe could not rest until he had climbed to the lower yard, forty feet

above the water, and had plunged head foremost into the sea. He did it beautifully, too; he shot down through the air like an arrow and penetrated far below the surface.

I should like to say that I did it equally well, but the truth is that I did not dare to dive from such a height. I was afraid of turning in mid-air and perhaps breaking my back. So I compromised by hanging from the yard and dropping feet foremost—a tame performance compared with Joe's dashing "header," but still quite exciting and exhilarating enough for me.

Joe, the enterprising, soon wearied even of diving from the lower yard, and began to seek for something more exciting. That night he unfolded to me a magnificent plan. "Look here, Bert," he said, "I'm going to do something hard. I'm going to swim under the bark."

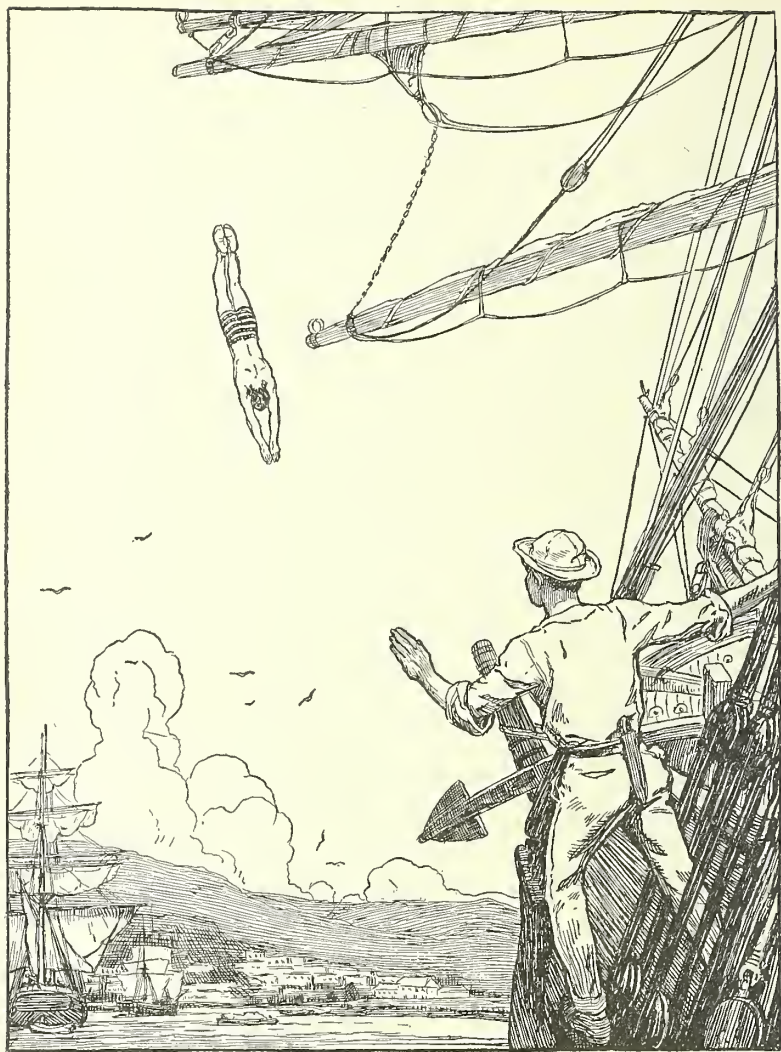
The *Bluebird* drew about eighteen feet of water, was almost flat-bottomed, and was very "beamy," for she measured forty feet from rail to rail.

"Don't you think of it, Joe," I urged. "You could never do it in the world."

"Oh, yes, I could!" Joe answered. "And I'll tell you how. In the first place, instead of starting where I did to-day, I'm going up to the topsail-yard. That will bring me about fifteen feet higher. And that is bound to give me just so much more impetus. Now, isn't it?"

I had to admit the truth of what he said.

"Well, then," he went on, "if I make a good, clean dive, I'll surely go twenty feet under water, and after that



all I have to do is to alter my direction and swim right under her. I'll come bobbing up on the other side, and I don't believe the whole trip will take thirty seconds from the minute I leave the topsail-yard."

But still I was not sure. And so I suggested: "Let's ask the skipper."

But Joe would not listen to that. "He'd never let me try it if he heard of it," he said. And then, knowing my weak points well, he added, "I thought you had more nerve, Bert." That, of course, at once put me on my dignity. "Oh, very well, then," I retorted, "go ahead and try it if you want to!"

And with that we both went to sleep.

About ten o'clock on the following morning, with the crew ashore and Captain Marsh below decks, Joe had a good chance to test his plan. He clambered up to the topsail-yard and stood there, poised for his plunge, while I watched him from the deck, half-envious and half-afraid. And presently he raised his arms above his head, and the next moment he launched himself out into the air.

Never in his life did he make a prettier dive. He came down straight all the way, and so smoothly did he pierce the water that there was scarcely a ripple to mark the spot where he had disappeared. From the rail I could see him dart down and down; then turn, as he had planned, and vanish under the vessel's hull. I crossed the deck, and had hardly reached the farther rail when, well clear of the *Bluebird's* hull, Joe emerged with a rush. His body shot

half clear of the water, and he shouted in his joy: "Oh, it's great, Bert! It's simply great!"

And thus he had proved his point, had shown me that he was right and that I was wrong; and I wish that he had been content to stop there. But unfortunately he was now so eager to have me try it, too, that after a while, seeing that I did not relish the prospect, he accused me pointblank of being afraid. And then, since, like many another boy, I did not have sense enough to realize that fear is not necessarily disgraceful, I finally allowed my pride to get the better of my judgment. I said that I would swim under the bark.

I shall never forget my sensations as I climbed aloft. I was firmly resolved not to be "stumped," but as I hung from the yard, preparatory to letting go, I found myself shaking from head to foot with fright. Yet there I was; that was where my folly had brought me; and, drawing a long breath, I let go my hold and dropped.

I accomplished the descent successfully. That extra fifteen feet, as Joe had declared, gave me a tremendous impetus, and I went down under the surface as if I were never going to stop. But at last, when I could no longer feel the water rushing past me, I knew that the time had come for me to turn and begin my swim underneath the keel of the *Bluebird*.

And now, for the first time, I realized what a serious miscalculation I had made. Joe, of course, had entered the water head foremost and so had not been obliged to turn, but, simply altering his direction, had kept on swim-

ming. But here was I, head up, feet down, and I had never considered the difficulty of reversing my position in that depth of water. When I attempted it I found the pressure so tremendous that it was all I could do to keep myself from rising to the surface, to say nothing of forging ahead. By the time I had actually turned over and had begun my journey I had expended much precious strength and my stock of breath was nearly gone.

I was thoroughly frightened and swam desperately. And presently, casting a quick glance overhead, I saw just above me the *Bluebird's* big keel, three feet wide and covered with barnacles.

By this time I was almost exhausted, and in spite of all I could do up against the keel I bumped; yet somehow I managed, with a convulsive effort of arms and legs, to scrape by it in safety.

I had sense enough left to place both feet against the side of the keel and then to kick backward with all my might. That kick sent me forward some five or six feet. The barnacles on the vessel's flat bottom tore my back cruelly; but I was gaining, and I imagined that I was already nearing the surface, when suddenly I found my progress checked, and realized, to my horror, that I had never once thought of the bilge-keel—an additional keel placed on either side of the vessel to prevent her from rolling, and extending down about two feet and a half from her hull. Against that obstacle, then, I struck, huddled there in a limp heap, with the keel between me and liberty.

From this point on it is hard for me accurately to describe what happened. Nature could no longer be denied; the air was gone from my body. Breathe I must and breathe I did. But, to my surprise, I did not choke or strangle, for the liquid entered my lungs so easily that it was difficult for me to realize that I was breathing water and not air. Temporarily, too, it relieved my distress; for one brief moment my head cleared; and in that fraction of time I knew that, if I meant to reach the surface alive, I must manage to climb under and round the bilge-keel.

What followed was like a terrible nightmare. Weakly, but desperately, I clawed at the keel with my hands and strove to drag my leaden body after me. Every instant I gulped down more and more water, until consciousness nearly left me and I beheld the wonderful rainbows of color that flash and flicker before the eyes of drowning men. At last, although how I cannot say, I crossed the keel, bumped hard against the rounded side of the schooner, and then shot upward until the water grew lighter and lighter above me. Finally I came to myself, on the surface, within a few feet of the *Bluebird*.

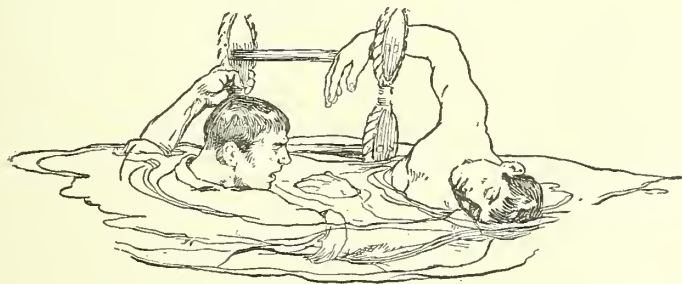
I was in a pitiable condition. My lungs were so full of water that no air could enter them; but the instinct of preservation was strong within me, and my arms and legs moved mechanically until I reached the rope ladder that hung from the vessel's side. Thrusting one arm through the ladder, I hung there, helpless. I was dimly aware that Joe, ignorant of my plight, was somewhere above me laugh-

ing boisterously; but presently it dawned upon him that I was in trouble and, taking a header over the side, he came to my aid.

Then, little by little, as my lungs freed themselves from their burden of salt water, I began to gasp and choke, and at last was once more breathing the fresh, life-giving air. Five minutes passed, and then, with Joe to help me, I dragged myself up the ladder and fell, half fainting, on the deck of the vessel.

Slowly I came to myself; and oh, the feeling of thankfulness that swept over me when I realized that I was still in the land of living men! I had learned my lesson; learned it so thoroughly and so effectually that I never forgot it. And then and there I made up my mind that there are things in the world of more importance than injured pride, and that I was willing to be "stumped" a thousand times rather than to start on another trip below the keel of the *Bluebird*.

ELLERY H. CLARK.



THE IMP AND THE DRUM

I

It never would have happened but for Miss Eleanor's mission class. Once a week through the winter she went in the cars to a town not far from the city, where there were a great many mills but few schools, and talked to a crowd of the mill-hands' little children. She did not give them lessons, exactly, but she told them stories and sang songs with them and interested them in keeping themselves and their homes clean and pretty. They were very fond of her and were continually bringing in other children, so that after the first year she gave up the small room she had rented and took them up two flights into an old dancing-hall a little out of the centre of the town.

The Imp had been from the beginning deeply interested in this scheme, and when he learned that many of the boys were just exactly eight and a half—his own age—and that they played all sorts of games and told stories and sang songs, and had good times generally, his interest and excitement grew, and every Thursday found him begging his mother or big aunty, with whom they spent the winter, to telephone to his dear Miss Eleanor that this time he was to accompany her and see all those fascinating children: big Hans, who, though fourteen, was young for his years

and stupid; little Olga, who was only eleven, but who mothered all the others, and had brought more children into the class than any one else; Pierre, who sang like a bird and wore a dark-blue jersey and a knitted cap pulled over his ears; red-headed Mike, who was all freckles and fun; and pretty, shy Elizabeth, with deep, violet eyes and a big dimple, who was too frightened to speak at first, and who ran behind the door even now if a stranger came.

But it was not till the Imp gave up being eight and a half and arrived at what his Uncle Stanley called quarter of nine that Miss Eleanor decided that he might go, if his mother would let him.

“I used to think,” she said, “that it wouldn’t be wise to take him. I thought they’d feel awkward; for of course he’s better dressed, and I don’t want them to feel that they’re being shown off or made an exhibition of, even to a child. But I know them so well now, and I’ve told them about him and how he loves to play games and wants to come, and I think it may really be a good thing—for both sides.”

So on one delicious Thursday in early February the Imp boarded the train proudly, and they steamed out of the big station. He had gone over the entire afternoon, in anticipation, with Harvey, his little lame friend, who could not go to school, but did his lessons with a tutor, and with whom the Imp studied every morning during the three or four months they spent in the city; and Harvey was as interested as he and sent his best love to them all.

From the moment of the Imp's entrance, when his cheerful "Hullo!" made him any number of friends, and his delight at being there made them all delighted to have him, he was a great success; and when big Hans, with a furtive glance at the Imp's clean hands, went quietly off to the ever-ready basin and washed his own, Miss Eleanor regretted that she had not brought him sooner.

When they had finished the story about Washington at Valley Forge—for Miss Eleanor was quietly teaching them history—she got them into a long line that reached quite around the room, and went out for a moment, returning with a drum in her hand: not a play drum but a real one, with polished black sticks and a fascinating strap to cross over the shoulder.

"Now," said she, "we're going to learn the fire-drill, and we'll take turns at the drum."

The children were delighted and stood still as mice while she explained the order of affairs. In the big city public schools, she had been told, they practised going out in a line at a mock alarm of fire, and the boy or girl who broke out of line or dashed for the door before the drum-tap was disgraced for days in the eyes of the school. Everything must be quiet and in order; every child must have his place and take it; no one must cry out, or run ahead, or push, or try to hurry matters; and what was most important, all must keep step—which was why the drum came to be there.

She arranged them carefully: little ones first, then girls,

last of all the boys, with big Hans at the rear and Olga managing a crowd of the little ones.

“Now,” she said, “we won’t leave the room this first time; we’ll just march round and round till we can all keep step, and later we’ll practise going through the halls and down-stairs. I’ll drum the first time, and then the best boy shall be drummer.”

The friend who had suggested the fire-drill when Miss Eleanor had begged her for some new game to play had never seen one, and did not know the exact details, but she knew the general idea of it, and she knew, too, that it was not at all easy for people to keep in step, even to a drum. This had surprised Miss Eleanor greatly. She supposed that anybody could keep step, and she was much inclined to doubt her friend’s statement that a large number of grown people even found it difficult.

But there was a still greater surprise in store for her. When she slung the strap over her pretty red waist and hit the drum a resounding blow, a very different sound from what she had expected was the result—a muffled, flat noise, with nothing inspiring about it whatever. She bit her lip and tried again, the children watching her attentively from the sides of the big room.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang, bang, bang!

A few feet began to keep time, but the sound was not very different from that produced by a stick hit against

the wall, and big Hans, whose father played in a band, and who had attended many rehearsals—it was from him the drum had been procured—shook his head solemnly.

“Not so! Not so!” he said in his thick, gruff voice. “You no hit good! You no hit hard!”

“Oh, Hans, can you play it?” cried Miss Eleanor eagerly. “Here, take it!” And she flung the strap over his shoulder.

Hans shambled out to the centre of the room and struck a mighty blow. The familiar deep sound of a drum filled the place, and Miss Eleanor sighed with relief; but alas! her joy was short-lived, for poor Hans had no idea of time, and could only pound away like a hammer. In vain she held his hand and tried to guide his strokes. The noise was deafening, but no more to be marched to than thunder.

Little Pierre tried next, but though he kept perfect time, and looked very cunning in his little blue blouse, his taps were too light to cover the sound of the tramping feet.

Miss Eleanor’s cheeks were red with vexation. Her arm ached, and the children were getting restless. She did not know what to do.

“Oh, dear! Who would have thought it was so hard?” she exclaimed pathetically. And then she noticed the Imp, who was fairly holding his lips in his effort to keep silence. For he had solemnly promised his mother not to put himself forward, nor suggest anything, nor offer to do

a single thing till he was asked, on pain of never coming again.

“What is it, Perry?” she asked.

“I can—I can play a drum, Miss Eleanor!” he burst out.

She looked doubtful; the Imp was given to thinking that he could do most things.

“This isn’t a play drum, you know, dear; it’s a real one,” she said.

“But I can play a real one. Truly I can! Mr. Archer taught me—he was a truly drummer-boy in the war; he showed me how. He said I could hit it up like a good ‘un!” the Imp exploded again.

Miss Eleanor dimly remembered that among the Imp’s amazing list of acquaintances, a one-legged Grand Army man, who kept a newspaper-stall, had been mentioned, and decided that it could do no harm to let him try.

“Well, put it on,” she said, and the Imp proudly assumed the drum, grasped the sticks loosely between his fingers, wagged his head knowingly from side to side, and began.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrm! brrrm! brrrm!

The straggling line straightened, the children began to grin, and little Pierre, at the head of the line, stamped his foot and started off. Miss Eleanor’s forehead smoothed, and she smiled encouragingly at the Imp.

“That’s it, that’s it!” she cried delightedly. “How easy it looks!”

But the Imp stopped suddenly, and the moving line stopped with him.

“Wait! I forgot!” he said peremptorily. “You mustn’t start till I do this.”

And with a few preliminary taps he gave the long roll that sends a pleasant little thrill to the listener’s heart.

Brrrm!

Brrrm!

Brrrrr-um dum!

The children jumped with delight, and the line started off, the Imp drumming for dear life around the inside of the big square and Miss Eleanor keeping the hasty ones back and hurrying the stragglers, trying to make big Hans feel the rhythm and suppressing Pierre’s happy little skips.

After a half-hour of this they begged to try the halls and stairs, and the Imp stood proudly on the landings, keeping always at about the middle of the line, stamping his right foot in time with the sticks, his eyes shining with joy, his little body straight as a dart.

Miss Eleanor was delighted. The boys responded so well to her little talk on protecting the girls and waiting till they were placed before taking their own stand in the line, the girls stood so straight, the little ones entered so well into the spirit of the thing, that she felt that afternoon to have been one of the best they had had, and confided as much to the Imp on their journey home.



As for the Imp, he had a new interest in life, and talked of little else than the fire-drill for days. There was no question as to his going the next Thursday, and he and his drum formed the chief attraction of the day. The drill proved the most popular game of all, and after the proclamation had gone forth that none but clean-handed, neatly dressed, respectful boys need aspire to head the line, such boys were in a great and satisfying majority.

For a month they had been practising regularly, and by the end of that time every child knew his place and took it instantly at the opening tap. It was pretty to see little Olga shake back her yellow pigtails and marshal her tiny brood into line; even the smallest of them kept step nicely now. Only big Hans could not learn, and Pierre walked by his side in vain, trying to make him feel the rhythm of the Imp's faithful drumsticks.

There was one feature of the drill that amused Miss Eleanor's friends greatly. Of course there was no fire-alarm in the old hall, and she would not let any one cry out or even pretend for a moment that there was any real danger. She merely called sharply, "Now!" when they were to form, and it was one of the suppressed excitements of the afternoon to wait for that word. They never knew when it would come.

For Miss Eleanor's one terror was fire. Twice, as a little girl, she had been carried out of a burning house; and the flames bright against the night, the hoarse shouts of the firemen, the shock of the frightened awakening, and

the chill of the cold winter air had so shaken her nerves that she could hardly bear to remember it. Burglars had little terror for her; in accidents she was cool and collected; more than once, in a quiet way, she had saved people from drowning; but a bit of flaming paper turned her cheeks white and made her hands tremble. So, though big Hans begged to be allowed to call out "Fire!" she would never let him, and, though she explained the meaning of the drill to them, it is to be doubted if they attached much importance to the explanation, as she herself did not care to talk about it long.

II

One fine, windy Thursday—it was the second Thursday in March, and the last Thursday the Imp would be able to spend with his new friends, for he was going back to the country—they started out a little depressed in spirits, the Imp because it was his last visit, Miss Eleanor because she was afraid her children were in danger of a hard week. The hands of three of the largest factories were "on strike," and, though they were quite in the wrong, and were demanding more than any but the ringleaders themselves felt to be just, they were excited to the pitch of rage that no reasoning can calm, and, as the superintendents had absolutely refused to yield any further, affairs were at a deadlock. One or two of Miss Eleanor's friends had grown alarmed and urged her not to go there till the matter was settled, but she would not hear of this.

“Why, this is the very time I want to keep the children out of the streets!” she said. “They all know me—nobody would hurt me. They know I love the children, and I have nothing to do with their quarrel. I should be willing to trust myself to any of them. They have always been very polite and respectful to me, and they’ve been getting ready for this for two weeks, for that matter.”

Her father agreed to this, and assured the Imp’s mother that any demonstration that might take place would be at the other end of the town, near the mills, and that it was very unlikely that anything further than a shut-down for a few days would result, at most.

“They’re in the wrong, and most of them know it, I hear,” he said. “They can’t hold out long; nobody else will hire them.”

This may have been true, but it did not add to their good humor. As the Imp and Miss Eleanor walked up through the village, the streets were filling rapidly with surly, idle men. Dark-eyed Italians, yellow-haired Swedes, shambling, gesticulating Irish, and dogged, angry English jostled each other on the narrow walks and talked loudly. Miss Eleanor hurried the Imp along, picking up a child here and there on the way, and sighing with relief as she neared the old hall.

Some of the excitement had reached the children, and, though they had come in large numbers, for they knew it was the Imp’s last visit for some time, and there had been hints of a delightful surprise for them on this occasion, they were restless and looked out of the windows often.

There was a shout of applause when, the Imp suddenly becoming overwhelmed with shyness, Miss Eleanor invited them all out to his home for one day in the summer; but the excitement died down, and more than one of the older children glanced slyly at the door. The men from that end of the town were filing by, and most of the women were following after.

Miss Eleanor racked her brains for some amusement. It was cold in the room, for the boy who had charge of the clumsy, old-fashioned stove was sick that day, and there was no fire. So partly to keep them contented, and partly to get them warm, she proposed a game of blind man's buff. There was a shout of assent, and presently they were in the midst of a tremendous game. The stamping feet of the boys and the shrill cries of the girls made a deafening noise; the dust rose in clouds; the empty old building echoed confusingly. The fun grew fast and furious; the rules were forgotten; the boys began to scuffle and fight, and the little girls danced about excitedly.

Miss Eleanor called once or twice to quiet them, but they were beyond control; they paid no attention to her. With a little grimace she stepped out of the crowd to breathe, and took out her watch.

"Twenty minutes!" she said to little Olga, who followed her about like a puppy. "I'll give them ten more, and then they must stop!"

Little Olga began to cough, and looked doubtfully at the old stove, which was given to smoking.

"It smells bad just the same, doesn't it?" she called.

They had to raise their voices to be heard above the noise.

“No, child, it’s the dust. Isn’t it dreadful?” Miss Eleanor called back, coughing herself. “But it smells just like smoke. How horrid it is! And how hot!” she added after a moment. “With the windows open, too! We’ll all take cold when we go out. They must stop! Boys, boys! Hans, come here to me!”

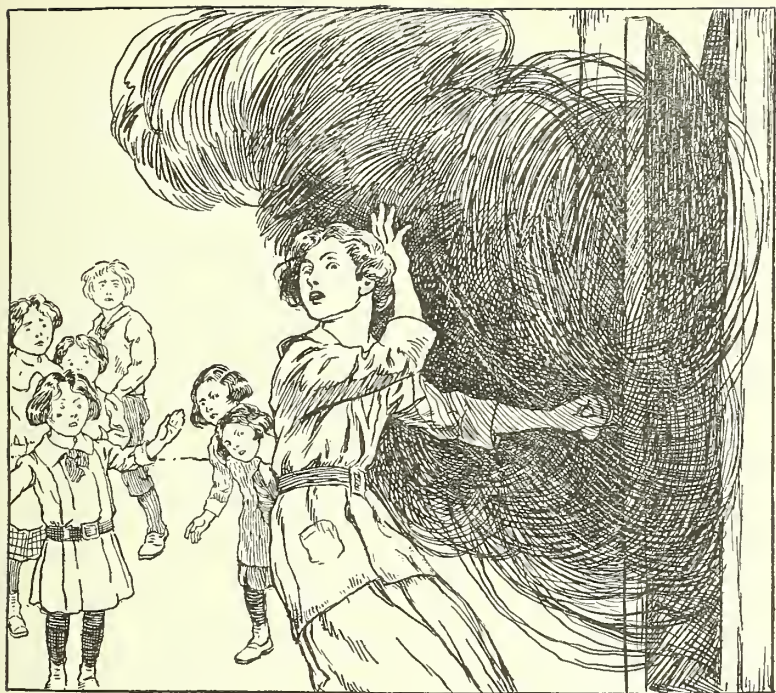
She rang a little bell that was the signal for quiet and raised her hand.

“Now I’m going to open the door, to get a thorough draft, and then we’ll quiet down,” she said, and pushed through the crowd to the door.

As she opened it wide a great cloud of brown hot smoke poured into the room, a loud roaring, with little snapping crackles behind it, came from below, and Miss Eleanor suddenly put her hand to her heart, turned perfectly white, and half fell, half leaned against the door.

For a moment the children were quite still, so still that through the open door they could hear the roar and the crackle. Then suddenly, before she could prevent him, little Pierre slipped through and started down the hall. With a cry she went after him, half the children following her, but in a moment they crowded back, screaming and choking. The stairs at the end of the long hall were half on fire!

Miss Eleanor tried to call out, but though her lips moved she could not speak above a whisper. She shut



the door and leaned against it, and the look in her eyes frightened the children out of what little control they had.

“Call,” she said hoarsely, “call ‘Fire!’ out of the window. Quick! Call, all of you!”

But they stumbled about, crying and gasping, some of them struggling to get by her out of the door. She was trembling violently, but she pushed them away and held the door-knob as tightly as she could. Only Olga ran to the open window and sent a piercing little shriek out into the quiet street:

“Fire! Fire! Come along! Fire!”

For a moment there was no answer, and then a frightened woman ran out of her house and waved her hand.

“Come out! Come out, you!” she called.

“Our stairs are burnt all up! We can’t!” screamed Olga.

The woman ran quickly down the empty street, calling for help as she ran, and the children surged about the door, a crowd of frightened little animals, trying to drag Miss Eleanor away from it.

“Wait,” she begged them, “wait! You can’t go that way—they’ll bring ladders! Oh, please wait!”

Her knees shook beneath her, the room swam before her eyes. The smell of the smoke, stronger and stronger, sickened her. With a thrill of terror she saw big Hans drag a child away from the window and, deliberately pushing her down, prepare to climb out over her, almost stepping on her little body.

Suddenly she caught sight of the Imp. He was pushing his way through the crowd valiantly, but not toward her.

“Come here, Perry!” she said weakly. But he paid no attention. He had been dazed for a moment, and, like all the other children, her terror had terrified him quite as much as the fire. Now, as he caught her eye and saw the helpless fear in her face as she watched Hans, something sent him away from her to a farther corner, and as the smoke began to come up between the boards of the floor, and the same deadly stillness reigned outside, while the

confusion grew greater in the hot, crowded room, a new sound cut through the roar and the crackle:

Brrrm !

Brrrm !

Brrrm, brrrm, brrrm !

The children turned. Big Hans, with one leg out of the window, looked back. There was a little rush, half checked, for the sides of the room, and Olga instinctively looked about for her small charges.

But they wavered undecidedly, and as the sound of steps outside and the clattering of horses' feet reached them a new rush for the door began, and Miss Eleanor's hand slipped from the knob and she half fell beside it.

Brrrm !

Brrrm !

Brrrrr-um dum !

That familiar long roll had never been disobeyed; the habit of sudden, delighted response was strong; and with a quick recollection that he was to be head boy, big Hans slipped from the window-sill and jumped to the head of a straggling line. Olga was behind him in a moment, and Pierre, proud of his position as rear-guard and timekeeper for the little boys, pushed them, crying and coughing, into place.

Miss Eleanor must have been half unconscious for a moment. When she struggled to her feet, no scrambling crowd, but an orderly, tramping line pushed by her, and above the growing tumult outside, above the sickening

roar of the fire below, came the quick, regular beat of the faithful drum:

Brrrm !

Brrrm !

Brrrm ! brrrm ! brrrm !

The children marched as if hypnotized. The long line just filled the sides of the room, and they were squeezed in so tightly that they forced each other on unconsciously. The Imp, in his excitement, beat faster than usual, and his bright-red cheeks, his straight little figure, as he walked inside his square, his quick, nervous strokes, were an inspiration to the most scared laggard. Big Hans, elated at his position—his for the first time—never took his eyes off the black sticks, and worked his mouth excitedly, keeping time to the beats, the Imp frowning at his slightest misstep.

Miss Eleanor, the door hot against her back, forced her trembling lips into a smile, and cheered them on as they tramped round and round. Was nothing being done? Would no one come?

Suddenly there was a thundering, a clanging, and a quick, sharp ringing gong came closer with every stroke; the sound of many running feet, too, and loud, hoarse orders. The line wavered, seemed to stop. She summoned all her strength, and called out aloud for the first time:

“Don’t stop, children! Keep right on! Stand straight, Hans, and show them how well you can lead!”

Hans tossed his head, glared at a boy across the room who had broken through, and forged ahead. There was

a succession of quick blows on the sides of the room, a rush, and in another moment three helmeted heads looked through three windows. At the same moment a sharp hissing sound interrupted the roaring below, and though the door was brown behind her now, and a tiny red point was glowing brighter in the wall near by, Miss Eleanor's strength returned at the sight of the firemen, and she stood by the side of the Imp and encouraged the children.

“Don't stop, Hans! Remember, little ones first! Olga's children first!”

And with a grunt of assent Hans marched on, the line following, closing up mechanically over the gaps the men made, who snatched out the children as they passed by the windows, and handed them rapidly down the long ladders. In vain the firemen tried to get the boys. They wriggled obstinately out of their grasp, as they went round, till every girl was lifted out, Olga standing by the window till the last of her charges was safe.

The door fell in with a bang and, in spite of the hose below, the smoke rolled up from between the cracks in the floor, thicker and thicker. As the plaster dropped from the walls in great blocks, Miss Eleanor dragged the line into the centre of the room and motioned one of the men to take the Imp as he passed by. For so perfect was the order that the men never once needed to step into the room, only leaning over the sills to lift out the children. The Imp felt a strong grasp on his arm, and jerked away; the man insisted.

“Hurry now, hurry, let go!” he commanded gruffly. The despair in the Imp’s eyes as he drummed hard with his other hand grew to rage, and he brought down his free stick with a whack on the man’s knuckles. With a sharp exclamation the man let go, and the Imp pressed on, his cheeks flaming, his eyes glowing. His head was high in the air, he was panting with excitement. The line was small now; another round and there would be but a handful. The floor near the door began to sag, and the men took two at a time of the bigger boys and left them to scramble down by themselves. With every new child a shout went up from below. As Hans slipped out by himself, and two men lifted Miss Eleanor out of one window, a third meanwhile carrying the Imp, kicking in his excitement, and actually beating the drum as it dangled before him, while a fourth man took a last look, and crying “O. K. ! All out !” ran down his ladder alone, the big crowd literally shouted with thankfulness and excitement.

As for the Imp, he felt tired and shaky, now that somebody had taken away his drum, and all the women were trying to kiss him; and he watched the blackened walls crash in without a word. His knees felt hollow and queer, and there was nobody to take him in her lap like the other children, for Miss Eleanor had quietly fainted in the firemen’s arms, and they were sprinkling her with water from the little pools where the big hose had leaked.

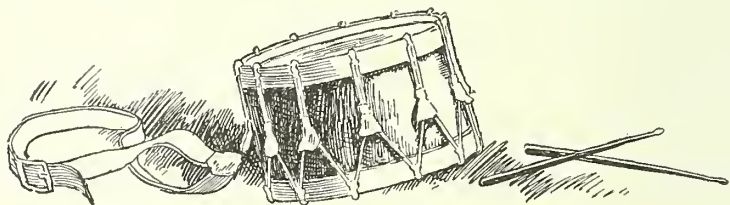
They took them to the station in a carriage, and the Imp sat in Miss Eleanor’s lap in a drawing-room car, and



she cuddled him silently all the way home. Her father, dreading lest she should be hurt somehow after all in the crowded streets, passed them in an express going in the other direction, to find out that they were safe and that the strike was off. The recent danger had sobered the men, and their thankfulness at their children's safety had softened them, so that their ringleaders' taunts had no effect on their determination to go back to work quietly the next day.

It was at her father's request that they refrained from any more costly gift to Miss Eleanor than a big photographic group of the children, framed in plush, "as an expression of their deep gratitude for her presence of mind in keeping the children in the room away from the deadly flames beneath." But to the Imp the Mill Town drum corps and military band formally presented "to Master Perry S. Stafford the drum and sticks that he used on the occasion when his bravery and coolness made them proud to subscribe themselves his true friends and hearty well-wishers."

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.



THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL

Now, imagine yourselves, my children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom. It is a large, dingy room with a sanded floor, and is lighted by windows that turn on hinges and have little diamond-shaped panes of glass. The scholars sit on long benches with desks before them. At one end of the room is a great fireplace, so very spacious that there is room enough for three or four boys to stand in each of the chimney-corners. This was the good old fashion of fireplaces when there was wood enough in the forests to keep people warm without their digging into the bowels of the earth for coal.

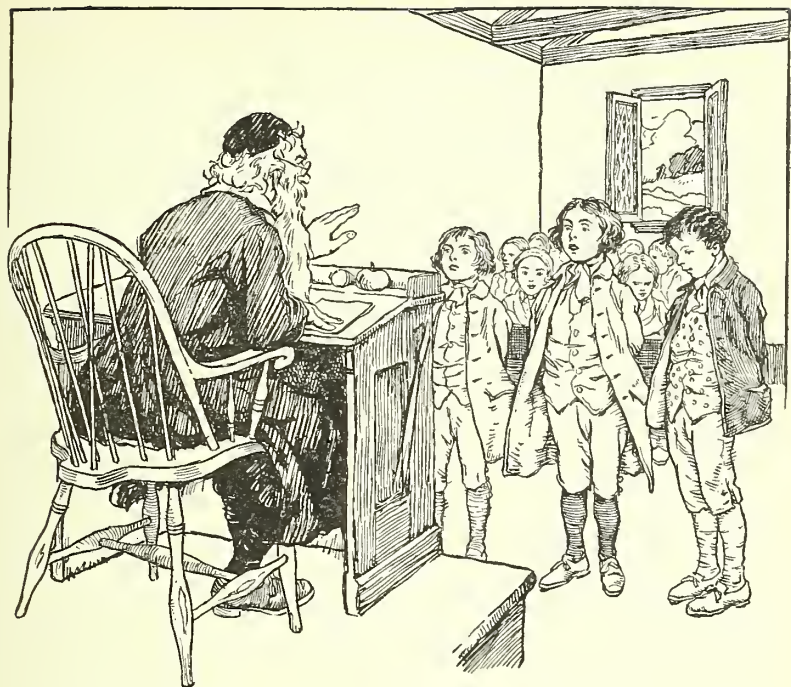
It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom. See what great logs of wood have been rolled into the fireplace and what a broad, bright blaze goes leaping up the chimney! And every few moments a vast cloud of smoke is puffed into the room, which sails slowly over the heads of the scholars, until it gradually settles upon the walls and ceiling. They are blackened with the smoke of many years already.

The venerable schoolmaster, severe in aspect, with a black skull-cap on his head, sits in his chair like an ancient Puritan, with the snow of his white beard drifting down to his very girdle.

What boy would dare to play, or whisper, or even glance aside from his book, while Master Cheever is on the lookout behind his spectacles? For such offenders, if any such there be, a rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

And now school is begun. What a murmur of multitudinous tongues, like the whispering leaves of a wind-stirred oak, as the scholars con over their various tasks! Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! Amid just such a murmur has Master Cheever spent above sixty years; and long habit has made it as pleasant to him as the hum of a beehive when the insects are busy in the sunshine.

Now a class in Latin is called to recite. Forth steps a row of queer-looking little fellows, wearing square-skirted coats and small-clothes, with buttons at the knee. They look like so many grandfathers in their second childhood. These lads are to be sent to Cambridge and educated for the learned professions. Old Master Cheever has lived so long, and seen so many generations of schoolboys grow up to be men, that now he can almost prophesy what sort of a man each boy will be. One urchin shall hereafter be a doctor, and administer pills and potions and stalk gravely through life, perfumed with assafœtida. Another shall wrangle at the bar, and fight his way to wealth and honors, and, in his declining age, shall be a worshipful member of his Majesty's council. A third—and his is the master's favorite—shall be a worthy successor to the old Puritan ministers now in their graves; he shall preach with great



unction and effect, and leave volumes of sermons, in print and manuscript, for the benefit of future generations.

But, as they are merely schoolboys now, their business is to construe Virgil. Poor Virgil! whose verses, which he took so much pains to polish, have been misscanned, and misparsed, and misinterpreted by so many generations of idle schoolboys. There, sit down, ye Latinists. Two or three of you, I fear, are doomed to feel the master's ferule.

Next comes a class in arithmetic. These boys are to be the merchants, shopkeepers, and mechanics of a future

period. Hitherto they have traded only in marbles and apples. Hereafter some will send vessels to England for broadcloths and all sorts of manufactured wares, and to the West Indies for sugar and coffee. Others will stand behind counters and measure tape, and ribbon, and cambric by the yard. Others will upheave the blacksmith's hammer, or drive the plane over the carpenter's bench, or take the lapstone and the awl and learn the trade of shoemaking. Many will follow the sea, and become bold, rough sea-captains.

This class of boys, in short, must supply the world with those active, skilful hands and clear, sagacious heads, without which the affairs of life would be thrown into confusion by the theories of studious and visionary men. Wherefore, teach them their multiplication-table, good Master Cheever, and whip them well when they deserve it; for much of the country's welfare depends on those boys.

But, alas! while we have been thinking of other matters, Master Cheever's watchful eye has caught two boys at play. Now we shall see awful times. The two malefactors are summoned before the master's chair, wherein he sits with the terror of a judge upon his brow. Ah, Master Cheever has taken down that terrible birch rod! Short is the trial—the sentence quickly passed,—and now the judge prepares to execute it in person. Thwack! thwack! thwack! In these good old times a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.

See, the birch rod has lost several of its twigs, and will hardly serve for another execution. Mercy on us, what a bellowing the urchins make! My ears are almost deafened, though the clamor comes through the far length of a hundred and fifty years. There, go to your seats, poor boys; and do not cry, sweet little Alice, for they have ceased to feel the pain a long time since.

And thus the forenoon passes away. Now it is twelve o'clock. The master looks at his great silver watch, and then, with tiresome deliberation, puts the ferule into his desk. The little multitude await the word of dismissal with almost irrepressible impatience.

“You are dismissed,” says Master Cheever.

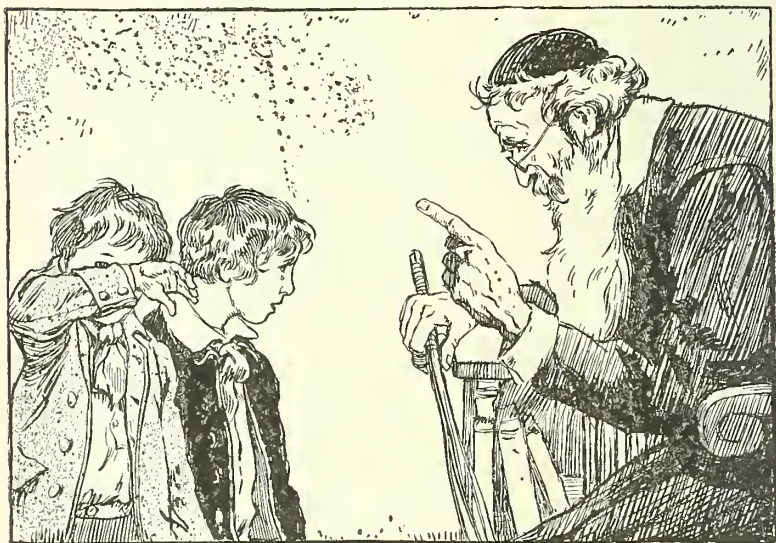
The boys retire, treading softly until they have passed the threshold; but, fairly out of the schoolroom, lo, what a joyous shout! what scampering and trampling of feet! what a sense of recovered freedom expressed in the merry uproar of all their voices! What care they for the ferule and birch rod now? Were boys created merely to study Latin and arithmetic? No; the better purposes of their being are to sport, to leap, to run, to shout, to slide upon the ice, to snowball.

Happy boys! Enjoy your playtime now, and come again to study and to feel the birch rod and the ferule to-morrow; not till to-morrow; for to-day is Thursday lecture; and, ever since the settlement of Massachusetts, there has been no school on Thursday afternoons. Therefore sport, boys, while you may, for the morrow cometh,

with the birch rod and the ferule; and after that another morrow, with troubles of its own.

Now the master has set everything to rights and is ready to go home to dinner. Yet he goes reluctantly. The old man has spent so much of his life in the smoky, noisy, buzzing schoolroom, that, when he has a holiday, he feels as if his place were lost and himself a stranger in the world. But forth he goes; and there stands our old chair, vacant and solitary, till good Master Cheever resumes his seat in it to-morrow morning.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



TOM BROWN AT RUGBY

“And so here’s Rugby, sir, at last, and you’ll be in plenty of time for dinner at the schoolhouse, as I told you,” said the guard, pulling his horn out of its case and tootle-tooing away, while the coachman shook up his horses and carried them along the side of the school close, past the school gates, and down the street to the Spread Eagle.

Tom’s heart beat quickly as he passed the great school field, or close, with its noble elms, in which several games of football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings, beginning with the chapel and ending with the residence of the head master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box and driving the horses as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind, where, having righted him-

self and nodded to the guard, he turned to Tom, and, looking him over for a minute, began, "I say, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in astonishment, glad however to meet some one already who seemed to know him.

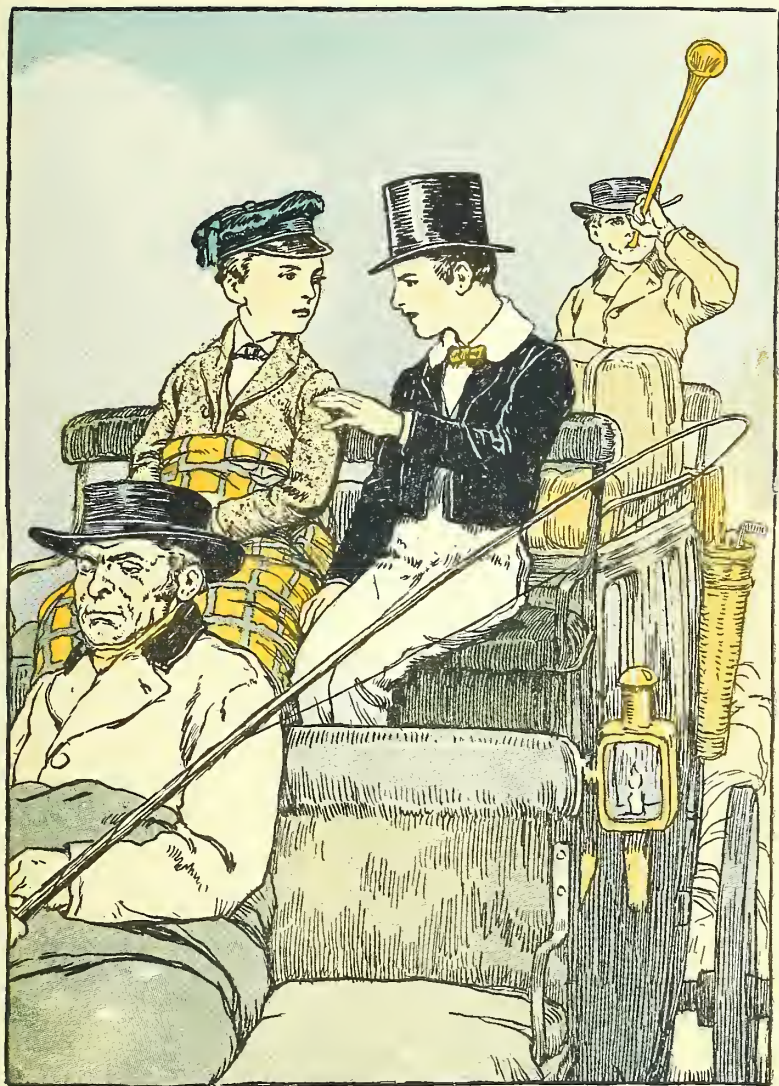
"Ah, I thought so; you know my aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to look out for you."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend—a boy of just about his own height and age; but he could not help admiring and envying him, especially when he began arranging with one of the porters, whom he called Cooley, to carry Tom's luggage up to the schoolhouse for sixpence.

"And remember, Cooley, it must be there in ten minutes or no more work from me. Come along, Brown." And away goes the young lad, with his hands in his pockets and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," said Cooley, touching his hat, with a laugh and wink at his companions.

East took delight in his character of guide. He led Tom through the great gates, where there were now only two or three boys. They asked him the questions that were asked of all new boys—"What is your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board?" and "What form are you in?"—and so they passed on through the yard and into the matron's room,



where Tom was introduced and told to leave the key of his trunk.

Then East marched him off into the school yard again, and began showing him the schools and examining him as to his previous lessons to see if they could be in the same form and learn their lessons together.

“And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner.”

Tom followed his guide through the schoolhouse hall, which opens into the yard. It is a room thirty feet long, with two tables running the whole length and two large fireplaces at the side. Several boys were standing before one of these fires, and they shouted to East to stop; but he hurried along with Tom, and landed him in a dark passage with a fireplace at the end of it and small rooms opening on each side.

Into one of these East pushed Tom, and then, jumping in himself, he slammed and bolted the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall.

Tom had not been prepared for separate rooms, and was a little astonished and delighted with the study in question. It was not very large, being about six feet by four broad, but it looked very comfortable, Tom thought.

The place under the window was occupied by a square covered with a red-and-blue checked table-cloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one or, by sitting close, for two at the table; and a stout wooden chair af-

forded a seat for another boy, so that three could sit and work together. Over the door was a row of hat-pegs, and on each side bookcases with cupboards at the bottom, a cup or two, a mouse-trap, brass candlesticks, leathern straps, a bag, and some curious articles, which puzzled Tom until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood in the corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about the same to become joint owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own?

“And I shall have a study like this?” said Tom.

“Yes, you’ll be chummed with some other fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then.”

“What nice places!”

“They’re well enough,” answered East, “only very cold at night sometimes. Gower—that’s my chum—and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky.”

A quarter past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the table, next to the tutor, and East a few paces higher. And now Tom saw for the first time his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks,

some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies. A large man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names while the meat was being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner.

Tom's turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great man who sat close to him and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating; and when he got up and went over to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom were reading and the rest talking in whispers to one another. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called "Stand up!" and said grace.

As soon as dinner was over and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbors as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East proposed having a look at the close, which Tom gladly assented to, and they went out through the yard and into the great playground.

"That's the chapel, you see," said East, "and all this part where we are is the little-side ground, right up to the trees, and on the other side of the trees is the big-side ground. But, I say, it's awfully cold, let's have a run across," and away went East, Tom close behind.

East was evidently trying to do his best, and Tom, who was proud of his running and anxious to show his friend that although he was a new boy he was not a baby, ran as hard as he could. Across the close they went, each

doing the very best he could, and there wasn't a yard between them when they stopped at the other side.

"I say," said East, as soon as he caught his breath, "you run pretty well for a new boy. Well, I'm as warm as toast now. Hurrah! Here's the punt-about—come and try your hand at a kick."

The punt-about is a ball which is brought out and kicked about from one boy to the other before roll-call and dinner and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, and Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill at kicking it.

Presently more boys came out and more balls were sent for. The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work. Then the balls were held, the master of the week came down in cap and gown to roll-call, and the whole school of three hundred boys swept into the big school to answer to their names.

THOMAS HUGHES.



THE PIPER ON THE HILL

There sits a piper on the hill
Who pipes the livelong day,
And when he pipes both loud and shrill,
The frightened people say:
“The wind, the wind is blowing up,
’Tis rising to a gale.”
The women hurry to the shore
To watch some distant sail.
*The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind,
Is blowing to a gale.*

But when he pipes all sweet and low,
The piper on the hill,
I hear the merry women go
With laughter, loud and shrill:
“The wind, the wind is coming south,
’Twill blow a gentle day.”
They gather on the meadow-land
To toss the yellow hay.
*The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind,
Is blowing south to-day.*

And in the morn, when winter comes,
To keep the piper warm,

The little Angels shake their wings
To make a feather storm:
“The snow, the snow has come at last!”
The happy children call,
And “ring around” they dance in glee,
And watch the snowflakes fall.
*The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind,
Has spread a snowy pall.*

But when at night the piper plays,
I have not any fear,
Because God’s windows open wide
The pretty tune to hear;
And when each crowding spirit looks,
From its star window-pane,
A watching mother may behold
Her little child again.
*The wind, the wind, the wind, the wind,
May blow her home again*

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.



THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN

I

The Willow-Wren was twittering his thin little song, hidden himself in the dark selvage of the river bank. Though it was past ten o'clock at night, the sky still clung to and retained some lingering skirts of light from the departed day; and the sullen heats of the torrid afternoon broke up and rolled away at the dispersing touch of the cool fingers of the short midsummer night. Mole lay stretched on the bank, still panting from the stress of the fierce day that had been cloudless from dawn to late sunset, and waited for his friend to return. He had been on the river with some companions, leaving the Water-Rat free to keep an engagement of long standing with Otter; and he had come back to find the house dark and deserted, and no sign of Rat, who was doubtless keeping it up late with his old comrade. It was still too hot to think of staying indoors, so he lay on some cool dock leaves, and thought over the past day and its doings and how very good they all had been.

The Rat's light footfall was presently heard approaching over the parched grass. "O, the blessed coolness!" he said, and sat down, gazing thoughtfully into the river, silent and preoccupied.

“You stayed to supper, of course?” said the Mole presently.

“Simply had to,” said the Rat. “They wouldn’t hear of my going before. You know how kind they always are. And they made things as jolly for me as ever they could, right up to the moment I left. But I felt a brute all the time, as it was clear to me they were very unhappy, though they tried to hide it. Mole, I’m afraid they’re in trouble. Little Portly is missing again; and you know what a lot his father thinks of him, though he never says much about it.”

“What, that child?” said the Mole lightly. “Well, suppose he is; why worry about it? He’s always straying off and getting lost and turning up again; he’s so adventurous. But no harm ever happens to him. Everybody hereabout knows him and likes him, just as they do old Otter, and you may be sure some animal or other will come across him and bring him back again all right. Why, we’ve found him ourselves, miles from home, and quite self-possessed and cheerful!”

“Yes; but this time it’s more serious,” said the Rat gravely. “He’s been missing for some days now, and the Otters have hunted everywhere, high and low, without finding the slightest trace. And they’ve asked every animal, too, for miles around, and no one knows anything about him. Otter’s evidently more anxious than he’ll admit. I got out of him that young Portly hasn’t learned to swim very well yet, and I can see he’s thinking of the

weir. There's a lot of water coming down still, considering the time of the year, and the place always had a fascination for the child. And then there are—well, traps and things—you know. Otter's not the fellow to be nervous about any son of his before it's time. And now he is nervous. When I left, he came out with me—said he wanted some air, and talked about stretching his legs. But I could see it wasn't that, so I drew him out and pumped him and got it all from him at last. He was going to spend the night watching by the ford. You know the place where the old ford used to be, in bygone days, before they built the bridge?"

"I know it well," said the Mole. "But why should Otter choose to watch there?"

"Well, it seems that it was there he gave Portly his first swimming-lesson," continued the Rat. "From that shallow, gravelly spit near the bank. And it was there he used to teach him fishing, and there young Portly caught his first fish, of which he was so very proud. The child loved the spot, and Otter thinks that if he came wandering back from wherever he is—if he is anywhere by this time, poor little chap—he might make for the ford he was so fond of; or if he came across it he'd remember it well, and stop there and play, perhaps. So Otter goes there every night and watches—on the chance, you know, just on the chance!"

They were silent for a time, both thinking of the same thing—the lonely, heart-sore animal, crouched by the ford,

watching and waiting, the long night through—on the chance.

“Well, well,” said the Rat presently, “I suppose we ought to be thinking about turning in.” But he never offered to move.

“Rat,” said the Mole, “I simply can’t go and turn in, and go to sleep, and do nothing, even though there doesn’t seem to be anything to be done. We’ll get the boat out and paddle up-stream. The moon will be up in an hour or so, and then we will search as well as we can—anyhow, it will be better than going to bed and doing nothing.”

“Just what I was thinking myself,” said the Rat. “It’s not the sort of night for bed anyhow; and daybreak is not so very far off, and then we may pick up some news of him from early risers as we go along.”

II

They got the boat out, and the Rat took the sculls, paddling with caution. Out in midstream there was a clear, narrow track that faintly reflected the sky; but wherever shadows fell on the water from bank, bush, or tree, they were as solid to all appearance as the banks themselves, and the Mole had to steer with judgment accordingly. Dark and deserted as it was, the night was full of small noises, song and chatter and rustling, telling of the busy little population who were up and about, plying their trades and vocations through the night till sun-

shine should fall on them at last and send them off to their well-earned repose. The water's own noises, too, were more apparent than by day, its gurglings and "cloops" more unexpected and near at hand; and constantly they started at what seemed a sudden clear call from an actual articulate voice.

The line of the horizon was clear and hard against the sky, and in one particular quarter it showed black against a silvery climbing phosphorescence that grew and grew. At last, over the rim of the waiting earth the moon lifted with slow majesty till it swung clear of the horizon and rode off, free of moorings; and once more they began to see surfaces—meadows wide-spread and quiet gardens, and the river itself from bank to bank, all softly disclosed, all washed clean of mystery and terror, all radiant again as by day, but with a difference that was tremendous. Their old haunts greeted them again in other raiment, as if they had slipped away and put on this pure new apparel and come quietly back, smiling as they shyly waited to see if they would be recognized again under it.

Fastening their boat to a willow, the friends landed in this silent, silver kingdom, and patiently explored the hedges, the hollow trees, the runnels and their little culverts, the ditches and dry waterways. Embarking again and crossing over, they worked their way up the stream in this manner, while the moon, serene and detached in a cloudless sky, did what she could, though so far off, to help them in their quest; till her hour came and she sank earthwards



reluctantly, and left them, and mystery once more held field and river.

Then a change began slowly to declare itself. The horizon became clearer, field and tree came more into sight, and somehow with a different look; the mystery began to drop away from them. A bird piped suddenly and was still; and a light breeze sprang up and set the reeds and bulrushes rustling. Rat, who was in the stern of the boat, while Mole sculled, sat up suddenly and listened with a passionate intentness. Mole, who with gentle strokes was just keeping the boat moving while he scanned the banks with care, looked at him with curiosity.

“It’s gone!” sighed the Rat, sinking back in his seat again. “So beautiful and strange and new! Since it was to end so soon, I almost wish I had never heard it. For it has roused a longing in me that is pain, and nothing seems

worth while but just to hear that sound once more and go on listening to it forever. No! There it is again!" he cried, alert once more. Entranced, he was silent for a long space, spellbound.

"Now it passes on and I begin to lose it," he said presently. "O Mole! the beauty of it! The merry bubble and joy, the thin, clear, happy call of the distant piping! Such music I never dreamed of, and the call in it is stronger even than the music is sweet! Row on, Mole, row! For the music and the call must be for us."

The Mole, greatly wondering, obeyed. "I hear nothing myself," he said, "but the wind playing in the reeds and rushes and osiers."

The Rat never answered, if indeed he heard. Rapt, transported, trembling, he was possessed in all his senses by this new divine thing that caught up his helpless soul and swung and dandled it, a powerless but happy infant in a strong sustaining grasp.

In silence Mole rowed steadily, and soon they came to a point where the river divided, a long backwater branching off to one side. With a slight movement of his head Rat, who had long dropped the rudder-lines, directed the rower to take the backwater. The creeping tide of light gained and gained, and now they could see the color of the flowers that gemmed the water's edge.

"Clearer and nearer still," cried the Rat joyously. "Now you must surely hear it! Ah—at last—I see you do!"

Breathless and transfixed, the Mole stopped rowing as the liquid run of that glad piping broke on him like a wave, caught him up, and possessed him utterly. He saw the tears on his comrade's cheeks, and bowed his head and understood. For a space they hung there, brushed by the purple loosestrife that fringed the bank; then the clear, imperious summons that marched hand in hand with the intoxicating melody imposed its will on Mole, and mechanically he bent to his oars again. And the light grew steadily stronger, but no birds sang as they were wont to do at the approach of dawn; and but for the heavenly music all was marvellously still.

On either side of them, as they glided onward, the rich meadow grass seemed that morning of a freshness and a greenness unsurpassable. Never had they noticed the roses so vivid, the willow-herb so riotous, the meadowsweet so odorous and pervading. Then the murmur of the approaching weir began to hold the air, and they felt a consciousness that they were nearing the end, whatever it might be, that surely awaited their expedition.

A wide half circle of foam and glinting lights and shining shoulders of green water, the great weir closed the back-water from bank to bank, troubled all the quiet surface with twirling eddies and floating foam-streaks, and deadened all other sounds with its solemn and soothing rumble. In midmost of the stream, embraced in the weir's shimmering arm-spread, a small island lay anchored, fringed close with willow and silver birch and alder. Reserved, shy, but full

of significance, it hid whatever it might hold behind a veil, keeping it till the hour should come, and, with the hour, those who were called and chosen.

Slowly, but with no doubt or hesitation whatever, and in something of a solemn expectancy, the two animals passed through the broken, tumultuous water and moored their boat at the flowery margin of the island. In silence they landed, and pushed through the blossom and scented herbage and undergrowth that led up to the level ground, till they stood on a little lawn of a marvellous green, set round with Nature's own orchard trees—crab-apple, wild-cherry, and sloe.

“This is the place of my song-dream, the place the music played to me,” whispered the Rat, as if in a trance. “Here, in this holy place, here, if anywhere, surely we shall find Him!”

Then suddenly the Mole felt a great awe fall upon him, an awe that turned his muscles to water, bowed his head, and rooted his feet to the ground. It was no panic terror—indeed he felt wonderfully at peace and happy—but it was an awe that smote and held him, and without seeing, he knew it could only mean that some august presence was very, very near. With difficulty he turned to look for his friend, and saw him at his side, cowed, stricken, and trembling violently. And still there was utter silence in the populous bird-haunted branches around them; and still the light grew and grew.

Perhaps he would never have dared to raise his eyes,

but that, though the piping was now hushed, the call and the summons seemed still dominant and imperious. He might not refuse, were Death himself waiting to strike him instantly, once he had looked with mortal eye on things rightly kept hidden. Trembling, he obeyed, and raised his humble head; and then, in that utter clearness of the imminent dawn, while Nature, flushed with fulness of incredible color, seemed to hold her breath for the event, he looked in the very eyes of the Friend and Helper; saw the backward sweep of the curved horns, gleaming in the growing daylight; saw the stern, hooked nose between the kindly eyes that were looking down on them humorously, while the bearded mouth broke into a half smile at the corners; saw the rippling muscles on the arm that lay across the broad chest, the long, supple hand still holding the pan-pipes only just-fallen away from the parted lips; saw the splendid curves of the shaggy limbs disposed in majestic ease on the sward; saw, last of all, nestling between his very hoofs, sleeping soundly in entire peace and contentment, the little, round, podgy, childish form of the baby Otter. All this he saw, for one moment breathless and intense, vivid on the morning sky; and still, as he looked, he lived; and still, as he lived, he wondered.

“Rat!” he found breath to whisper, shaking. “Are you afraid?”

“Afraid?” murmured the Rat, his eyes shining with unutterable love. “Afraid? Of Him? Oh, never, never! And yet—and yet—O Mole, I am afraid!”



Then the two animals, crouching to the earth, bowed their heads and did worship.

Sudden and magnificent, the sun's broad golden disk showed itself over the horizon facing them; and the first rays, shooting across the level water-meadows, took the

animals full in the eyes and dazzled them. When they were able to look once more, the Vision had vanished, and the air was full of the carol of birds that hailed the dawn.

As they stared blankly, in dumb misery deepening as they slowly realized all they had seen and all they had lost, a capricious little breeze, dancing up from the surface of the water, tossed the aspens, shook the dewy roses, and blew lightly and caressingly in their faces; and with its soft touch came instant oblivion. For this is the last best gift that the kindly demigod is careful to bestow on those to whom he has revealed himself in their helping: the gift of forgetfulness. Lest the awful remembrance should remain and grow, and overshadow mirth and pleasure, and the great haunting memory should spoil all the after-lives of little animals helped out of difficulties, in order that they should be happy and light-hearted as before.

III

Mole rubbed his eyes and stared at Rat, who was looking about him in a puzzled sort of way. "I beg your pardon; what did you say, Rat?" he asked.

"I think I was only remarking," said Rat slowly, "that this was the right sort of place, and that here, if anywhere, we should find him. And look! Why, there he is, the little fellow!" And with a cry of delight he ran toward the slumbering Portly.

But Mole stood still a moment, held in thought. As

one wakened suddenly from a beautiful dream, who struggles to recall it, and can recapture nothing but a dim sense of the beauty of it, the beauty! Till that, too, fades away in its turn, and the dreamer bitterly accepts the hard, cold waking and all its penalties; so Mole, after struggling with his memory for a brief space, shook his head sadly and followed the Rat.

Portly woke up with a joyous squeak, and wriggled with pleasure at the sight of his father's friends, who had played with him so often in past days. In a moment, however, his face grew blank, and he fell to hunting round in a circle with pleading whine. As a child that has fallen happily asleep in its nurse's arms, and wakes to find itself alone and laid in a strange place, and searches corners and cupboards, and runs from room to room, despair growing silently in its heart, even so Portly searched the island and searched, dogged and unwearying, till at last the black moment came for giving it up, and sitting down and crying bitterly.

The Mole ran quickly to comfort the little animal; but Rat, lingering, looked long and doubtfully at certain hoof-marks deep in the sward.

"Some—great—animal—has been here," he murmured slowly and thoughtfully, and stood musing, musing, his mind strangely stirred.

"Come along, Rat!" called the Mole. "Think of poor Otter, waiting up there by the ford!"

Portly had soon been comforted by the promise of a

treat—a jaunt on the river in Mr. Rat's real boat; and the two animals conducted him to the water's side, placed him securely between them in the bottom of the boat, and paddled off down the backwater. The sun was fully up by now, and hot on them; birds sang lustily and without restraint; and flowers smiled and nodded from either bank, but somehow—so thought the animals—with less of richness and blaze of color than they seemed to remember seeing quite recently somewhere—they wondered where.

The main river reached again, they turned the boat's head up-stream, toward the point where they knew their friend was keeping his lonely vigil. As they drew near the familiar ford the Mole took the boat into the bank, and they lifted Portly out and set him on his legs on the tow-path, gave him his marching orders and a friendly farewell pat on the back, and shoved out into midstream. They watched the little animal as he waddled along the path contentedly and with importance; watched him till they saw his muzzle suddenly lift and his waddle break into a clumsy amble as he quickened his pace with shrill whines and wriggles of recognition. Looking up the river, they could see Otter start up, tense and rigid, from out of the shallows where he crouched in dumb patience, and could hear his amazed and joyous bark as he bounded up through the osiers on to the path. Then the Mole, with a strong pull on one oar, swung the boat round and let the full stream bear them down again whither it would, their quest now happily ended.

“I feel strangely tired, Rat,” said the Mole, leaning wearily over his oars, as the boat drifted. “It’s being up all night, you’ll say, perhaps; but that’s nothing. We do as much half the nights of the week, at this time of the year. No; I feel as if I had been through something very exciting and rather terrible, and it was just over; and yet nothing particular has happened.”

“Or something very surprising and splendid and beautiful,” murmured the Rat, leaning back and closing his eyes. “I feel just as you do, Mole; simply dead tired, though not body-tired. It’s lucky we’ve got the stream with us, to take us home. Isn’t it jolly to feel the sun again, soaking into one’s bones? And hark to the wind playing in the reeds!”

“It’s like music—far-away music,” said the Mole, nodding drowsily.

“So I was thinking,” murmured the Rat, dreamful and languid. “Dance-music—the lilting sort that runs on without a stop—but with words in it, too—it passes into words and out of them again—I catch them at intervals—then it is dance-music once more, and then nothing but the reeds’ soft, thin whispering.”

“You hear better than I,” said the Mole sadly. “I cannot catch the words.”

“Let me try and give you them,” said the Rat softly, his eyes still closed. “Now it is turning into words again—faint but clear—Lest the awe should dwell—And turn your frolic to fret—You shall look on my power at the

helping hour—But then you shall forget. Now the reeds take it up—forget, forget, they sigh, and it dies away in a rustle and a whisper. Then the voice returns—Lest limbs be reddened and rent—I spring the trap that is set—As I loose the snare you may glimpse me there—For surely you shall forget! Row nearer, Mole, nearer to the reeds! It is hard to catch, and grows each minute fainter. Helper and healer, I cheer—Small waifs in the woodland wet—Strays I find in it, wounds I bind in it—Bidding them all forget! Nearer, Mole, nearer! No, it is no good; the song has died away into reed-talk.”

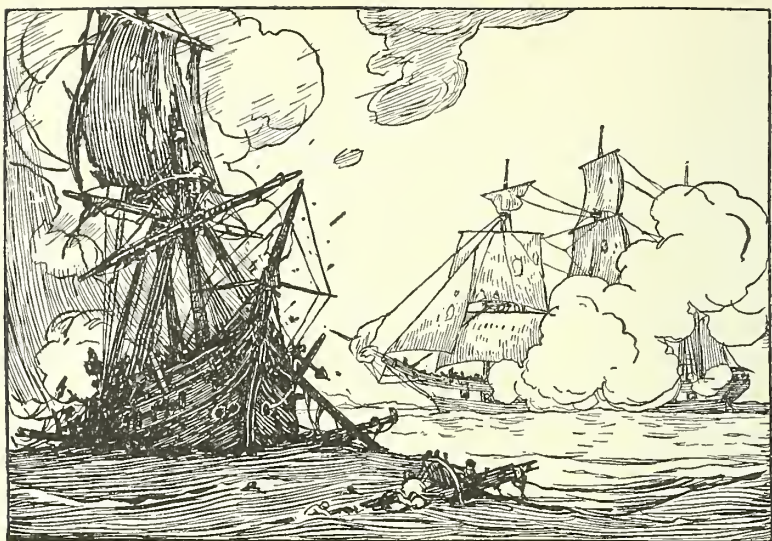
“But what do the words mean?” asked the wondering Mole.

“That I do not know,” said the Rat simply. “I passed them on to you as they reached me. Ah! now they return again, and this time full and clear! This time, at last, it is the real, the unmistakable thing, simple—passionate—perfect——”

“Well, let’s have it, then,” said the Mole, after he had waited patiently for a few minutes, half dozing in the hot sun.

But no answer came. He looked, and understood the silence. With a smile of much happiness on his face, and something of a listening look still lingering there, the weary Rat was fast asleep.

KENNETH GRAHAME.



OLD IRONSIDES

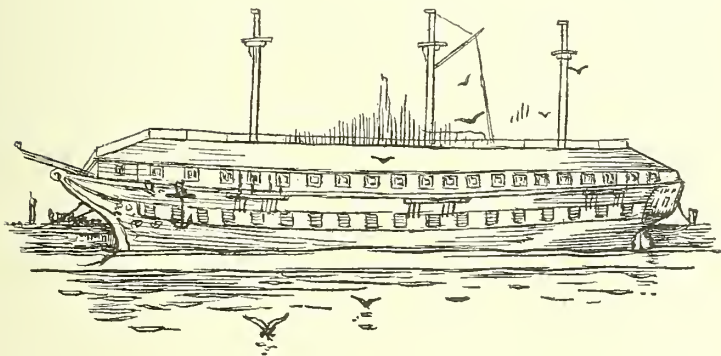
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of thè ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the gods of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



OUR WOODEN WALLS

Away back in the morning time of history the peoples of Greece were threatened with an overwhelming invasion. Xerxes, the great King of Persia, had assembled an immense army and navy and was moving by land and by sea to overwhelm and enslave the liberty-loving Greeks. In this great crisis the Greeks consulted the oracle at Delphi for advice, and were told to put their trust in wooden walls. Interpreting this to mean that they were to rely for defense on their fleet, they disposed their forces accordingly and won an overwhelming victory. The Persian fleet was so beaten that it sailed for home, leaving the army to make its way back as best it could. The wisdom of the oracle had been confirmed. The wooden walls had proved the salvation of the Greeks.

This was the first great crisis in history when a nation was saved by its fleet. Since that time several similar occasions have occurred. At the time of the Spanish Armada in 1588 England was saved from invasion by her fleet. Storms, it is true, did assist in destroying the ships of Spain, just as they assisted in wrecking the ships of Persia in 480 B. C., but it was the fleet in both cases that

turned the scale. It was the fearless, skilful sea-fighters, undaunted by the fearful odds against them, that fought the battle and won the victory for freedom against tyranny. Again in the Napoleonic wars it was the English fleet under Lord Nelson that in the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar broke the power of the French navy and saved England from invasion and Europe from bondage to a ruthless conqueror.

Our own country is not so dependent for safety on "wooden walls" as was ancient Greece or England. We are separated from the quarrels of Europe by a broad sea. And yet, during the last two or three years, we have been made to realize that this ocean barrier is not as effective a defense as we formerly supposed. Our navy has played, and is still playing, a most important part in defending our country from foreign aggression and in enabling it to continue its peaceful development unmolested. Its walls, indeed, are no longer of wood, but of steel, and instead of depending on the puny oars of the ancient Greek trireme or the canvas sails of the obsolete frigate, they are propelled by mighty steam-engines. It is not so long ago, however, that wooden walls were our defense, and a very efficient defense they were for the time.

Our magnificent navy of the present day was not made to order all at once in its completeness, but is the result of slow development. It had its origin in small beginnings. As in the case of the army we find those beginnings away back in the Revolutionary War. It was no less a person

than George Washington who gave the first impulse to the creation of an American navy, when in 1775 he sent out two armed schooners to capture English merchant ships with the object of obtaining supplies for his armies. The same year Congress began to commission privateers for preying on British commerce, and when in the following year, 1776, it authorized the building of thirteen war vessels the development of the American navy was really begun.

During the war of the Revolution our infant navy fought very few important battles. Its work consisted mostly of privateering. Swift merchant ships, armed with a few guns, and manned by alert and skilful Yankee sailors, scoured the seas. The value of the shipping and supplies thus brought into American ports was for the time enormous.

Though there was only one important naval battle of the Revolution, it was a memorable one. The old frigate *Bon Homme Richard*, of forty guns, under the command of John Paul Jones, defeated the English frigate *Serapis* after one of the most desperate naval battles ever fought. Through most of it the contending ships fought side by side. Repeatedly both ships caught on fire. One after another the masts of the *Serapis* fell by the board, carrying down with them a confused tangle of sails and rigging. The *Bon Homme Richard* suffered quite as severely, and several times conditions on board were so bad that the officers urged Jones to surrender. He steadfastly refused,

however. In the hottest part of the engagement the ship's colors were shot away. The British captain, thinking that the *Bon Homme Richard* had hauled them down in token of surrender called out, asking if the American captain had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," shouted Jones in reply, and the dreadful struggle continued. After the two ships had fought from seven in the evening until nearly midnight the British ship surrendered. She had been beaten through the dogged persistence of Jones, who, though his own ship was in a sinking condition and literally shot to pieces, refused to stop fighting so long as he had a gun that could be worked or a crew to man it. The *Bon Homme Richard* was so shattered by the pounding she had received from the guns of the *Serapis* that she sank next morning. This battle, the first serious engagement of the American navy, was the glorious beginning of a long and splendid record.

After the Revolution our brave little navy disappeared. As soon as immediate danger ceased to threaten, people forgot that the need for a navy might ever arise. The ships were sold and the crews mustered out of service. In 1794, however, the aggressions of the Barbary pirates stirred Congress to action, and a bill was passed authorizing the building of six frigates.

Only three of these ships, the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, and the *United States* were completed, however. These ships, few as they were, formed the nucleus of the navy which was to distinguish itself so brilliantly in the

War of 1812. It is interesting to note in passing that at this time Washington put himself on record in regard to the question of maintaining a navy. In a speech to Congress in 1796 he said: "To an active, external commerce the protection of a naval force is indispensable. To secure respect to a neutral flag requires a naval force organized and ready to vindicate it from insult and aggression."

The trouble with Tripoli at length came to a head, and from 1801 to 1805 our ships were active in the Mediterranean. In this war American commanders showed alertness and daring and American sailors displayed courage and skill.

The results of this training showed themselves in the War of 1812. On paper the greatest disparity existed between the fleets of the United States and Great Britain. At the outbreak of the war the American navy consisted of only twenty vessels, the largest being a forty-four-gun frigate. Great Britain, on the other hand, had over one thousand ships, of which two hundred and fifty-four were great ships of the line with seventy-four guns. From the outset, however, the American frigates proved to be superior to anything of their class then afloat and marked an epoch in naval construction. They were more stoutly timbered, carried heavier guns, and were swifter sailers. In the naval battles of the first two years of the War of 1812 the American ships were almost invariably successful. This success was due not merely to the superiority of the American ships, but in large measure to the discipline and marks-

manship of the American crews. It was a case of "the man behind the guns."

The most famous of the American fighting frigates of the War of 1812 was the *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides," as she came popularly to be called. In 1812 she fought and defeated the British frigate *Guerrière* off the coast of New England, after an engagement that lasted only about half an hour. The British ship was so badly damaged that she could not be brought into port. Later the same year she fought and defeated the British frigate *Java*, and two years afterward she rounded out her record by defeating and capturing in a single battle two British ships, the *Cyane* and the *Levant*. This was glory enough for one ship, and sufficient reason why the *Constitution* was for a generation afterward the most famous ship in the American navy. But, though the *Constitution* was the most noteworthy of our frigates, other American ships, such as the *United States*, the *Essex*, and the *Wasp*, won notable victories. In fact, in almost every naval duel that took place between individual ships Yankee sailors and Yankee ships were victorious.

The splendid deeds that we have described took place on the high seas, but the exploits of our navy on our inland waters were equally successful. In 1813 Commodore Perry defeated a British squadron on Lake Erie. Perry's forces consisted of nine small, hastily built vessels, the largest of which were two twenty-gun brigs, manned by a motley crowd of raw, untrained sailors and marines. Yet

into these crews Perry had succeeded in instilling something of his own fighting spirit. At the end of a desperate fight, in the midst of which he was compelled to abandon his shattered ship, he sent his famous despatch: "We have met the enemy and they are ours—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

The following year Captain McDonough won an equally glorious victory on Lake Champlain. With a squadron of small vessels he defeated an English squadron after a battle that lasted all day. The British fleet was the more powerful and was manned by more experienced crews, but as in other battles the Yankee sailors won by sheer fighting spirit. They fought on when apparently defeated, and finally won the victory.

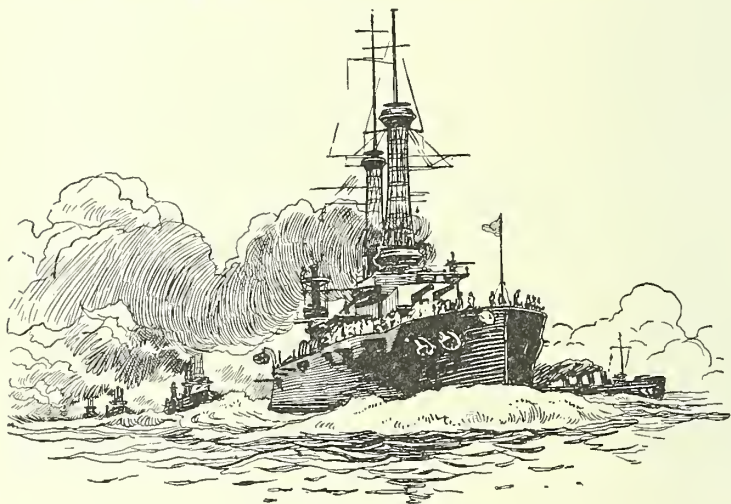
With the end of the War of 1812 came also the end of the famous period of the old wooden navy. Between 1815 and the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861 only a few ships were still kept in commission, among them the *Constitution*, the *Constellation*, and the *United States*, the three original ships of the old wooden navy. Gradually the old wooden ships rotted and were put out of commission.

Meanwhile the introduction of steam and the use of iron in the construction of ships were making wooden ships obsolete. When the Civil War came naval construction had been revolutionized. The old navy of wooden sailing ships had had its day. The new navy was to be the navy of steam and steel, and its story belongs to a separate chapter of our naval history.



With the passing of the old-fashioned sailing ship also passed much of the romance of the sea. The old square-rigger had a beauty and grace peculiarly its own. Few of them are seen nowadays. The modern tramp steamer has driven them from the sea. But those who have seen them can never forget the sight. The powerful yet graceful lines of the hull, the towering great sails, make the sailing ship seem like a live thing rather than something made by the hand of man.

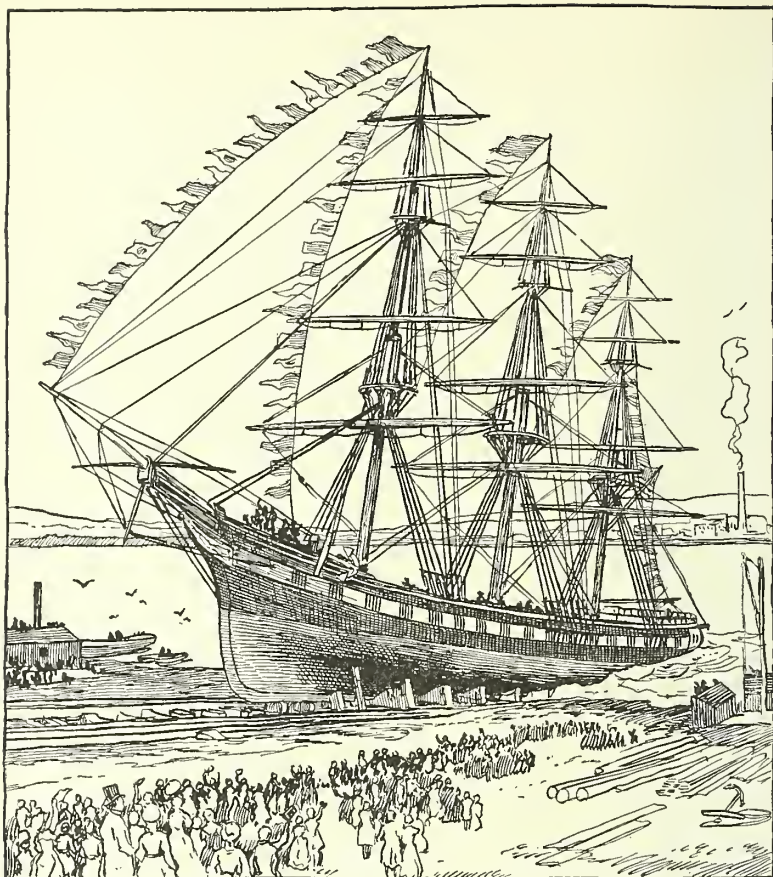
Our wooden walls, like those of ancient Greece and the England of Elizabeth, served their purpose. They saved us from foreign tyranny. They helped to preserve our liberty. But they have had their day. They have yielded to the demands of the new age of iron and steel. It was a glorious day, however, and deserves to be remembered with pride and gratitude by every true American.



THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!”



How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!

Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



A LOAF OF BREAD

I

Molly Becket had just completed her first lesson in bread-making. Under her mother's directions she had mixed the dough in the bread-machine and set it to rise over the stove the night before. This morning she had put it into the oven, heated to just the right temperature, and was now turning the hot, freshly baked loaves out of the pans onto the kitchen table. She was athrill with excitement.

"Do you think they are good, mother?" she asked anxiously.

Mrs. Becket laughed. "I'm sure they are," she said. "They look and smell delicious, and I've no doubt we shall find that they taste delicious too."

Mrs. Becket was certainly right about the look and smell of Molly's bread. The loaves were light and spongy and of a beautiful golden-brown color, and they filled the kitchen with their fragrance.

Mrs. Becket was an old-fashioned mother and believed in teaching her children to perform regular household duties. As soon as Molly was old enough she had been taught to sweep and dust, to wash the dishes, and to make up beds. Now she was learning to cook.

Molly had just turned out the last loaf when her big brother Albert entered the kitchen.

"My! your bread smells awfully good, Sis," he said, sniffing. "Suppose we sample it."

Molly looked anxious again. "I hope it is good," she said.

"It is too hot to cut," said Mrs. Becket, "but I think I can get a piece off for you."

She cut through the tender crust around the end of one of the loaves, and then deftly pulled the end off. Albert seized it with a shout and spread it with golden butter. Then he took a big bite.

"Delicious!" he cried. "Sis, you're a real bread-and-butter miss."

Molly pouted. "You know I don't like to be called that," she said.

Albert patted her shoulder affectionately. "Don't you care, little sister, you know I really think that you're a wonder."

Molly looked happy. She was very proud of her big brother, and nothing pleased her more than praise from him.

“I’ve made biscuits on hikes with my Boy Scout troop,” continued Albert, “but I’ve never made really truly raised bread. Biscuits aren’t in it with this. I don’t wonder bread is called the staff of life, mother, do you?”

“No, indeed, Albert,” said Mrs. Becket. “We could do without almost anything better than without bread. It is far and away the most important foodstuff.”

“I wonder if people have always eaten bread,” said Molly.

“They have since written history began, and probably long before,” said Mrs. Becket. “You remember the Bible story of Joseph, and how in time of famine his brothers went to Egypt to buy grain. Well, it was wheat that they bought. So you see even as long ago as that bread was the most important article of diet.”

“The Romans were always mightily interested in their grain supplies,” said Albert; “I get it every day in my ‘Cæsar.’ ”

“Yes, indeed, and we know that they ate bread, for in the ruins of Pompeii, which was destroyed during the early years of the Christian era, ovens were found containing loaves of baked bread. In fact, it isn’t too much to say that the cultivation and use of wheat as food marks the advance of civilization. It has always been the chief food of the white race, and its consumption is rapidly increasing ”

Molly looked at her mother with admiration.

“What a lot you know, mother,” she said.

Mrs. Becket laughed. “Well, it isn’t so very many years ago that I was a teacher. But if you want to know more about wheat and how it is made into flour you must wait till your father comes home. He used to be in the wheat business when you children were babies and we lived in Minnesota.”

II

At dinner that night some of Molly’s bread was on the table, and was pronounced excellent. Mr. Becket was very proud of his twelve-year-old daughter, and as for Molly, she was happy at having proved that she could really do things.

“I don’t want to play at things, mother,” she said. “I want to feel that I can really do things that are useful and count.”

Mrs. Becket smiled and said nothing. She was a wise mother.

Presently Albert reminded his mother of her promise that they should hear more about wheat and its manufacture into flour, and she smilingly explained to Mr. Becket.

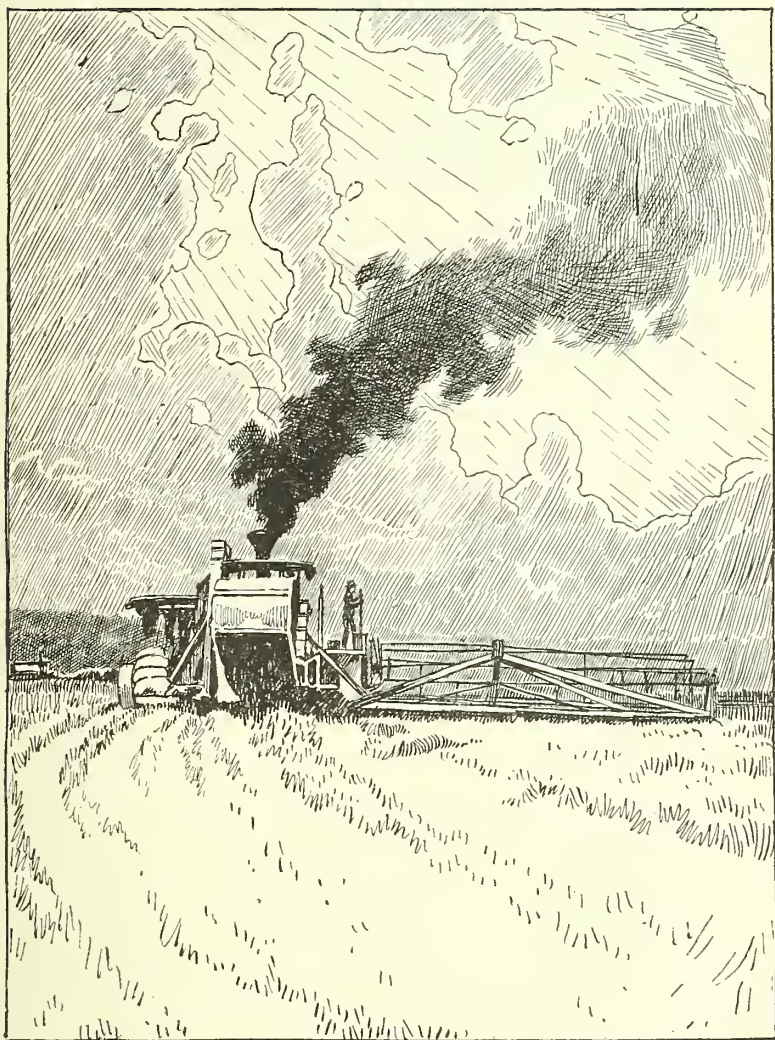
Mr. Becket was at once greatly interested.

“You have opened up a big subject,” he said, “and one of the most fascinating subjects in the world. I don’t know anything more full of poetry or romance than the story of a loaf of bread. If you were to visit one of the great wheat-growing regions of the United States, such as

the prairies of Iowa, Kansas, North and South Dakota, or California, you would find extensive tracts covering thousands of acres devoted entirely to the growing of wheat. There is a great farm in California that contains ninety thousand acres and one in North Dakota of seventy thousand. Think of it! It would take you two or three hours to ride on horseback from one end of these wheat-fields to the other. As far as you could see, the golden grain would stretch away into the distance, rippling in the breeze like the waves of the ocean."

"I don't see how they handle such big farms," said Albert.

"They are managed like a great factory, and so far as possible the work is done by machinery," said Mr. Becket. "When the ground is ploughed steam-tractors are used that draw ploughs that cut ten or twelve furrows at once. These are followed by tractors that draw a line of harrows and cut the ground up so as to make it fit for planting. Following the harrows come the drills which sow the seed. These are long boxes filled with wheat and mounted on wheels. In the bottom is a row of holes, each of which has a slender tube that runs down to the ground. The seed is allowed to fall through these tubes as fast as it is needed, and just behind the drills come little ploughs that cover the grain as it drops. In this way, you see, the amount of man labor is reduced to the minimum, and enormous farms embracing thousands of acres can be prepared and planted in a few days."



“Isn’t it wonderful!” exclaimed Molly.

“The harvesting of the crop is just as wonderful,” said Mr. Becket. “That is all done by machinery, too. In the old days the grain was cut by hand-sickles, a small bunch at a time. It was threshed out by being laid on hard clay floors and pounded by sticks or trodden by cattle. Then the powdered chaff was gathered up and winnowed. But, of course, we have long since got away from such primitive methods.

“In 1831 a young Virginia farmer named Cyrus McCormick invented one of the most useful pieces of machinery ever made, a machine that ranks in usefulness to the world with Eli Whitney’s cotton-gin. This was the reaper. It was a clumsy, primitive affair compared with the splendid, great machines now used, but it would do the work of twelve men, and marked the beginning of an epoch in the wheat industry. For years McCormick worked at his machine, trying to get it on the market, and continually improving it. Gradually it made its way. By patient, persistent effort he succeeded in overcoming the prejudice of the farmers, who objected to his reaper as a new-fangled, useless ‘contraption’; he persuaded men with capital to invest it in manufacturing his machines, and in the end he triumphed. His name will forever be associated in history with the development of the wheat industry. His original reaper was, of course, a crude machine, but successive improvements have transformed it into the modern harvester, which cuts the wheat, threshes it, and

puts it into shocks as it progresses through the fields, doing in one day what it would have taken thousands of men to do in the same time a hundred years ago.’’

Mr. Becket paused. Both Molly and Albert were looking very serious.

‘‘Why is it that inventors always have such a hard time?’’ asked Molly.

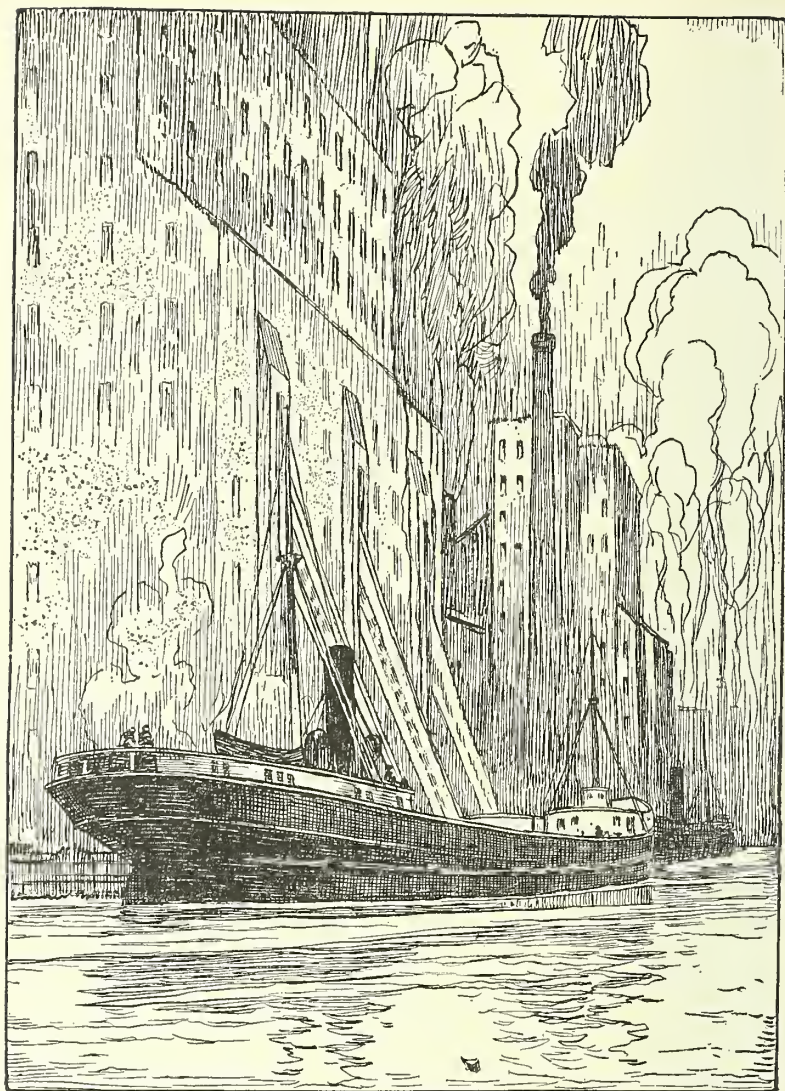
Mr. Becket smiled. ‘‘Well,’’ he said, ‘‘I’m afraid most of us are rather set in our ways. It is easier to do things in the way we have always done them, and we are disinclined to adopt new methods even if they are shown to be better.’’

Here Mrs. Becket added: ‘‘All of which teaches us to persevere when we are sure we have something of real importance to teach or to do.’’

‘‘But to go back to wheat,’’ continued Mr. Becket; ‘‘after the wheat is harvested the next thing is to get it to market. The first step is usually to take it for storage to an elevator in the neighborhood of the farm where it was grown. From the local elevator it is carried by rail to one of the enormous elevators that are found in the big grain centres such as Duluth, Chicago, or Buffalo.’’

‘‘Are elevators those big, tall buildings that I have seen in pictures?’’ asked Molly.

‘‘Yes, they are enormous, some of them,’’ said Mr. Becket. ‘‘There is one in Port Arthur, Canada, that will hold 7,000,000 bushels, enough wheat to feed the city of Philadelphia for a year.’’



“But why are they so tall?” asked Albert.

“So as to get the benefit of gravity in handling the wheat,” said Mr. Becket. “The grain is usually brought to the elevator in bulk and raised to the top in steel buckets that are fastened to a belt running by machinery. There the wheat is emptied into great bins, and weighed. A door in the bottom of the bin is then opened and the grain is poured out through pipes into tanks or storage-rooms below. From these tanks the wheat is generally loaded into steamers in bulk. By means of great spouts that reach from the storage-tanks directly into the holds of the ship a pretty big freighter can be completely loaded in two or three hours.”

“And these grain ships go all over the world, don’t they?” asked Molly.

“Pretty nearly,” said Mr. Becket, “for most civilized peoples are now wheat-eaters, and besides our own country only Russia, France, and some of the countries lying along the Danube raise more wheat than they need. That means that they have to buy a large part of their food supply from other peoples. The United States uses about five-sixths of its own supply and exports the rest. Great Britain eats up her own crop in three months, Germany in about six months.”

“Dear me!” exclaimed Molly, “suppose the harvests should fail in Russia and the United States, so that they wouldn’t have more than enough wheat for themselves, what would Great Britain and Germany do for bread?”

“They would have to use a substitute of some sort,” said Mr. Becket. “Now, during the Great War we hear much of ‘war bread.’ That is bread made of a small quantity of wheat mixed with other grains or substitutes. In Germany and Austria we are told that potato flour is much used.”

“Ugh! I shouldn’t like that,” exclaimed Molly.

“I don’t think any of us would,” said Mr. Becket, “but in times of great stress we have to adapt ourselves to conditions. There have been great crop failures in the past that have led to famine. In 1891 and 1892 thousands of men, women, and children died of starvation in Russia owing to the failure of the wheat crop. In India there have been many famines.”

There was a pause, then Mrs. Becket said: “That is all very interesting, but you haven’t told us how the wheat is made into flour.”

“I am coming to that,” said Mr. Becket.

“The first flour,” he continued, “was made by pounding the wheat between two stones. Of course the bread that was made from this flour was very different from that which Molly has just made. It was dark-colored and it was coarse, and it probably contained grit that was pounded from the stones used to grind the grain. As time went on improvements were made in the process of grinding. The first step was the invention of the saddle-stone.”

“The saddle-stone!” exclaimed Albert, “what a queer name! Had it anything to do with horses?”

Mr. Becket laughed. "Nothing more than a remote resemblance in shape to a saddle. It consisted of a stone that was made to fit into a hollow in another and larger stone. The grain was put into the hollow and was crushed into coarse flour by the rocking back and forth of the saddle-stone upon it. This rude contrivance is still in use in certain out-of-the-way parts of the world."

"Think what a lot of time it must have taken to make any amount of flour in that way!" exclaimed Albert.

"Yes, but time was pretty cheap in those old days," said Mr. Becket. "The next improvement," he continued, "was the 'quern' or hand-mill. Each household had such a mill, and flour was made by hand much as coffee is often ground in private households to-day. This was also slow and laborious.

"In Roman times mills were established by the government, and criminals and slaves were forced to work in them. By degrees improvements were made in the methods of grinding, and by the beginning of the Christian era water-power began to be utilized for grinding. This, of course, marked a great advance. The slow and laborious method of hand-grinding was now done away with, and the output of flour was vastly increased. After the water-mill came the windmill, and then after many centuries the steam-mill. Both water and wind mills using circular millstones are still employed in many parts of the world for grinding wheat and other grains, but the flour that is made in this way is much inferior to that made by the rolled process."

“I’ve often wondered just what the difference was,” said Albert. “You know there was an old mill that they called a ‘grist-mill’ in Marshville, where we spent last summer, and the miller told me that years ago they used to grind flour there. I guess the mill wasn’t used very much.”

Mr. Becket smiled. “No that old mill was used only for grinding corn into meal or cracking it to feed to horses. But I can remember when I was a boy that the farmers used to bring in wheat to be ground into flour for home use. The difference was this,” he continued. “In the old-fashioned grist-mill the grain was ground between revolving stones. It was poured through a hole in the upper stone into a hollow between the two stones. The circular movement of the stones gradually forced the grain out to the edge of the lower stone, all the time grinding it finer and finer. From the edge of the stone it was at length thrown off into a box below and carried down a chute, passed through sieves, and was finally ready to be packed into bags or barrels.

“For many centuries this was the way most of the flour was made. But in 1865 a process of manufacture was invented that revolutionized the whole industry. This was the roller process. Instead of being ground between revolving stones the grain is run between a succession of rollers of polished steel or porcelain. This method makes a finer, cleaner flour and is less wasteful than the old method.”

Nobody spoke for several moments.

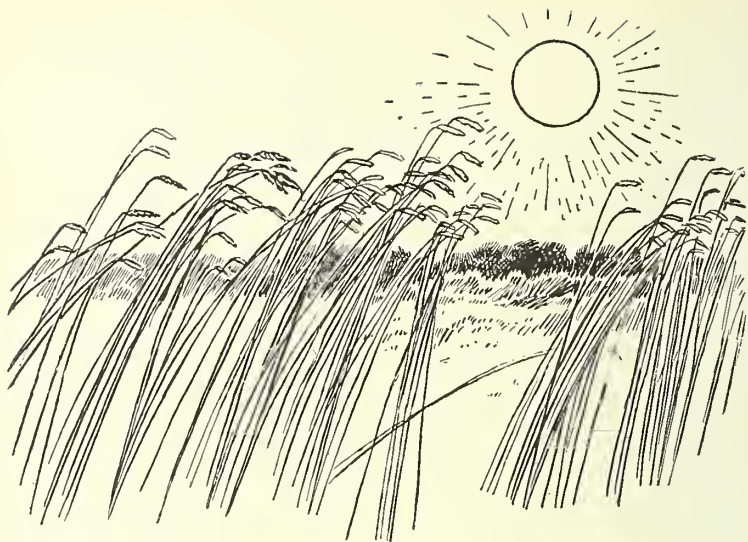
Then Mrs. Becket said gravely: "It's hard to realize that Molly's bread has travelled so far and been through such experiences."

Mr. Becket smiled. "Yes, it's hard to believe that not many months ago the grain of which this bread was made was growing in waving heads of yellow wheat in some farm in the Northwest. The most important lesson for us to draw from this is the lesson of co-operation. If at any stage of the long series of operations that were involved in the transformation of the growing wheat into the delicious baked loaf that we have on the table, any worker had failed in his duty, the chain would have been broken and the result made impossible. We must never forget how important a part each one of us plays in the great industrial mechanism, even though it may be a small one. But for the faithful labor of thousands of workers Molly would never have been able to put before us this delicious loaf."

"And if Molly hadn't been such a clever little girl, no matter how well the rest had done their work, we shouldn't be eating such good bread to-night. Hurrah for little sister!" exclaimed Albert.

Molly blushed with pleasure and looked gratefully at her big brother. Then her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Please don't ever call me a bread-and-butter miss again," she said.



A SONG OF WHEAT

Back of the bread is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour is the mill;
Back of the mill the growing wheat
Nods on the breezy hill.

Over the wheat is the glowing sun,
Ripening the heart of the grain;
Above the sun is the gracious God,
Sending the sunlight and rain.

GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Our country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free government, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well surrounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony and honesty and industry and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the

deadly, burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

• GROVER CLEVELAND.

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF DEMOCRACY

There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes.

Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed or caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind.

Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

WOODROW WILSON.

TOM DIVIDES THE JAM PUFFS

On Wednesday, the day before the aunts and uncles were coming, there were such various suggestive scents, as of plum cakes in the oven, and jellies in the hot state, mingled with the aroma of gravy, that it was impossible to feel altogether gloomy; there was hope in the air. Tom and Maggie made several inroads into the kitchen, and, like other marauders, were induced to keep aloof for a time only by being allowed to carry away a sufficient load of booty.

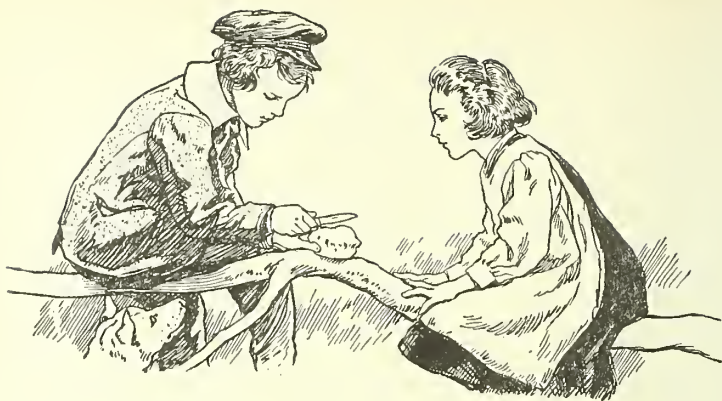
“Tom,” said Maggie, as they sat on the boughs of the elder-tree, eating their jam puffs, “shall you run away to-morrow?”

“No,” said Tom slowly, when he had finished his puff, and was eying the third, which was to be divided between them—“no, I shan’t.”

“Why, Tom? Because Lucy’s coming?”

“No,” said Tom, opening his pocket-knife and holding it over the puff, with his head on one side in a dubitative manner. (It was a difficult problem to divide that very irregular polygon into two equal parts.) “What do I care about Lucy? She’s only a girl—*she* can’t play at bandy.”

“Is it the tipsy-cake, then?” said Maggie, exerting her hypothetic powers, while she leaned forward toward Tom with her eyes fixed on the hovering knife.



“No, you silly, that’ll be good the day after. It’s the pudding. I know what the pudding’s to be—apricot roll-up—O my buttons!”

With this interjection the knife descended on the puff, and it was in two, but the result was not satisfactory to Tom, for he still eyed the halves doubtfully. At last he said:

“Shut your eyes, Maggie.”

“What for?”

“You never mind what for. Shut ’em when I tell you.”
Maggie obeyed.

“Now, which’ll you have, Maggie—right hand or left?”

“I’ll have that with the jam run out,” said Maggie, keeping her eyes shut to please Tom.

“Why, you don’t like that, you silly. You may have it if it comes to you fair, but I shan’t give it you without. Right or left—you choose, now. Ha-a-a!” said Tom, in

a tone of exasperation, as Maggie peeped. "You keep your eyes shut, now, else you shan't have any."

Maggie's power of sacrifice did not extend so far; indeed, I fear she cared less that Tom should enjoy the utmost possible amount of puff than that he should be pleased with her for giving him the best bit. So she shut her eyes quite close, till Tom told her to "say which," and then she said: "Left hand."

"You've got it," said Tom, in rather a bitter tone.

"What! the bit with the jam run out?"

"No; here, take it," said Tom firmly, handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

"Oh, please, Tom, have it; I don't mind—I like the other; please take this."

"No, I shan't," said Tom, almost crossly, beginning on his own inferior piece.

Maggie, thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate up her half-puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first, and had to look on while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more. Maggie didn't know Tom was looking at her; she was seesawing on the elder-bough, lost to almost everything but a vague sense of jam and idleness.

"Oh, you greedy thing!" said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel. He was conscious of having acted very fairly, and thought she ought to have considered this, and made up to him for it. He would have

refused a bit of hers beforehand, but one is naturally at a different point of view before and after one's own share of puff is swallowed.

Maggie turned quite pale. "O Tom, why didn't you ask me?"

"I wasn't going to ask you for a bit, you greedy. You might have thought of it without, when you knew I gave you the best bit."

"But I wanted you to have it—you know I did," said Maggie, in an injured tone.

"Yes, but I wasn't going to do what wasn't fair, like Spouncer. He always takes the best bit, if you don't punch him for it; and if you choose the best with your eyes shut, he changes his hands. But if I go halves, I'll go 'em fair—only I wouldn't be a greedy."

With this cutting innuendo, Tom jumped down from his bough, and threw a stone with a "hoigh!" as a friendly attention to Yap, who had also been looking on while the eatables vanished, with an agitation of his ears and feelings which could hardly have been without bitterness. Yet the excellent dog accepted Tom's attention with as much alacrity as if he had been treated quite generously.

But Maggie, gifted with that superior power of misery which distinguishes the human being, and places him at a proud distance from the most melancholy chimpanzee, sat still on her bough, and gave herself up to the keen sense of unmerited reproach. She would have given the world not to have eaten all her puff, and to have saved some of

it for Tom. Not but that the puff was very nice, for Maggie's palate was not at all obtuse, but she would have gone without it many times over, sooner than Tom should call her greedy and be cross with her. And he had said he wouldn't have it—and she ate it without thinking—how could she help it? The tears flowed so plentifully that Maggie saw nothing around her for the next ten minutes; but by that time resentment began to give way to the desire of reconciliation, and she jumped from her bough to look for Tom.

He was no longer in the paddock behind the rickyard—where was he likely to be gone, and Yap with him? Maggie ran to the high bank against the great holly-tree, where she could see far away toward the Floss. There was Tom; but her heart sank again as she saw how far off he was on his way to the great river, and that he had another companion besides Yap—naughty Bob Jakin, whose official if not natural function of frightening the birds was just now at a standstill.

Maggie felt sure that Bob was wicked, without very distinctly knowing why, unless it was because Bob's mother was a dreadfully large, fat woman, who lived at a queer round house down the river; and once, when Maggie and Tom had wandered thither, there rushed out a brindled dog that wouldn't stop barking; and when Bob's mother came out after it, and screamed above the barking to tell them not to be frightened, Maggie thought she was scolding them fiercely, and her heart beat with terror. Maggie thought it

very likely that the round house had snakes on the floor, and bats in the bedroom; for she had seen Bob take off his cap to show Tom a little snake that was inside it; and another time he had a handful of young bats; altogether, he was an irregular character, perhaps even slightly diabolical, judging from his intimacy with snakes and bats; and to crown all, when Tom had Bob for a companion, he didn't mind about Maggie, and would never let her go with him.

It must be owned that Tom was fond of Bob's company. How could it be otherwise? Bob knew, directly he saw a bird's egg, whether it was a swallow's, or a tomtit's, or a yellow-hammer's; he found out all the wasps' nests, and could set all sorts of traps; he could climb the trees like a squirrel, and had quite a magical power of detecting hedgehogs and stoats; and he had courage to do things that were rather naughty, such as making gaps in the hedgerows, throwing stones after the sheep, and killing a cat that was wandering incognito. Such qualities in an inferior, who could always be treated with authority in spite of his superior knowingness, had necessarily a fatal fascination for Tom; and every holiday-time Maggie was sure to have days of grief because he had gone off with Bob.

Well! there was no hope for it; he was gone now, and Maggie could think of no comfort but to sit down by the hollow, or wander by the hedgerow, and fancy it was all different, refashioning her little world into just what she should like it to be.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A NEW CHIVALRY

“What,” asked Fiammetta, in a tone of polite inquiry, “is a dorky-bird?”

We were walking in College Green with the Voiceful Canon, who had given a hand to each of us. The occasion was a joyful one, because we were on our way to tea with him just after even-song, all by ourselves.

“A dorky-bird?” repeated the Voiceful Canon. “I never heard of one; I should think it must come from the same country as the Jabberwock.”

“Oh, no, it doesn’t,” said Fiammetta decidedly. “It’s a kind of a church bird, and you ought to know all about it.”

“A kind of a church bird?” the Voiceful Canon repeated again in a wondering tone. “I’m dreadfully sorry, and it’s doubtless very ignorant of me, but I really don’t remember ever to have heard of one before. How do you know it’s a church bird?”

“Well, really,” said Fiammetta severely, “you can’t have paid much attention to the anthem this afternoon, although you did strike that funny, buzzy thing to start them, and beat time with your little finger on that carved knob on your desk.” (On Fridays there is no organ at even-song, and the Voiceful Canon always started the choir with a tuning-fork.) “Don’t you remember,” she went

on impatiently, "how they kept on singing, 'I had rather be a dorky-bird, a dorky-bird; I had rather be a dorky-bird in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of'—something or other? So it must be a church bird."

The Voiceful Canon stood still under the elms and laughed, and when he laughed his voice was just as big and full as when he said the Litany, and it went echoing through the trees right up to the top of the tower, it seemed, till it lost itself in the patch of blue sky overhead. A message-boy stood still and grinned.

Fiammetta did not like to be laughed at, so she pulled her hand away, looking very red and offended.

The Voiceful Canon hastened to apologize.

"I am so sorry," he said, "but I couldn't help it, and it only confirms what I am always telling those boys, that no mortal can hear what they sing about. It's all their fault; what they were trying to say was 'doorkeeper,' but 'dorky-bird' is much nearer what they sang."

"It is what they sang," said Fiammetta, somewhat mollified, "and as they had been saying something about sparrows just before, I thought it was some other kind of bird. I can never find my places in those big Prayer-Books; besides, I don't want to sing too, I'd rather listen, and it's fidgeting to have to read a book at the same time, don't you think?"

"You ought not to need a book if they did the service as I'd like them to," said the Voiceful Canon.

"I can always hear you," said Fiammetta kindly,

“and I can’t think why you don’t read the lessons always instead of those very old gentlemen who mumble so.”

By this time we had arrived at the Voiceful Canon’s house, and a most curious house it was. It did not belong to him really (for he was only a minor canon, though why “minor” we could never make out), but to one of the vergers, and he lodged there in a room over an archway that had two big Gothic windows, one facing College Green, where you could see the Cathedral and the canons’ houses and everybody who came into the Close, while the other looked into a little square that had a very green garden in the centre, and in the garden was a statue of a good bishop who had been burnt there long ago. But though the Canon didn’t own the house, he had his very own front-door under the archway, and leading straight up a curly stone staircase that itself led to his rooms.

And now he unlocked his door for us, such a thick, stumpy, oaken door, all studded with black nails. We climbed the dark, curly staircase, and went into his room. In the deep window-seat that looked into the Close sat a big brindled bulldog. Every day he sat there during service, waiting for his master to come back, and at all other times was his inseparable companion. He jumped down from the window now and came slowly toward us.

“Bors, old chap,” said the Canon, “here are two young ladies: Fiammetta, Bors; Janey, Bors. Now you have been introduced, please shake hands with him or he will feel hurt.”

Solemnly the dog offered each of us a paw; then, evidently approving of Fiammetta, he went and sat at her feet, for she had taken his seat in the window.

"You suit my room," the Canon said, smiling at her; and, indeed, even I had noticed that in the Cathedral itself, or in the quaint old houses surrounding it, Fiammetta never looked "odd," as she assuredly did everywhere else.

Seated now in the gray Gothic setting of the mullioned window, in her straight blue dress and quaint flat cap, her bright hair—so golden in its lights and oak-brown in its shadows—framing the thin oval of her face, with its big, eager, long-lashed eyes, she might have stepped straight out of a chapter of Malory, and there seemed something almost inevitable in her next remark, when she suddenly quoted:

"A square-set man and honest, kin to Sir Launcelot."

"That's why you call him Bors, I suppose. You're rather like that, too."

"Do you mean," asked the Voiceful Canon with a twinkle, "that I resemble this Bors, or the one who was 'kin to Sir Launcelot'?"

"I mean," said Fiammetta, not a whit abashed, "that you are 'a square-set man and honest,' a fighting-looking kind of man."

To my great surprise, the Canon blushed like a girl right up to the roots of his hair, exclaiming:

"Good gracious! do I still look so pugnacious?"

Fiammetta jumped off the window-seat and danced



over to where he sat at the table, pouring boiling water into a teapot that his landlady had just brought in.

“Oh!” she cried ecstatically, “were you pugnacious? Did you have lots of fights before you were a dorky-bird? Tell us about the fights!”

The Canon finished pouring the boiling water into the teapot, but he forgot to shut the lid, and sat gazing down into the steam and smiling as though at some pleasant recollection. I remember thinking how clean he looked, how brown and strong, and how white and even were his teeth.

“Tell us,” persisted Fiammetta, “did you fight with a sword or lance, or what?”

To Fiammetta grown-up people always seemed so old that at this moment she was quite capable of believing that the Voiceful Canon had at some time or other fought amongst King Arthur’s knights, that he might even be himself the “square-set man and honest” masquerading under another name.

“I fought with my fists,” said the Canon, “and I do it yet—in a good cause.” And as he lifted his clean-shaven, smiling face out of the steam, I felt convinced that he could not be so very old after all.

He shut the teapot lid and looked across at Fiammetta, who in her turn looked at him with a disappointed expression.

“Fists!” she repeated scornfully; “anybody can do that.”

“Oh, can they?” said the Canon; “that’s just what they can’t. It requires a good deal of self-restraint, and self-respect, and good temper, and honesty, to fight properly with your fists; and on occasion it is an absolutely unanswerable argument.”

“But,” objected Fiammetta, leaning her elbows on the table, and leaving the Canon’s very excellent cake untasted on her plate, “you couldn’t found a Round Table or a knighthood with your fists—you couldn’t hold tournaments——”

“But I do!” cried the Voiceful Canon excitedly; “I do, and I’ll show you where I hold them after tea, and the weapons we fight with.”

Still Fiammetta shook her head. “It’s ugly,” she said. “It can’t be a bit like Arthur and his knights.”

The Canon looked rather sad. “No, it’s not like that,” he said, “but it’s as near as we can get in the circumstances. Besides,” he said, suddenly brightening, “Arthur’s knights could fight with their fists, too, you may be quite sure. Don’t you remember how at the last, when Sir Bedivere could not bring himself to throw away the sword Excalibur, the King turns on him so angrily, and says, if he doesn’t do what he’s told, ‘I will arise and slay thee with my hands’? And the next time Sir Bedivere did it.”

“Yes, that’s true,” said Fiammetta dubiously. “But it doesn’t seem the same, somehow.”

Then she ate her cake, and the Voiceful Canon told us funny stories about Bors till everybody had finished tea.

“Now show me where you hold your tournaments,” commanded Fiammetta.

Up and up another curly staircase we followed the Voiceful Canon, till we came into a long bare room the full width of the house. It, too, had stone-mullioned Gothic windows; the walls were whitewashed and adorned by many photographs of groups of men in flannels, and some others who wore very little indeed, except boxing-gloves, and two big ones of specially resplendent people in velvet suits with fencing masks and foils. A couple of old football caps with tarnished gold tassels hung under one of the photographs, and all round the room on pegs hung boxing-gloves. At one end, piled against the wall, were several big square mattresses, far bigger than for the biggest bed, and in the corners were bundles of basket-hilted single-sticks—altogether a most curious room, and the queerest thing in it was a big ball at the end of a long, flexible rod, which was fixed into the ground, that looked like an enormous apple at the end of a twig.

Fiammetta looked round her with wondering eyes, and the Canon watched Fiammetta, a little wistfully, it seemed to me. Suddenly she turned to him with a radiant smile.

“I like it,” she cried; “I understand; I’ve heard about you from Janey’s father. It’s the poor men you teach, and they love it—and you?” she added softly, as with one of her quick caressing movements she caught his hand and laid her cheek upon it for an instant.

The Voiceful Canon said nothing, but he turned very red and held her hand very tight.

“Do you tell them about King Arthur and his knights?” she asked.

The Voiceful Canon laughed.

“No,” he said; “they wouldn’t understand. I don’t tell them much beyond the noble art of self-defense; but they know what I like, and they’re jolly well sure that they’ve got to turn up at the Cathedral at least once on a Sunday, and most of ’em do.”

“Do they like that?” asked Fiammetta curiously.

Again the Voiceful Canon laughed. “I don’t ask them about that; but we can’t all do what we like in this world. For instance, I’d like to keep you here for ever, but I see the carriage coming down the Close, and Squire Staniland doesn’t like his horses kept waiting.”

At all events, Squire Staniland’s coachman didn’t; and because we were not waiting under the archway for Dutton when he drove up, he straightway drove round the Close again, keeping us waiting on the pavement.

In the meantime Fiammetta found she had left her gloves in the window-seat, and the Canon went back to fetch them. It was then that she noticed a shabby-looking lad lounging under the archway on the other side.

“That’s one of the knights,” she cried, and darted across the road before I could stop her. “Do you go there?” she asked him, pointing to the Canon’s open door.

"Yes, miss," he mumbled civilly enough, but evidently greatly surprised at being thus abruptly accosted.

"Do you like it?"

"Rather!" And this time there was no uncertain sound in his reply.

"Can he fight?" she whispered eagerly, for she saw the Canon coming down the steps.

"Can 'e fight?" repeated the lad scornfully. "You bet 'e can fight!"

The carriage and the Canon appearing at the same moment, Fiammetta's investigations as to the prowess of our friend were cut short. When he had packed us into the wagonette, just as we were starting, Fiammetta threw him one of the little white cotton gloves he had restored to her.

"A gage!" she cried. "Will you wear it?"

"Rather!" cried the Canon, catching it deftly and putting it carefully into his breast-pocket. "I shall wear it always."

As we drove homeward through the green Garsetshire lanes Fiammetta was very silent, but presently she began to fidget and to show every sign of mental perturbation; at last she exclaimed:

"Oh, Janey, I've been thinking and thinking, and I can't imagine where he'll wear my glove when he fights. Can he pin it on to that vest thing, do you think?"

L. ALLEN HARKER.

“HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX”

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren,¹ the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld,² ’twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln³ church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

¹ lōk’ ər ɛn

² dū fělt’

³ mēk’ ɛln

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume flakes, that aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix'"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz¹ and past Tongres,² no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem³ a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

¹ lô ôs'

² tôn' gr'

³ dăl' hêm



“How they’ll greet us!”—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets’ rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head ’twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

KING ARTHUR WINS HIS QUEEN

CHARACTERS

KING ARTHUR
KING LEODEGRANCE
MERLIN
SIR KAY
SIR ULFIUS
GARDENER
HERALD

LADY GUINEVERE
MILLICENT-OF-THE-WHITE-HAND
HILDEGARDE-OF-THE-RAVEN-LOCKS
ILGRAINE-THE-FAIR-HAIRED
LORDS, LADIES, KNIGHTS, MEN-AT-
ARMS, HERALDS, PAGES, ETC.

SCENE I

KING ARTHUR'S COURT AT CARLEON-UPON-USK

KING ARTHUR *is seated on his throne, attended by a brilliant company of lords and ladies. About the room stand men-at-arms. Heralds and pages are in attendance. Beside the King's chair and talking with him in a low voice stands MERLIN, a venerable-looking man, with long gray beard.*

KING ARTHUR: (*Shaking his head.*) Sweet are thy words of commendation to me, Merlin. None so well as thou knowest how sore distracted was this kingdom when I assumed the throne. None so well as thou knowest with what steadfast purpose I have labored to rid this land of crime and violence, and to extend over it the gentle sway of peace. And whatever I have done hath been not for the magnifying of mine own glory, but prayerfully and patiently to the end that everywhere men might be knit together in kindness and good fellowship.

MERLIN: Thine acts need no defense, my lord King.

They shine of their own bright virtue. In after days men will speak of thy reign as the golden age of Britain.

KING ARTHUR: Nay, nay, Merlin, thou flatterest me. Hard have I labored, and much I do believe I have accomplished. Much is there still to do.

There is a bustle at the door. A herald is ushered before the King. He drops on one knee.

HERALD: Greetings to thee, most noble King!

KING ARTHUR: What is thy errand? Speak!

HERALD: I am come from King Leodegrance of Camelard, who is in sore trouble. King Ryence of North Wales hath made certain demands upon him, and threateneth to bring war into Camelard if these demands be not at once fulfilled. Now King Leodegrance hath no such array of knights and men-at-arms as he had before thou broughtest peace unto this realm and gathered about thee all the knights of greatest valor. Therefore sends he to thee asking succor.

KING ARTHUR: Ha! Thou bringest ill news. King Leodegrance shall have aid and that right speedily. But tell me, Sir Herald, what are the demands that King Ryence maketh of thy master?

HERALD: First, he demandeth a great part of those lands of Camelard that border upon North Wales, and secondly that the Lady Guinevere, the King's fair daughter, shall be given in marriage to Duke Mordaunt of North UMBER, who is of kin to King Ryence.

KING ARTHUR: (*Rising to his feet and striking his hands together.*) What! the lovely Lady Guinevere given in mar-

riage to the caitiff Duke of Mordaunt! That were indeed an outrage. Return to thy master, Sir Herald, and assure him of our instant succor.

Herald bows and is ushered out. KING ARTHUR strides down from his throne and paces to and fro in anger.

KING ARTHUR: (*Pausing.*) Ulfus! Kay! (SIR ULFIUS and SIR KAY approach the King deferentially.) Prepare an army of chosen knights and men-at-arms together with all things needful for them, and lead them straightway to our border nearest to Cameliard and North Wales. This outrage shall not be. We'll teach King Ryence a lesson he will not soon forget. (ULFIUS and KAY bow and retire.) Ah, Merlin, thou must help me now.

MERLIN: (*Coming forward.*) That will I gladly do, my lord King.

KING ARTHUR: Canst thou not, Merlin, by thy magic art so disguise me that I may win my way into the palace of King Leodegrance and there dwell for a time unknown. I can then see for myself with what perils King Leodegrance is encompassed. There also I can see the Lady Guinevere each day, the fairest lady in all the world.

MERLIN: Disguise thee! Ay, certes, that I can. Let me bethink me. Ah, I have it! I will give thee a cap, but such a cap that when thou putttest it on thou wilt seem for all the world but a simple rustic lad, a gardener's boy. Wearing that cap thou canst safely come and go in the garden of King Leodegrance, thy real self unknown to all, even the most prying eyes.



KING ARTHUR: Merlin, I thank thee; we'll set about this adventure straightway.

SCENE II

LADY GUINEVERE'S BOWER IN KING LEODEGRANCE'S
CASTLE IN CAMELIARD

LADY GUINEVERE: This is a strange tale that thou tellest me.

MILLICENT-OF-THE-WHITE-HAND: It is even true, my lady. I saw the knight with my own eyes as I looked from the casement this very morning. He knelt by the fountain beyond the rose-hedge, and bathed his face and his bosom in the clear water. His hair and beard did shine like fine-spun gold.

LADY GUINEVERE: Surely, thou wert dreaming.

MILLICENT: Nay, my lady, I was as wide awake as thou art.

LADY GUINEVERE: But thou sayest that when thou did'st run down into the garden thou found'st nobody at the fountain but the gardener's boy?

MILLICENT: Even so, my lady, and when I asked him where the knight had gone, he said that none had been at the fountain beside himself.

LADY GUINEVERE: 'Tis passing strange.

MILLICENT: I feared the gardener's boy did mock me, and so I told him roundly that if I found he was deceiving me he should be whipped with cords.

LADY GUINEVERE: What said he then?

MILLICENT: Naught but what he said before, that no one had been at the fountain save himself.

LADY GUINEVERE: I would speak with this fellow. Go some one bid the gardener's boy that he bring me a basket of roses wherewith to deck my chamber.

One of the maidens goes out.

MILLICENT: 'Tis strange the knight could vanish away so utterly. I ran as quickly and as lightly as I could.

LADY GUINEVERE: There is more in this than doth appear.

MILLICENT: There is no doubt of that, my lady.

LADY GUINEVERE: It ill becomes a belted knight to hide himself away in the gardens of a lady.

MILLICENT: It does indeed.

The maiden returns with the gardener's boy, who carries a basket of roses. The boy wears his cap.

MILLICENT: Now, now, boor! Dost thou know so little of what is due to a King's daughter that thou dost wear thy

cap even in the presence of the Lady Guinevere? Take off thy cap straightway.

GARDENER'S BOY: Lady, I cannot take off my cap.

LADY GUINEVERE: Why not, surly fellow?

GARDENER'S BOY: Lady, I have an ugly place upon my head.

LADY GUINEVERE: Then wear thy cap and welcome; only fetch those roses to me.

GARDENER'S BOY *comes near with the roses.* LADY GUINEVERE *snatches off his cap. He drops the basket, and the roses are scattered over the floor.*

LADY GUINEVERE: (*Stares at GARDENER'S BOY in amazement, then laughs and flings back his cap.*) Take thy cap, and go thy ways, thou gardener's boy who hath an ugly place upon his head.

GARDENER'S BOY *puts on his cap, bows, and goes out.*

MILLICENT: 'Twas even the knight I saw from the casement.

LADY GUINEVERE: Say naught of this to any one.

SCENE III

ON THE WALL OF THE KING'S CASTLE IN CAMELIARD OVER-LOOKING THE PLAIN WHERE ARE ENCAMPED THE COURT OF KING RYENCE.

LADY GUINEVERE: Alas, poor Cameliard! Alas, my poor father! How shall he be saved from this wicked King Ryence? Behold what a multitude of pavilions he hath

pitched in the meadows over against the castle. And he doth swear that unless my father give to him the lands that he demandeth, he will take them by force.

MILLICENT-OF-THE-WHITE-HAND: But surely there are knights enough in Cameliard to defend us against these robbers?

LADY GUINEVERE: Alas, I fear not! In the old days my father kept a brave court, but of late years the knights of greatest skill and valor have betaken themselves to King Arthur's court, where there is better chance of noble adventure.

MILLICENT: Ah, behold! A single knight hath ridden forth into the meadow. The lords and knights of King Ryence's court cheer him as he rideth up and down.

LADY GUINEVERE: It is the Duke of North UMBER. He hath demanded of my father my hand in marriage. He rideth up and down and calleth on a champion to come forth and fight against him in my behalf. Ugh! I would as soon be married to a toad as to such an ugly man as he!

A loud sound of cheering is heard coming up from the city streets. The Queen's maidens run to the other side of the turret to see what the trouble is.

HILDEGARDE-OF-THE-RAVEN-LOCKS: Oh, look, look who comes!

ILGRAINE-THE-FAIRHAIRED: A strange knight all in spotless white armor.

MILLICENT: How nobly he doth bear himself!

HILDEGARDE: His arms are all bedight with silver!

ILGRAINE: His horse is white as milk.

LADY GUINEVERE: He is indeed a splendid knight. Would he might prove to be a champion come to save us from our present shame.

HILDEGARDE: Ah, he hath drawn rein beneath the wall. Listen, he is about to speak.

THE WHITE KNIGHT: (*Looking up and speaking to LADY GUINEVERE.*) Lady, I have great will to do thee such honor as I can. I go forth now to do battle with that Duke of Umber who rideth up and down before this castle. I do hope and believe that I may encompass his downfall. If thou wilt accept me as thy champion I beseech thee that thou wilt give me some token to wear in the combat.

LADY GUINEVERE: Sir Knight, I would I knew who thou art. Yet, I am altogether willing to take thee for my champion as thou offerest. And for a token take these pearls from round my neck. (*Throws down necklace to him.*)

THE WHITE KNIGHT: I thank thee, Lady, these will I wear with great joy, and in the combat with yonder boasting knight, I do hope to do thee honor. (*Rides on.*)

HILDEGARDE: May fortune shine upon the White Knight!

ILGRAINE: Amen! God give him strength and courage.

MILLICENT: He hath crossed the drawbridge. Ah, now the Duke of Umber sees him.

HILDEGARDE: Look, look! They accost each other boldly. Ah, now they take their places.

ILGRAINE: See how still they sit their horses, like two



iron statues, their lances dressed and ready for the charge! —Ah, now they rush at one another like angry bulls!

MILLCENT: Ah, he's down, he's down! (*Claps her hands.*)

LADY GUINEVERE: Who's down?

HILDEGARDE: The Duke of Umber! The White Knight's spear did fling him straight out of his saddle over his horse's crupper.

ILGRAINE: He lyeth still upon the ground as though dead.

LADY GUINEVERE: (*Clasping her hands.*) Thank God, our champion hath won the victory!

SCENE IV

LADY GUINEVERE'S BOWER IN THE CASTLE OF CAMELIARD

LADY GUINEVERE *is seated at her embroidery-frame surrounded by her maidens. There is a noise at the door and the GARDENER comes running in.*

LADY GUINEVERE: Why, what's the matter, sirrah?

GARDENER: Oh, Lady, Lady, I prithee help me. That naughty boy of mine goeth away a day or two, I know not whither, and when I would whip him for leaving his work, he taketh away the rod and beateth me. I prithee let him be punished and driven away from here.

LADY GUINEVERE: (*Laughing.*) Nay, nay! Let be! Meddle with him no more. He doth indeed appear to be a saucy fellow. So take no further heed of his comings and

goings. Haply I may deal with him in such a way as shall be fitting.

GARDENER: (*Looking surprised.*) What! Shall the saucy fellow do as he pleaseth? (*Shakes his head.*) I'll meddle with him no more. (*Goes out shaking his head and muttering.*)

MILLICENT: (*Smiling.*) That naughty gardener's boy! He hath been playing truant, hath he?

LADY GUINEVERE: So it would appear. But, Millicent, is it not strange that when the White Champion cometh the gardener's boy doth go, and when the White Knight goeth the gardener's boy doth come again?

MILLICENT: (*Still smiling.*) Ay, Lady, 'tis very strange, and yet methinks the riddle is not hard to read.

Enter KING LEODEGRANCE.

KING LEODEGRANCE: Ah, my child, I'm glad I found thee here.

LADY GUINEVERE: What wouldst thou of me, father?

KING: Our troubles are not yet ended. This morning hath come a herald from King Ryence demanding that I at once deliver into his hands the White Knight who overthrew the Duke of Umber, and that I promise to deliver unto him the lands and castles that he hath asked of me. I know not what to do. No knights have I who can oppose his power. King Arthur to whom I sent did promise aid, but none hath yet appeared.

LADY GUINEVERE: But if he promised aid surely he will keep his word.

KING: But the need is urgent. King Ryence hath given us but till to-morrow's sunset to yield to his demands. Now 'tis said that the White Champion who went forth and overthrew the Duke of Umber was thine own particular champion and that he wore thy necklace as a favor. I prithee tell me who he is, and where he may be found. He helped us formerly, mayhap he will help us now.

LADY GUINEVERE: Ah, my father! Truly I do not know his name. But if thou wishest to know more of him I prithee call the gardener's boy. He can tell thee, I am sure.

KING: Surely this is strange. What hath the gardener's boy to do with the White Champion?

LADY GUINEVERE: More than thou canst guess.

KING: So be it then. Let him come hither.

LADY GUINEVERE: Millicent, go thou into the garden and bid the gardener's boy that he come hither.

MILLICENT: Gladly, my lady. (*Goes out.*)

KING: Ah, Guinevere, these are troubled times, and I wax old. 'Tis meet that thou have a husband to cherish and protect thee from thine enemies. And who so able to encompass this as this same White Champion? 'Tis clear that he doth incline to thee. Canst not thou turn thy liking unto him?

LADY GUINEVERE: Ah, my lord and father, if I give my liking to any man, it shall be only to the poor gardener's boy.

KING: Now, now, lady! Wouldst thou make a mock of me?

LADY GUINEVERE: Nay, nay, I mock not, but speak thou to the gardener's boy and thou wilt better understand.

MILLICENT *comes in with the gardener's boy.*

KING: How, fellow! Wouldst wear thy cap in my presence?

GARDENER'S BOY: I cannot take off my cap.

LADY GUINEVERE: I do beseech thee, sir, to take off thy cap to my father.

The gardener's boy takes off his cap and the King recognizes him.

KING LEODEGRANCE: My lord and King! Why what is this! (*Kneels to KING ARTHUR. ARTHUR raises him to his feet.*)

KING ARTHUR: It is even I. Gardener's boy I was, and White Champion too. One more thing I would be, and then I should be happy indeed.

KING LEODEGRANCE: Be sure that if it be anything within my gift it shall be thine.

KING ARTHUR: It is within thy gift and that of thy lovely daughter.

KING LEODEGRANCE: Ask, then, and it is granted unto thee.

KING ARTHUR *goes to LADY GUINEVERE and takes her hand.*

KING ARTHUR: Thy knight I was and wore thy necklace into combat for thee. Thy honor I defended and thy father's right. Now, ask I humbly to be thy knight forever, to serve thee all my life as husband and as king. What says thy heart?

LADY GUINEVERE: It is too full of joy to say aught now.

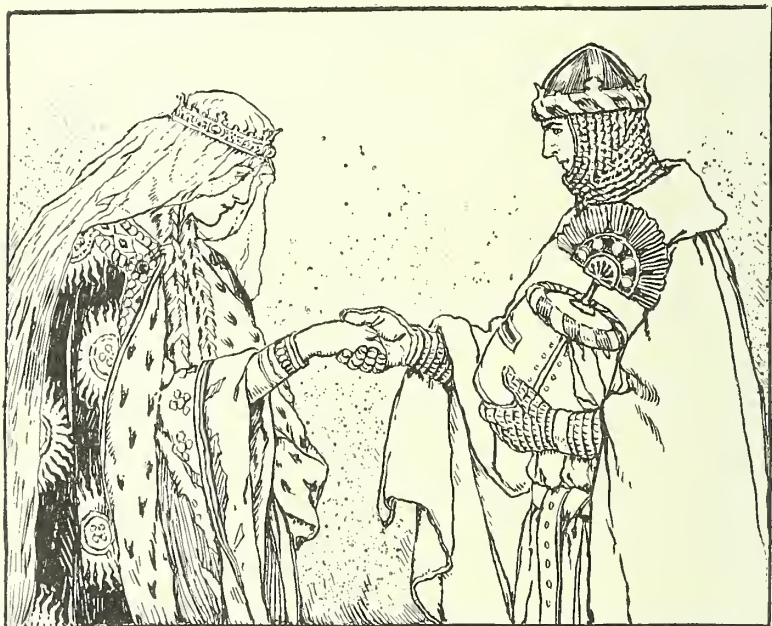
KING ARTHUR: Then thou art well content?

LADY GUINEVERE: Yea, my lord, well content am I.

KING ARTHUR *kisses her.*

KING ARTHUR: And now, my lord, King Leodegrance, vex thy heart no further touching this caitiff King Ryence and his threats. My trusty Knights, Sir Kay and Sir Ulfus, have gathered an army upon thy border who will give King Ryence his just deserts. That done, peace shall reign once more throughout thy realm.

R. H. BOWLES.



THE COMBAT OF THE CHALLENGERS

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendor.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality toward those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honor. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of ladies—Death of champions—Honor to the generous—Glory to the brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within

them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colors, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little——

“The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.”

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green

mounds and shattered ruins: the place that once knew them, knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank?

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sound of a wild barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies—were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies

were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and, headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, descended from the platform and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers, that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin,¹ and Front-de-Bœuf² rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil,³ instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed, because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former evinced awkwardness and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honor of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side.

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangor of the trumpets,

¹ mǎl' vwô zǎn'

² frôn dẻ búf'

³ grô' mǎ nil'

announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the spectators, amongst whom he retreated to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success. Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection did not alter the fortune of the field: the challengers were still successful. One of their antagonists was overthrown; and both the others failed in the *attaint*, that is, in striking the helmet and shield of their antagonist firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause; nor did it appear that any one was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-de-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honor of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors, he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

“The day is against England, my lord,” said Cedric, in a marked tone; “are you not tempted to take the lance?”

“I shall tilt to-morrow,” answered Athelstane, “in the *mêlée*: it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.”

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It con-

tained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honor of the country; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect that he would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, "It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred than the best man of two."

Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment; but Cedric, who better understood the Jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

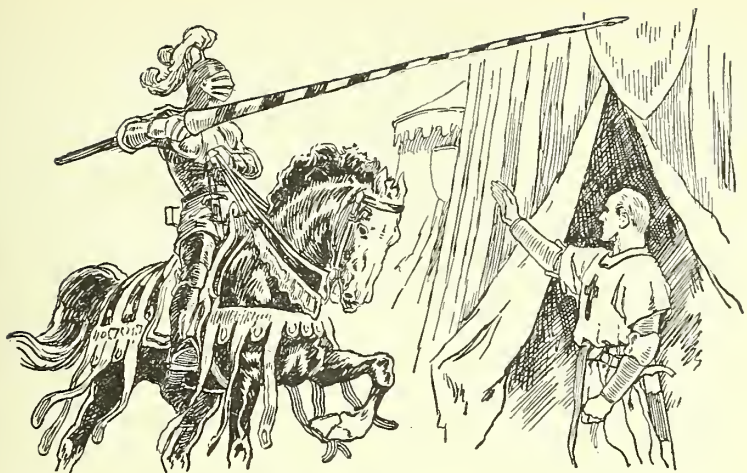
The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—"Love of ladies, splintering of lances! stand forth, gallant knights, fair eyes look upon your deeds!"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which seemed to pass away in inactivity; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert,

who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the



sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

“Have you confessed yourself, brother,” said the Templar, “and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?”

“I am fitter to meet death than thou art,” answered the Disinherited Knight; for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

“Then take your place in the lists,” said Bois-Guilbert, “and look your last upon the sun: for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise.”

•

“Gramercy for thy courtesy,” replied the Disinherited Knight, “and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honor you will need both.”

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the precautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice: for his honor was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means which might insure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert’s new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backward upon its haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter—the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights resumed their station than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince

John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them



that the laws of the tournament did not on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

“We shall meet again, I trust,” said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; “and where there are none to separate us.”

“If we do not,” said the Disinherited Knight, “the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee.”

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed it, “To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants.” He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armor, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull’s head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both

knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

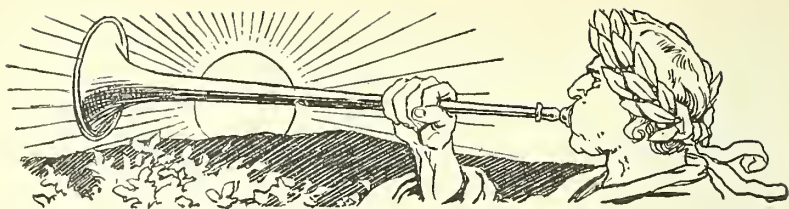
In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Philip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that Baron so forcibly on the casque that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the Prince and marshals, announcing that day's honors to the Disinherited Knight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

PRINCE HASSAK'S MARCH

I

In the spring of a certain year, long since passed away, Prince Hassak of Itoby determined to visit his uncle, the King of Yan.

“Whenever my uncle visited us,” said the Prince, “or when my late father went to see him, the journey was always made by sea; and in order to do this it was necessary to go in a very roundabout way between Itoby and Yan. Now, I shall do nothing of this kind. It is beneath the dignity of a prince to go out of his way on account of capes, peninsulas, and promontories. I shall march from my palace to that of my uncle in a straight line. I shall go across the country, and no obstacle shall cause me to deviate from my course. Mountains and hills shall be tunnelled, rivers shall be bridged, houses shall be levelled, a road shall be cut through forests, and when I have finished my march, the course over which I have passed shall be a mathematically straight line. Thus will I show to the world that when a prince desires to travel it is not necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles.”

As soon as possible after the Prince had determined upon this march, he made his preparations, and set out. He took with him a few courtiers, and a large body of miners, rock-splitters, bridge-builders, and workmen of that class,

whose services would, very probably, be needed. Besides these, he had an officer whose duty it was to point out the direct course to be taken, and another who was to draw a map of the march, showing the towns, mountains, and the various places it passed through. There were no compasses in those days, but the course-marker had an instrument which he would set in a proper direction by means of the stars, and then he could march by it all day. Besides these persons, Prince Hassak selected from the schools of his city five boys and five girls, and took them with him. He wished to show them how, when a thing was to be done, the best way was to go straight ahead and do it, turning aside for nothing.

“When they grow up they will teach these things to their children,” said he, “and thus I shall instil good principles into my people.”

The first day Prince Hassak and his party marched over a level country, with no further trouble than that occasioned by the tearing down of fences and walls, and the destruction of a few cottages and barns. After encamping for the night, they set out the next morning, but had not marched many miles before they came to a rocky hill, on the top of which was a handsome house, inhabited by a Jolly-cum-pop.

“Your Highness,” said the course-marker, “in order to go in a direct line we must make a tunnel through this hill, immediately under the house. This may cause the building to fall in, but the rubbish can be easily removed.”

“Let the men go to work,” said the Prince. “I will dismount from my horse and watch the proceedings.”

When the Jolly-cum-pop saw the party halt before his house, he hurried out to pay his respects to the Prince. When he was informed of what was to be done, the Jolly-cum-pop could not refrain from laughing aloud.

“I never heard,” he said, “of such a capital idea. It is so odd and original. It will be very funny, I am sure, to see a tunnel cut right under my house.”

The miners and rock-splitters now began to work at the base of the hill, and then the Jolly-cum-pop made a proposition to the Prince.

“It will take your men some time,” he said, “to cut this tunnel, and it is a pity your Highness should not be amused in the meanwhile. It is a fine day; suppose we go into the forest and hunt.”

This suited the Prince very well, for he did not care about sitting under a tree and watching his workmen, and the Jolly-cum-pop having sent for his horse and some bows and arrows, the whole party, with the exception of the laborers, rode toward the forest, a short distance away.

“What shall we find to hunt?” asked the Prince of the Jolly-cum-pop.

“I really do not know,” exclaimed the latter, “but we’ll hunt whatever we happen to see—deer, small birds, rabbits, griffins, rhinoceroses, anything that comes along. I feel as gay as a skipping grasshopper. My spirits rise like

a soaring bird. What a joyful thing it is to have such a hunt on such a glorious day!"

The gay and happy spirits of the Jolly-cum-pop affected the whole party, and they rode merrily through the forest. But they found no game, and, after an hour or two, they emerged into the open country again. At a distance, on a slight elevation, stood a large and massive building.

"I am hungry and thirsty," said the Prince, "and perhaps we can get some refreshments at yonder house. So far, this has not been a very fine hunt."

"No," cried the Jolly-cum-pop, "not yet. But what a joyful thing to see a hospitable mansion just at the moment when we begin to feel a little tired and hungry!"

The building they were approaching belonged to a potentate who lived at a great distance. In some of his travels he had seen this massive house, and thought it would make a good prison. He accordingly bought it, fitted it up as a jail, and appointed a jailer and three myrmidons to take charge of it. This had occurred years before, but no prisoners had ever been sent to this jail. A few days preceding the Jolly-cum-pop's hunt, the Potentate had journeyed this way and had stopped at his jail. After inquiring into its condition, he had said to the jailer:

"It is now fourteen years since I appointed you to this place, and in all that time there have been no prisoners, and you and your men have been drawing your wages without doing anything. I shall return this way in a few

days, and if I still find you idle I shall discharge you all and close the jail."

This filled the jailer with great dismay, for he did not wish to lose his good situation. When he saw the Prince and his party approaching, the thought struck him that perhaps he might make prisoners of them, and so not be found idle when the Potentate returned. He came to meet the hunters, and when they asked if they could here find refreshment, he gave them a most cordial welcome. His men took their horses, and, inviting them to enter, he showed each member of the party into a small bedroom, of which there seemed to be a great many.

"Here are water and towels," he said to each one, "and when you have washed your face and hands, your refreshments will be ready." Then, going out, he locked the door on the outside.

The party numbered seventeen: the Prince, three courtiers, five boys, five girls, the course-marker, the map-maker, and the Jolly-cum-pop. The heart of the jailer was joyful. Seventeen inmates were something to be proud of. He ordered his myrmidons to give the prisoners a meal of bread and water, through the holes in their cell-doors, and then he sat down to make out his report to the Potentate.

"They must all be guilty of crimes," he said to himself, "which are punished by long imprisonment. I don't want any of them executed."

So he numbered his prisoners from one to seventeen, according to the cell each happened to be in, and he wrote

a crime opposite each number. The first was highway robbery, the next forgery, and after that followed treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning his grandmother by proxy.

This report was scarcely finished when the Potentate returned. He was very much surprised to find that seventeen prisoners had come in since his previous visit, and he read the report with interest.

“Here is one who ought to be executed,” he said, referring to Number Seventeen. “And how did he poison his grandmother by proxy? Did he get another woman to be poisoned in her stead? Or did he employ some one to act in his place as the poisoner?”

“I have not yet been fully informed, my lord,” said the jailer, fearful that he should lose a prisoner. “But this is his first offense, and his grandmother, who did not die, has testified to his general good character.”

“Very well,” said the Potentate. “But if he ever does it again, let him be executed. And, by the way, I should like to see the prisoners.”

Thereupon the jailer conducted the Potentate along the corridors, and let him look through the holes in the doors at the prisoners within.

“What is this little girl in for?” he asked.

The jailer looked at the number over the door, and then at his report.

"Piracy," he answered.

"A strange offense for such a child," said the Potentate.

"They often begin that sort of thing very early in life," said the jailer.

"And this fine gentleman," said the Potentate, looking in at the Prince, "what did he do?"

The jailer glanced at the number, and then at the report.

"Robbed hen-roosts," he said.

"He must have done a good deal of it to afford to dress so well," said the Potentate, passing on, and looking into other cells. "It seems to me that many of your prisoners are very young."

"It is best to take them young, my lord," said the jailer. "They are very hard to catch when they grow up."

The Potentate then looked in at the Jolly-cum-pop, and asked what was his offense.

"Conspiracy," was the answer.

"And where are the other conspirators?"

"There was only one," said the jailer.

Number Seventeen was the oldest of the courtiers.

"He appears to be an elderly man to have a grandmother," said the Potentate. "She must be very aged, and that makes it all the worse for him. I think he should be executed."

"Oh, no, my lord," cried the jailer. "I am assured that his crime was quite unintentional."

"Then he should be set free," said the Potentate.

“I mean to say,” said the jailer, “that it was just enough intentional to cause him to be imprisoned here for a long time, but not enough to deserve execution.”

“Very well,” said the Potentate, turning to leave. “Take good care of your prisoners, and send me a report every month.”

“That will I do, my lord,” said the jailer, bowing very low.

The Prince and his party had been very much surprised and incensed when they found that they could not get out of their rooms, and they had kicked and banged and shouted until they were tired; but the jailer had informed them that they were to be confined there for years, and when the Potentate arrived they had resigned themselves to despair. The Jolly-cum-pop, however, was affected in a different way. It seemed to him the most amusing joke in the world that a person should deliberately walk into a prison-cell and be locked up for several years; and he lay down on his little bed and laughed himself to sleep.

II

That night one of the boys sat at his iron-barred window, wide-awake. He was a truant, and had never yet been in any place from which he could not run away. He felt that his schoolfellows depended upon him to run away and bring them assistance, and he knew that his reputation as a truant was at stake. His responsibility was so heavy that he could not sleep, and he sat at the window, trying to think of a way to get out. After some hours the

moon arose, and by its light he saw upon the grass, not far from his window, a number of little creatures which at first he took for birds or small squirrels; but on looking more attentively he perceived that they were pigwidgeons. They were standing around a flat stone, and seemed to be making calculations on it with a piece of chalk. At this sight the heart of the Truant jumped for joy. "Pigwidgeons can do anything," he said to himself, "and certainly these can get us out."

He tried in various ways to attract the attention of the pigwidgeons; but as he was afraid to call or whistle very loud, for fear of arousing the jailer, he did not succeed. Happily he thought of a pea-shooter which he had in his pocket, and taking this out, he blew a pea into the midst of the little group with such force that it knocked the chalk from the hand of the pigwidgeon who was using it. The little fellows looked up in astonishment, and perceived the Truant beckoning to them from his window. At first they stood angrily regarding him. But on his urging them in a loud whisper to come to his relief, they approached the prison, and, clambering up a vine, soon reached his window-sill. The Truant now told his mournful tale, to which the pigwidgeons listened very attentively, and then, after a little consultation among themselves, one of them said: "We will get you out if you will tell us how to divide five-sevenths by six."

The poor Truant was silent for an instant, and then he said: "That is not the kind of thing I am good at, but I expect some of the other fellows could tell you easily enough.

Our windows must be all in a row, and you can climb up and ask some of them, and if any one tells you, will you get us all out?"

"Yes," said the pigwidgeon who had spoken before. "We will do that, for we are very anxious to know how to divide five-sevenths by six. We have been working at it for four or five days, and there won't be anything worth dividing if we wait much longer."

The pigwidgeons now began to descend the vine. But one of them lingering a little, the Truant, who had a great deal of curiosity, asked him what it was they had to divide.

"There were eight of us," the pigwidgeon answered, "who helped a farmer's wife, and she gave us a pound of butter. She did not count us properly, and divided the butter into seven parts. We did not notice this at first, and two of the party, who were obliged to go away to a distance, took their portions and departed, and now we cannot divide among six the five-sevenths that remain."

"That is a pretty hard thing," said the Truant, "but I am sure some of the boys can tell you how to do it."

The pigwidgeons visited the next four cells, which were occupied by four boys, but not one of them could tell how to divide five-sevenths by six. The Prince was questioned, but he did not know, and neither did the course-marker, nor the map-maker. It was not until they came to the cell of the oldest girl that they received an answer. She was good at mental arithmetic, and, after a minute's thought, she told them that it would be five forty-seconds.

“Good!” cried the pigwidgeons. “We will divide the butter into forty-two parts, and each take five. And now let us go to work and cut these bars.”

Three of the six pigwidgeons were workers in iron, and they had their little files and saws in pouches by their sides. They went to work manfully, and the others helped them, and before morning one bar was cut in each of the seventeen windows. The cells were all on the ground floor, and it was quite easy for the prisoners to clamber out—that is, it was easy for all but the Jolly-cum-pop. He had laughed so much in his life that he had grown quite fat, and he found it impossible to squeeze himself through the opening made by the removal of one iron bar. The sixteen other prisoners had all departed. The pigwidgeons had hurried away to divide their butter into forty-two parts, and the Jolly-cum-pop still remained in his cell, convulsed with laughter at the idea of being caught in such a curious predicament.

“It is the most ridiculous thing in the world,” he said. “I suppose I must stay here and cry until I get thin.” And the idea so tickled him that he laughed himself to sleep.

The Prince and his party kept together, and hurried from the prison as fast as they could. When the day broke they had gone several miles, and then they stopped to rest. “Where is that Jolly-cum-pop?” said the Prince. “I suppose he has gone home. He is a pretty fellow to lead us into this trouble and then desert us! How are we to find

the way back to his house? Course-marker, can you tell us the direction in which we should go?"

"Not until to-night, your Highness," answered the course-marker, "when I can set my instrument by the stars."

The Prince's party was now in a doleful plight. Every one was very hungry. They were in an open plain, no house was visible, and they knew not which way to go. They wandered about for some time, looking for a brook or a spring where they might quench their thirst, and then a rabbit sprang out from some bushes. The whole party immediately started off in pursuit of the rabbit. They chased it here, there, backward and forward, through hollows and over hills, until it ran quite away and disappeared. Then they were more tired, thirsty, and hungry than before, and to add to their miseries, when night came on, the sky was cloudy, and the course-marker could not set his instrument by the stars. It would be difficult to find sixteen people more miserable than the Prince and his companions when they awoke the next morning from their troubled sleep on the hard ground. Nearly starved, they gazed at one another with feelings of despair.

"I feel," said the Prince, in a weak voice, "that there is nothing I would not do to obtain food. I would willingly become a slave if my master would give me a good breakfast."

"So would I," ejaculated each of the others.

About an hour after this, as they were all sitting disconsolately upon the ground, they saw, slowly approaching,



a large cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the front of the cart, which seemed to be heavily loaded, sat a man with a red beard, reading a book.

The boys, when they saw the cart, set up a feeble shout, and the man, lifting his eyes from his book, drove directly toward the group on the ground. Dismounting, he approached Prince Hassak, who immediately told him his troubles and implored relief. "We will do anything," said the Prince, "to obtain food."

Standing for a minute in a reflective mood, the man with the red beard addressed the Prince in a slow, meditative manner. "How would you like," he said, "to form a nucleus?"

"Can we get anything to eat by it?" eagerly asked the Prince.

"Yes," replied the man, "you can."

"We'll do it!" immediately cried the whole sixteen without waiting for further information.

"Which will you do first," said the man, "listen to my explanations, or eat?"

"Eat!" cried the entire sixteen in chorus.

The man now produced from his cart a quantity of bread, meat, wine, and other provisions, which he distributed generously, but judiciously, to the hungry Prince and his followers. Every one had enough, but no one too much. Soon, revived and strengthened, they felt like new beings.

"Now," said the Prince, "we are ready to form a nucleus, as we promised. How is it done?"

“I will explain the matter to you in a few words,” said the man with the red beard. “For a long time I have been desirous to found a city. In order to do this, one must begin by forming a nucleus. Every great city is started from a nucleus. A few persons settle down in some particular spot, and live there. Then they are a nucleus. Then other people come there, and gather around this nucleus, and then more people come, and more, until in course of time there is a great city. I have loaded this cart with provisions, tools, and other things that are necessary for my purpose, and have set out to find some people who would be willing to form a nucleus. I am very glad to have found you, and that you are willing to enter into my plan. And this seems a good spot for us to settle upon.”

“What is the first thing to be done?” said the Prince.

“We must all go to work,” said the man with the red beard, “to build dwellings, and also a schoolhouse for these young people. Then we must till some ground in the suburbs, and lay the foundations, at least, of a few public buildings.”

“All this will take a good while, will it not?” said the Prince.

“Yes,” said the man, “it will take a good while, and the sooner we set about it, the better.”

Thereupon tools were distributed among the party, and Prince, courtiers, boys, girls, and all, went to work to build houses, and form the nucleus of a city.



III

When the jailer looked into his cells in the morning, and found that all but one of his prisoners had escaped, he was utterly astounded, and his face, when the Jolly-cum-pop saw him, made that individual roar with laughter. The jailer, however, was a man accustomed to deal with emergencies. "You need not laugh," he said; "everything shall go on as before, and I shall take no notice of the absence of your companions. You are now numbered One to Seventeen inclusive, and you stand charged with highway robbery, forgery, treason, smuggling, barn-burning, bribery, poaching, usury, piracy, witchcraft, assault and

battery, using false weights and measures, burglary, counterfeiting, robbing hen-roosts, conspiracy, and poisoning your grandmother by proxy. I intended to-day to dress the convicts in prison garb, and you shall immediately be so clothed."

"I shall require seventeen suits," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Yes," said the jailer, "they shall be furnished."

"And seventeen rations a day," said the Jolly-cum-pop.

"Certainly," replied the jailer.

"This is luxury," roared the Jolly-cum-pop. "I shall spend my whole time in eating and putting on clean clothes."

Seventeen large prison suits were now brought to the Jolly-cum-pop. He put one on, and hung up the rest in his cell. These suits were half bright yellow and half bright green, with spots of bright red as big as saucers.

The jailer now had doors cut from one cell to another. "If the Potentate comes here and wants to look at the prisoners," he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, "you must appear in cell Number One, so that he can look through the hole in the door and see you. Then, as he walks along the corridor, you must walk through the cells, and whenever he looks into a cell you must be there."

"He will think," merrily replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "that all your prisoners are very fat, and that the little girls have grown up into big men."

"I shall endeavor to explain that," said the jailer.

For several days the Jolly-cum-pop was highly amused

at the idea of his being seventeen criminals, and he would sit first in one cell and then in another, trying to look like a ferocious pirate, a hard-hearted usurer, or a mean-spirited chicken-thief, and laughing heartily at his failures. But after a time he began to tire of this, and to have a strong desire to see what sort of a tunnel the Prince's miners and rock-splitters were making under his house. "I had hoped," he said to himself, "that I should pine away in confinement, and so be able to get through the window-bars. But with nothing to do, and seventeen rations a day, I see no chance of that. But I must get out of this jail, and as there seems no other way I will revolt." Thereupon he shouted to the jailer through the hole in the door of his cell: "We have revolted! We have risen in a body, and have determined to resist your authority and break jail!"

When the jailer heard this he was greatly troubled. "Do not proceed to violence," he said. "Let us parley."

"Very well," replied the Jolly-cum-pop, "but you must open the cell door. We cannot parley through a hole."

The jailer thereupon opened the cell door, and the Jolly-cum-pop, having wrapped sixteen suits of clothes around his left arm as a shield, and holding in his right hand the iron bar which had been cut from his window, stepped boldly into the corridor and confronted the jailer and his myrmidons.

"It will be useless for you to resist," he said. "You are but four, and we are seventeen. If you had been wise

you would have made us all cheating shop-keepers, chicken-thieves, or usurers. Then you might have been able to control us. But when you see before you a desperate highwayman, a daring smuggler, a bloodthirsty pirate, a wily poacher, a powerful ruffian, a reckless burglar, a bold conspirator, and a murderer by proxy, you well may tremble!"

The jailer and his myrmidons looked at each other in dismay.

"We sigh for no blood," continued the Jolly-cum-pop, "and will readily agree to terms. We will give you your choice: Will you allow us honorably to surrender, and peacefully disperse to our homes, or shall we rush upon you in a body, and, after overpowering you by numbers, set fire to the jail, and escape through the crackling timbers of the burning pile?"

The jailer reflected for a minute. "It would be better, perhaps," he said, "that you should surrender and disperse to your homes."

The Jolly-cum-pop agreed to these terms, and the great gate being opened, he marched out in good order. "Now," said he to himself, "the thing for me to do is to get home as fast as I can, or that jailer may change his mind." But, being in a great hurry, he turned the wrong way, and walked rapidly into a country unknown to him. His walk was a very merry one. "By this time," he said to himself, "the Prince and his followers have returned to my house, and are tired of watching the rock-splitters and miners. How amused they will be when they see me come back in

this gay suit of green and yellow with red spots, and with sixteen similar suits upon my arm! How my own dogs will bark at me! How my own servants will not know me! It is the funniest thing I ever knew of!" And his gay laugh echoed far and wide. But when he had gone several miles without seeing any signs of his habitation, his gayety abated. "It would have been much better," he said, as he sat down to rest under the shade of a tree, "if I had brought with me sixteen rations instead of these sixteen suits of clothes."

The Jolly-cum-pop soon set out again, but he walked a long distance without seeing any person or any house. Toward the close of the afternoon he stopped, and looking back, he saw coming toward him a large party of foot travellers. In a few moments he perceived that the person in advance was the jailer. At this the Jolly-cum-pop could not restrain his merriment. "How comically it has all turned out!" he exclaimed. "Here I've taken all this trouble, and tired myself out, and nearly starved myself, and the jailer comes now, with a crowd of people, to take me back. I might as well have stayed where I was. Ha! ha!"

The jailer now left his party and came running toward the Jolly-cum-pop. "I pray you, sir," he said, bowing very low, "do not cast us off."

"Who are you all?" asked the Jolly-cum-pop, looking with much surprise at the jailer's companions, who were now quite near.

“We are myself, my three myrmidons, and our wives and children. Our situations were such good ones that we married long ago, and our families lived in the upper stories of the prison. But when all the convicts had left we were afraid to remain, for, should the Potentate again visit the prison, he would be disappointed and enraged at finding no prisoners and probably would punish us grievously. So we determined to follow you, and to ask you to let us go with you, wherever you are going. I wrote a report, which I fastened to the great gate, and in it I stated that sixteen of the convicts escaped by the aid of outside confederates, and that seventeen of them mutinied in a body and broke jail.”

“That report,” laughed the Jolly-cum-pop, “your Potentate will not readily understand.”

“If I were there,” said the jailer, “I could explain it to him. But, as it is, he must work it out for himself.”

“Have you anything to eat with you?” asked the Jolly-cum-pop.

“Oh, yes,” said the jailer, “we brought provisions.”

“Well, then, I gladly take you under my protection. Let us have supper. I have had nothing to eat since morning, and the weight of sixteen extra suits of clothes does not help to refresh one.”

The Jolly-cum-pop and his companions slept that night under some trees, and started off early the next morning. “If I could only get myself turned in the proper direction,” said he, “I believe we should soon reach my house.”

IV

The Prince, his courtiers, the boys and girls, the course-marker, and the map-maker worked industriously for several days at the foundation of their city. They dug the ground, they carried stones, they cut down trees. This work was very hard for all of them, for they were not used to it. After a few days' labor, the Prince said to the man with the red beard, who was reading his book: "I think we have now formed a nucleus. Any one can see that this is intended to be a city."

"No," said the man with the red beard, "nothing is truly a nucleus until something is gathered around it. Proceed with your work, while I continue my studies upon civil government."

Toward the close of that day the red-bearded man raised his eyes from his book and beheld the Jolly-cum-pop and his party approaching. "Hurrah!" he cried, "we are already attracting settlers!" And he went forth to meet them.

When the Prince and the courtiers saw the Jolly-cum-pop in his bright and variegated dress, they did not know him. But the boys and girls soon recognized his jovial face, and, tired as they were, they set up a hearty laugh, in which they were loudly joined by their merry friend. While the Jolly-cum-pop was listening to the adventures of the Prince and his companions, and telling what had happened to himself, the man with the red beard was talk-



ing to the jailer and his party, and urging them to gather around the nucleus which had been here formed and help to build a city.

“Nothing will suit us better,” exclaimed the jailer, “and the sooner we build a town wall so as to keep off the Potentate, if he should come this way, the better shall we be satisfied.”

The next morning the Prince said to the red-bearded man: “Others have gathered around us. We have formed a nucleus, and thus have done all that we promised to do. We shall now depart.”

The man objected strongly to this, but the Prince paid no attention to his words. “What troubles me most,” he said to the Jolly-cum-pop, “is the disgraceful condition of our clothes. They have been so torn and soiled during our unaccustomed work that they are not fit to be seen.”

“As for that,” said the Jolly-cum-pop, “I have sixteen suits with me, in which you can all dress, if you like. They are of unusual patterns, but they are new and clean.”

“It is better,” said the Prince, “for persons in my station to appear inordinately gay than to be seen in rags and dirt. We will accept your clothes.”

Thereupon the Prince and each of the others put on a prison dress of bright green and yellow with large red spots. There were some garments left over, for each boy wore only a pair of trousers with the waistband tied around his neck, and holes cut for his arms, while the large jackets, with sleeves tucked, made very good dresses for the girls.

The Prince and his party, accompanied by the Jolly-cum-pop, now left the red-bearded man and his new settlers to continue the building of the city, and set off on their journey. The course-marker had not been informed the night before that they were to go away that morning, and consequently had not set his instrument by the stars.

“As we do not know in which way we should go,” said the Prince, “one way will be as good as another, and if we can find a road let us take it. It will be easier walking.”

In an hour or two they found a road, and they took it. After journeying the greater part of the day, they reached the top of a low hill, over which the road ran, and saw before them a glittering sea and the spires and houses of a city.

“It is the city of Yan,” said the course-marker.

“That is true,” said the Prince, “and as we are so near, we may as well go there.”

The astonishment of the people of Yan, when this party, dressed in bright green and yellow with red spots, passed through their streets, was so great that the Jolly-cum-pop roared with laughter. This set the boys and girls and all the people laughing, and the sounds of merriment became so uproarious that when they reached the palace the King came out to see what was the matter. What he thought when he saw his nephew in his fantastic guise, accompanied by a party apparently composed of sixteen other lunatics, cannot now be known. But, after hearing the

Prince's story, he took him into an inner apartment, and thus addressed him: "My dear Hassak, the next time you pay me a visit, I beg, for your sake and my own, that you will come in the ordinary way. You have sufficiently shown to the world that, when a prince desires to travel, it is often necessary for him to go out of his way on account of obstacles."

"My dear uncle," replied Hassak, "your words shall not be forgotten."

After a pleasant visit of a few weeks, the Prince and his party (in new clothes) returned (by sea) to Itoby, whence the Jolly-cum-pop soon repaired to his home. There he found the miners and rock-splitters still at work at the tunnel, which had now penetrated half-way through the hill on which stood his house. "You may go home," he said, "for the Prince has changed his plans. I will put a door to this tunnel, and it will make an excellent cellar in which to keep my wine and provisions."

The day after the Prince's return his map-maker said to him: "Your Highness, according to your commands, I made, each day, a map of your progress to the city of Yan. Here it is."

The Prince glanced at it and then he cast his eyes upon the floor. "Leave me," he said. "I would be alone."

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE AMBUSH

Matcham had half a thought to stay behind; but, seeing that Dick continued to scour full-tilt toward the eminence and not so much as looked across his shoulder, he soon thought better of that, and began to run in turn. But the ground was very difficult and steep; Dick had already a long start, and had, at any rate, the lighter heels, and he had long since come to the summit, crawled forward through the firs, and ensconced himself in a thick tuft of gorse, before Matcham, panting like a deer, rejoined him, and lay down in silence by his side.

Below, in the bottom of a considerable valley, the short cut from Tunstall hamlet wound downward to the ferry. It was well beaten, and the eye followed it easily from point to point. Here it was bordered by open glades; there the forest closed upon it; every hundred yards it ran beside an ambush. Far down the path, the sun shone on seven steel sallets, and from time to time, as the trees opened, Selden and his men could be seen riding briskly, still bent upon Sir Daniel's mission. The wind had somewhat fallen, but still tussled merrily with the trees, and perhaps, had Appleyard been there, he would have drawn a warning from the troubled conduct of the birds.

"Now, mark," Dick whispered. "They be already well advanced into the wood; their safety lieth rather in continuing forward. But see ye where this wide glade

runneth down before us, and in the midst of it, these two-score trees make like an island? There were their safety. An they but come sound as far as that, I will make shift to warn them. But my heart misgiveth me; they are but seven against so many, and they but carry crossbows. The longbow, Jack, will have the uppermost ever.”

Meanwhile, Selden and his men still wound up the path, ignorant of their danger, and momentarily drew nearer hand. Once, indeed, they paused, drew into a group, and seemed to point and listen. But it was something from far away across the plain that had arrested their attention—a hollow growl of cannon that came, from time to time, upon the wind, and told of the great battle. It was worth a thought, to be sure: for if the voice of the big guns were thus become audible in Tunstall Forest, the fight must have rolled ever eastward, and the day, by consequence, gone sore against Sir Daniel and the lords of the dark rose.

But presently the little troop began again to move forward, and came next to a very open, heathy portion of the way, where but a single tongue of forest ran down to join the road. They were but just abreast of this, when an arrow shone flying. One of the men threw up his arms, his horse reared, and both fell and struggled together in a mass. Even from where the boys lay they could hear the rumor of the men’s voices crying out; they could see the startled horses prancing, and, presently, as the troop began to recover from their first surprise, one fellow beginning to dismount. A second arrow, from somewhat farther

off, glanced in a wide arch; a second rider bit the dust. The man who was dismounting lost hold upon the rein, and his horse fled galloping, and dragged him by the foot along the road, bumping from stone to stone and battered by the fleeing hoofs. The four who still kept the saddle instantly broke and scattered; one wheeled and rode, shrieking, toward the ferry; the other three, with loose rein and flying raiment, came galloping up the road from Tunstall. From every clump they passed an arrow sped. Soon a horse fell, but the rider found his feet and continued to pursue his comrades till a second shot despatched him. Another man fell; then another horse; out of the whole troop there was but one fellow left, and he on foot; only, in different directions, the noise of the galloping of three riderless horses was dying fast into the distance.

All this time not one of the assailants had for a moment shown himself. Here and there along the path, horse or man rolled, undespached, in his agony; but no merciful enemy broke cover to put them from their pain.

The solitary survivor stood bewildered in the road beside his fallen charger. He had come the length of that broad glade, with the island of timber pointed out by Dick. He was not, perhaps, five hundred yards from where the boys lay hidden; and they could see him plainly, looking to and fro in deadly expectation. But nothing came; and the man began to pluck up his courage, and suddenly unslung and bent his bow. At the same time, by something in his action, Dick recognized Selden.



At this offer of resistance, from all about him in the covert of the woods there went up the sound of laughter. A score of men, at least, for this was the very thickest of the ambush, joined in this cruel and untimely mirth. Then an arrow glanced over Selden's shoulder; and he leaped and ran a little back. Another dart struck quivering at his heel. He made for the cover. A third shaft leaped out right in his face, and fell short in front of him. And then the laughter was repeated loudly, rising and re-echoing from different thickets.

It was plain that his assailants were but baiting him, as men, in those days, baited the poor bull, or as the cat still trifles with the mouse. The skirmish was well over; farther down the road a fellow in green was already calmly gathering the arrows; and now, in the evil pleasure of their hearts, they gave themselves the spectacle of their poor fellow sinner in his torture.

Selden began to understand; he uttered a roar of anger, shouldered his crossbow, and sent a quarrel at a venture into the wood. Chance favored him, for a slight cry responded. Then, throwing down his weapon, Selden began to run before him up the glade, and almost in a straight line for Dick and Matcham.

The companions of the Black Arrow now began to shoot in earnest. But they were properly served; their chance had past; most of them had now to shoot against the sun; and Selden, as he ran, bounded from side to side to baffle and deceive their aim. Best of all, by turning up the glade he had defeated their preparations; there were no marksmen posted higher up than the one whom he had just killed or wounded; and the confusion of the foresters' counsels soon became apparent. A whistle sounded thrice, and then again twice. It was repeated from another quarter. The woods on either side became full of the sound of people bursting through the underwood; and a bewildered deer ran out into the open, stood for a second on three feet, with nose in air, and then plunged again into the thicket.

Selden still ran, bounding; ever and again an arrow followed him, but still would miss. It began to appear as if he might escape. Dick had his bow armed, ready to support him; even Matcham, forgetful of his interest, took sides at heart for the poor fugitive; and both lads glowed and trembled in the ardor of their hearts.

He was within fifty yards of them, when an arrow struck him and he fell. He was up again, indeed, upon

the instant; but now he ran staggering, and, like a blind man, turned aside from his direction.

Dick leaped to his feet and waved to him.

“Here!” he cried. “This way! here is help! Nay, run, fellow—run!”

But just then a second arrow struck Selden in the shoulder, between the plates of his brigandine, and, piercing through his jack, brought him, like a stone, to earth.

“O, the poor heart!” cried Matcham, with clasped hands.

And Dick stood petrified upon the hill, a mark for archery.

Ten to one he had speedily been shot—for the foresters were furious with themselves, and taken unawares by Dick’s appearance in the rear of their position—but instantly, out of a quarter of the wood surprisingly near to the two lads, a stentorian voice arose, the voice of Ellis Duckworth.

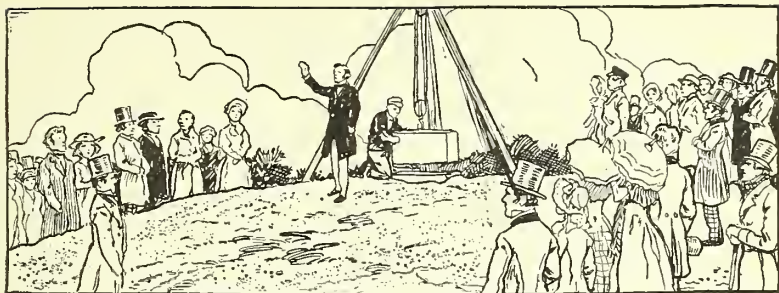
“Hold!” it roared. “Shoot not! Take him alive! It is young Shelton—Harry’s son.”

And immediately after a shrill whistle sounded several times, and was again taken up and repeated farther off. The whistle, it appeared, was John Amend-All’s battle trumpet, by which he published his directions.

“Ah, foul fortune!” cried Dick. “We are undone. Swiftly, Jack, come swiftly!”

And the pair turned and ran back through the open pine clump that covered the summit of the hill.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.



CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

I

When Roger Shelby, of Kentucky, died in London, his son, little Roger, was two and a half years old. It amused the young man mightily to hear his American baby lisp his words, English fashion, chattering to his British nurse about the "lift" and the "luggage." The shock of the alien accent never failed to provoke him to laughter; soon they would all go home, and little Roger would grow up in God's country, an American citizen. Such was his sure belief.

And then, in two days, the youth and strength of him were mowed down, and he lay dead in London. He had to be buried in England, and his young wife could not bear to leave his grave. So she took an old manor-house by Lynton, near the place where a gray stone cross bore the name, among other Shelbys, of this American one; for she had had the thought of laying him with his ancient kindred. And little Roger, in the west country, continued to talk like an Englishman, and his mother, remembering the big young laughter of the child's father, liked it.

Years sped on, till the child was fifteen. Then one day, when the house was full of boys, from the next room she heard them chattering over their game of billiards.

"It's your shot, you American bargee," said Tom Cecil.

"I'm no more American than you," Roger responded. This to the grandson of a British earl.

"You jolly well are," retorted young Cecil. "Wouldn't he own to his country, then? Oh, shame!" And the others joined in the chorus—"Oh, shame!"

The big, fresh young voice which she knew best flung back an answer: "I'm as English as you are. My people simply lived a few generations across the ocean—that's all. Why, the churchyard up there is full of my name. I'm an Englishman," he concluded defiantly.

The boy's mother stood for an instant in the shadows. Then she turned quickly and ran up-stairs and locked her door and sat down, staring from the window. She remembered a hot Fourth of July when her father had taught her to repeat Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; she remembered her husband's upward shining look as they had caught sight, one day, of the Stars and Stripes over an embassy. Such memories flooded her. She had thrown away all that. She had done what an obscure woman could to betray her country. She had brought up her son to deny his flag.

Suddenly she laughed. "Why, he's a baby," she said. "There's plenty of time. When he gets to New York, when he breathes the air of the States, when he sails up the Hudson, sees the autumn colors"—and with that she was homesick. For the first time in thirteen years, homesick.

But she said nothing, and the perfectly oiled life at Whele went on while she made and remade plans.

And all the time Fate, with a psychological moment in her fingers, was steaming across the Atlantic, and on a day in the fulness of time Evelyn Shelby, still young and a pleasant thing to look at in Paris clothes, went to a dinner and met an American army officer. Fate smiled, and let the psychological moment fly.

Colonel Barron had to go home in two months. Over this Roger was rebellious, and because of his passionate protest Whele was not sold but leased.

“I’m coming back,” he defied the powers. “I may be young now, but I’ll grow up, and I’m not going to stay where I don’t belong. I’m an Englishman.” His mother, thinking that the boy was going to stronger influence than he knew, smiled and did not speak. But the colonel, not so big as Roger, with a sunshiny laugh which seemed to win all the world, made answer:

“All right, old chap. If your mother tries to bully you the way she does me, we’ll unite against her, won’t we?” Yet he winced sometimes when Roger made that too frequent statement that he was an Englishman.

It was not in boy nature to fail to enjoy the post. It was a very desirable post, with mountain roads to gallop over, and the great lake to swim in and sail on.

The boy wasted none of his out-of-door opportunities, but continued as objectionable as a lad strong and manly and sound at the core might be to a military stepfather.

His attitude about parade of an afternoon was typical. He would not uncover when the flag was lowered, and when admonished that he had better stay away lurked in the background, grinning and hatted and conspicuous. His stepfather, eager to love him, felt the effort to do so more of a strain every day.

It was a warm day at the very end of February, and the boy had been out for a ride over snowy hills. Roger made oration at lunch. "My suffering aunt," he began in his British tone and diction, "old Wilkins, that first sergeant, is an amazing old pig-head, isn't he?"

"Is he?" Colonel Barron caught his wife's nervous glance, and smiled. "He's valuable, you know, Roger. Been in the army forty years. What's he pig-headed about?"

"Riding, sir," said Roger. "I was at the stables to-day after I came in, and I was showing him the advantages of rising to the trot as we do in our army. He didn't say much. But he growled out something about an infant trying to instruct the American army."

Colonel Barron bit his lip. "The sergeant was right, Roger. It's wrong of you to criticise our army with the men. If you want to talk things over with me, we'll have a debate on that riding question. I believe the American army is in the right."

"The American army!" The boy laughed.

"I said 'the American army'!" Colonel Barron repeated hotly. "In which I am proud to be an officer."

Roger laid down his knife and fork and stared. "I'm awfully sorry I made you sore, sir. But, you see, the American army is funny—to an Englishman. Army! There isn't any. Nor navy. No history, nor record. Just a few thousand men, don't you know."

The colonel rose and pushed back his chair.

"Jack!" His wife went to him and slipped an arm around his neck, and he put up his hand and held hers. Yes, he would remember.

"My lad," the American said, "an army's like a man; it doesn't have to be big to have a soul. It is little—too little—our army, but it has a fully-sized soul; yes, and a history, too, and traditions, and loyalty, and a great country that would pour blood for it." The colonel was on his feet, and his eyes flamed. "Good Lord! Have you never read of Washington and his ragged, frozen-footed mob at Valley Forge? That was a hundred years ago—that was an American army—then. And it's come down straight, unbroken, that tradition. The War of 1812, the Civil War: Grant, Phil Kearny, Stonewall Jackson, Lee—Lee, with his ragged, starved heroes, beaten by inches. We beat them, but they were Americans, those men who died for the Lost Cause.

"The first thing our army ever did, those 'old Continentals, in their ragged regimentals,' the same old chaps I spoke of before, who didn't have food or clothes or a government, even, was to whip England. That was the take-off. Any navy! Did you ever hear of John Paul Jones? You



haven't run across mention of one Perry on Lake Erie; or an old tub called the *Constitution*, which fought the *Guerrière* and others? Do you know anything, by chance, of a man called George Dewey, who with a few middle-sized ships, steamed quietly one bright Sunday morning down Manila Bay, twenty-six miles over waters said to be sown with he didn't know what of torpedoes and mines? The American army—navy—a thing for a child to laugh at——”

The colonel stopped suddenly, turned his head and kissed his wife's hand, which he still held on his shoulder, and smiled his sunshiny smile. “Now, that's just it,” he said. “He's a child. He's trying to throw away his birthright. But I think he's too fine a fellow to be a rene-

gade. We'll get him to understand, sometime. We want big, strong, fighting men for Americans. We want you, Roger—and you're ours."

The boy, flushed to his fair hair, dumb, turned without a word and stumbled from the room.

As the days passed after that, Roger went about work and play with a noticeable lack of words, and his mother, pondering his peculiarities, knew it was best to let the deeps work and not stir them. So she asked no questions, even when she wondered where the boy spent hours unaccounted for of afternoons. And one day she found out. She went into the town library, and across the room by a window she caught sight of a well-known yellow head over a table littered with books.

The librarian smiled. "He's here every day," she said. "He's eating up American history. He'll hardly grow up an Englishman at this rate, Mrs. Barron." And Evelyn Barron fled, anxious not to know her son's secrets till he should tell them to her.

II

The evenings and the mornings continued to come and go till it was the middle of March, and, at this northern post, still winter. And then on a day after mild weather and winds, a snap of sharp cold came, and the half-thawed lake was frozen smoothly and the skating perfect.

"I'm going up to Pontiac this afternoon to get real

Indian moccasins for my snow-shoes," Roger announced. "They're beastly things down here."

They saw him, with skate-sails spread, float out on the shining lake. An hour later it began to snow, and when Roger's mother came in at seven the air was thickly white. But she did not think of the boy till she came down to dinner.

"Where's Roger?" she demanded of her husband.

"You don't mean he isn't home from Pontiac yet?"

"I don't know. I've been at the Krebs's tea, and stayed late. Jack—" she looked at him.

"Oh, no. He's likely about the town somewhere and has forgotten it's dinner-time. Don't worry, Evelyn. I'll telephone—let me think where." But telephoning to many places failed to bring information.

It was five miles to Pontiac; not much of a trip for a hardy boy with skate-sails. But the snow would have made the skating hard. There might have been holes hidden by the snow—Evelyn Barron pounded her hand fiercely on a table. Holes—in the ice—holes! Her yellow-headed Roger—her little boy, for all of his six feet three! She looked at her husband, standing by his untouched dinner. He had been standing there, frowning, biting his lip, for three minutes now.

Then, "Don't be frightened," he said. "It's probably all right. But we can't take risks. I'm going to call out the regiment and ask for volunteers for a search-party." He took down the telephone and gave a number.

“Captain Barker?” he asked. In a dozen words he explained the situation. “Have the bugler sound the assembly,” he said. “The men will come to the riding-hall.

“We’ll bring back the young devil safe and sound from some wild-goose chase,” he assured his wife. “And if you don’t thrash him, I will.”

But his face was grave as he hurried across the parade-ground to the riding-hall. The bugle-call of the assembly still rang in the cold air; soldiers were pouring by. Within an incredibly short time six hundred men, all of the regiment, stood in silent ranks.

“Men,” spoke the colonel, “I called you together to ask for volunteers for a search-party. A boy has been lost. When last seen he was skating on the lake. It’s probable that he has missed his direction in the storm, and if so he is in danger of freezing to death. The boy is my stepson. Those who are willing to join a search-party will take one pace forward.”

There was silence for a space of two long breaths, and then with an even swing the whole regiment advanced a pace. Something caught in the colonel’s throat.

There was rapid consultation then, and the order was given to fall out, to meet again at the landing in ten minutes, with torches, of which there happened to be a supply in town from a late political festival. That was the quick thought of Sergeant Wilkins. In less than half an hour a strange and gorgeous spectacle was forming out across the steely lake, through the ever-coming, all-pervading snow.

Meanwhile, up the lake a boy had been fighting alone for his life for two hours. In spite of warnings he had started back, unconcernedly, at five o'clock. It was fairly light till six-thirty, and he had no doubt of making port in spite of a snow-storm. Also, the wind was with him; the sails would take him along "rippingly." Then, a mile from Pontiac, a sail broke, and it took time to patch it; in another half-mile it broke again. The snow was steady now; it was growing colder; twilight was coming on. A fellow's fingers were stiff; the strings were poorly tied this time, so shortly the apparatus came to pieces again, and with that the lad decided that it was safer to take to plain skating.

Already snow lay thick on the ice, and skating was impeded, yet there was nothing else for it. Falling once or twice, for it was impossible to tell good from bad going, he pushed ahead. All at once he was aware with a shock that he did not know which way to go.

The boy whistled. "What a bore!" he adjured the situation aloud, and then pulled his fur cap farther down over his ears and buttoned up his jacket.

He peered through the white-falling clouds, soft, unhurried, pitiless. "I'm hanged if I know," he whispered, yet realized that wherever he went, he must move. Not to go was to be frozen.

He skated ahead; and time went, and slowly the cold was conquering, despite efforts and young blood. Yet he did not consider being afraid. There was indeed some-

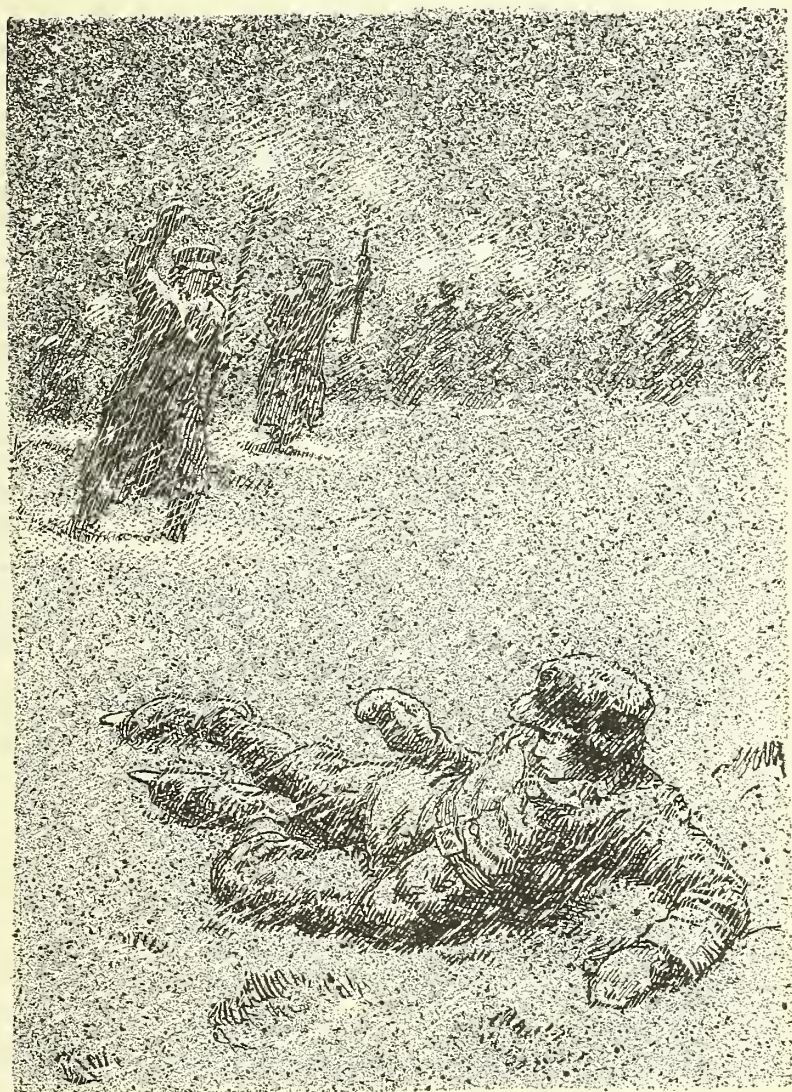
thing horrible which came near to his mind and gripped at it, now and again, but he grunted aloud at that something; a fellow might, of course, have to curl up and die, but it was not necessary for a fellow to whine.

At or about the time of that argument he became conscious of a slight dizziness. He had been going, though he did not know it, as lost men mostly do, in a narrowing circle. Shortly after, a tired foot tripped.

“Never mind—don’t bother—just want to think—to thi—to——”

His voice aroused him. “Golly!” This was no game, to go to sleep on the lake; one must get home. But his muscles were slow to answer. And then his left ankle balked! Something broken or sprained. That settled it; he rather preferred it this way; he would lie down and think for a few minutes—think—th— His eyes were closing.

Then a curious business occurred. He was roused suddenly. He had an idea that he was in church, and that it was Christmas or Easter. There were all sorts of lights—a choir carrying lights, probably. What a gorgeous spectacle! Millions and millions of lights coming—up the aisle—all over the cathedral. Golly! This was the right sort of service, worth while, this was. His mind slipped onward—end of the world, this must be—good old world. Armies of the Lord. Words that he had heard all his life surged above consciousness, took form as if flashing through blackness, like the lights there.



"Terrible as an army with banners," he muttered, staring. And then, "Light to them—in darkness—the shadow of death—shadow. And to guide our feet"—the words flamed; the lights flamed; for the dim, submerged mind it was hard to tell which were lights and which were words.

The mystic array drew nearer, up the black lake, blurred by storm into hazy circles of orange, yards and yards across; an endless light of glory, an army, a dream. People who have come out of an anæsthetic, through the reeling mid-ocean where a small human consciousness tosses and struggles toward its own little back creek, know where the boy's brain stood at this moment.

The lights were close now; on the edge of consciousness he knew that, yet was too far gone to wonder, to adjust. Then suddenly a great hoarse challenge, shouts, a roar of voices, things springing to him through the lights—devils—angels—angels? Heaven—hell? He had fainted.

"Stop that beastly choking me," he ordered, and it was Sergeant Wilkins's voice that answered. Roger looked up, astonished, into the old Indian-fighter's face. Sergeant Wilkins was holding him like a baby, kneeling there on the ice.

"There, there, sonny-boy," crooned the sergeant. "It's all right. You lie back on my shoulder and the old man will take care of ye. Thank the Lord you're alive. Lie back. Thank the Lord!"

And Roger dropped his head comfortably on that war-hardened pillow and was glad. Torches were flaring and

reeking up around him; men crowded on each other to see him; then a voice from the general universe said: "Here's the colonel," and the men fell back, the torches were held high, and Roger beheld his stepfather bending to him, speaking a broken word. He blinked up into the colonel's face, and then beyond—to the men, the lines of brown army coats, snowy under the waving lights, the men standing there in the bitter cold, smiling.

With that the colonel, wheeling, gave a swift order, and the bugler, who was one of the first behind Sergeant Wilkins, lifted his instrument and sent out over the frozen lake the assembly, and far-away lights whirled and danced and came trooping.

Roger lifted his head from Sergeant Wilkins's shoulder as the clear call rang through the icy darkness, and suddenly, to his infinite amazement, a rush of feeling caught him. They had saved him, these men in khaki—he belonged to them. What better thing was there than to be one of them, to be—American? His head fell back.

"We'll get him home as fast as possible, sergeant," the colonel said. "He's fainted again."

III

There was grave question for a long time whether the boy would live. The broken ankle was a small thing, but pneumonia developed next day, and for weeks he lay between two worlds. And all the time in his delirium he

talked. His inmost, shy boy heart was uncovered, and the colonel, standing by his bed, turned away often with wet eyes.

"I didn't know I was a renegade, mummy," the boy babbled. "I meant it square. I thought I had a right to be an Englishman. It's ripping, old England—old history—fighting men." Then he would lie quiet, staring at the ceiling. "Fighting men—oh, yes—not mine. It's not my country; I see that, sir. I suppose I'm a renegade."

Then slowly, in a carrying, crazy whisper: "A man called George Dewey, who steamed down Manila Bay one Sunday morning—a few middle-sized war-ships." And then: "Washington at Valley Forge—poor old chaps; no shoes; frozen. It's beastly to be frozen. I know." Then, crushing his mother's hand in his, "Why didn't you tell me I was an ass, mummy? A fellow ought to keep to—his own flag."

And with that he would fall asleep—to wake up in half an hour, going over and over the same trouble.

"If the child's mind isn't relieved in some way it will be brain fever, too," the doctor said; and with that Colonel Barron had an inspiration.

Sergeant Wilkins crept up the stairs, creaking small thunderbolts in a laborious effort to be quiet. The tossing skeleton on the bed lay still for a moment as the door opened, and then Mrs. Barron was startled, for a hoarse, weak shout rang out. The cavernous eyes flamed at the sergeant.

“Oh, bully!” cried Roger. “I want him; I want to apologize.”

The colonel's arms came around his wife and closed the door softly from outside. “Let them fight it out,” he whispered. “I've an idea the sergeant will prove a good doctor.”

From that time on the boy got well. He spoke little and seemed to be always thinking, thinking; but strength came. One bright day in May, when the weather was unreasonably hot, he was well enough to be down-stairs for lunch.

“I want you to go to parade this afternoon,” the colonel said to his wife. “The general is here, you know, and there's to be a short review and drill. There are lots of visitors, and it's a fine day, and everybody's coming, so it will be a function. You've been tied to that bag of bones long enough.”

“Yes, mummy, you must go. I'm all right. In fact, I don't want you about; I want to sleep in peace.” So she went.

The general sat his horse like a soldierly statue, his staff, rigid and impressive, lined up behind him, mounted also, in the glory of much gold braid, while the regiment went through its evolutions.

The drill ended with a charge in which the long line of horses swept across the parade-ground, the men, with sabres raised, riding as only American cavalymen ride. Mrs. Barron was aware of a slight stir around her; that people

were looking at her and then away at some one who approached. Her eyes followed their eyes.

Through the gala crowd, towering above everybody, stalked a form which made her pulse stop. What everybody was looking at, to the neglect of the regiment, was a very tall boy—abnormally tall in his lank thinness. His last summer's white flannel clothes hung on his bones in folds; the fur cap of the perilous expedition was on his head. He made his way slowly, swaying a little—for he was weak—till he had wandered down into the field itself, close to the stakes which marked it off and well forward of the general and his staff.

With that, as he stood there, the eyes of all the gay crowd fixed on him, the parade ended, and the afternoon's doings were over, and from the fort on the hill the sunset gun boomed. Then the soldiers by the great flagstaff were seen to be pulling ropes, and swiftly the flag, the Stars and Stripes of America, began to slip down. The band struck sharply into the "Star-Spangled Banner." It was a good band, and the martial music came out with a swing; perhaps every one there fitted the stirring words to the melody:

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light——"

The proud words sang themselves to the bold air, and ended triumphantly:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."



Every one was standing; every man's hat was off, and there was a moment of hushed silence, of reverence for the descending colors. Roger's mother, breathing quickly, her eyes on her boy, saw him standing alone far in front of every one, unconscious of any one. A scarlet line ran across his hollow cheeks, the fur cap was lifted high over his shining young head, the head was thrown back and his burning eyes were fixed on the flag—his flag—with a look of worship.

It was suddenly all over. The boy turned, his face solemn and bright. Every one fell back as he came to her, for the look in his eyes and in hers.

"Mummy," said the boy, battling for breath, for he was very tired—holding to a chair with one hand, his other hand on his mother's shoulder, his eyes brilliant—"mummy," said Roger Shelby, "I'm an American!"

MARY R. S. ANDREWS.

We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

WOODROW WILSON.

PEACE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

C Lord our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May praise arise to Thee.
Fulfil the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

The strength of every State increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,

Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America befriend!

Thro' all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music of Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

HENRY VAN DYKE.



WORD LIST

THE following word list does not include all the words that appear for the first time in the NATURAL METHOD FIFTH READER, but only those that the author believes should be included either because they are difficult to spell or because they need to have their proper syllabication, accent, pronunciation, or meaning indicated. No attempt has been made to give all the meanings of the words defined, but only those that will make clear the meaning of the text. The diacritical markings used are those given in the latest edition of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

A KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ă, as in fâte	ĕ, as in ĕ vent'	ô, as in ôrb	ŭ, as in ŭ nite
á, " " sen'áte	ě, " " ěnd	ō, " " ōdd	û, " " ûrn
â, " " câre	ē, " " ev'ēr	ǒ, " " sǒft	ŭ, " " ŭp
ǎ, " " fǎt	ě, " " re'cĕnt	ǒ, " " cǒn nect'	ŭ, " " cĭr'cŭs
â, " " ârm	ī, " " ĭce	ōō, " " fōōd	ü, " " me nü"
â, " " âsk	ī, " " ĭll	ōō, " " fōōt	th, " " thĭn
ǎ, " " fi'nǎl	Ń, " " bon	ou, " " out	th, " " then
á, " " sófá	ō, " " ōld	ũ, " " ũse	tŭ, " " cul'tŭre
ē, " " ēve	ō, " " ō bey'		zh for z, as in az'ure

ŋ (like ng), for n before the sound of k or "hard" g, as in bank.

a **bashed'**, confused, disconcerted.

abate', to grow less, to relax.

ab nor'mally, in a way not normal or natural.

a **bound'**, to be in great numbers or quantity.

ab'sence.

ac cla ma'tions, shouts of approval or joy.

ac count', to regard, consider.

ad dress', skill.

ad judge', to decide to award, to give to.

ac knowl'edg ment.

ad min'is ter, to manage, supply, give out.

ad mon'ish, to warn.

ad van'tage, gain, benefit, mastery.

ad ven'tur ous, fond of or full of adventure or unusual or exciting experience.

ad ver sa ry, opponent, enemy.

Aer'shot, usually spelled "Aerschot" (ār'skôt), a town in Belgium about twenty-three miles northeast of Brussels.

af firm'a tive, saying that a thing is so; answering "yes" to a question.

ag gra va'tion, making a thing worse.
 ag gres'sion, an attack.
 a gil'i ty, quickness..
 a lac'ri ty, cheerful readiness.
 a lert', wide-awake, ready for action.
 al'ien, foreign.
 a loof', at a distance, away.
 al u min'i um (also a lu'mi num), a
 very light metal, looking much like
 silver.
 am'a teur, (ām'ā tūr; ām'ā tūr) one
 who follows a calling from pleasure
 or interest and not as a business or
 profession.
 am'ble, to go at an easy gait.
 am'i a ble, good-natured.
 am mu ni'tion, materials used in load-
 ing firearms.
 an æs the'tic, an agent, as a gas or
 liquid, that prevents one from feel-
 ing pain.
 an'ces tors, those from whom one has
 descended, forefathers.
 a nem'o ne, little delicate spring flow-
 ers of pinkish white.
 an'i mate, to give life to, inspire.
 an nounce', to make a public state-
 ment.
 an tag'o nist, an opponent or opposite
 in a contest.
 an'them, a selection from the Bible
 set to music to be sung in church.
 an tic'i pate, to get ahead of.
 ap par'el, clothing.
 ap plaud', to show approval by clap-
 ping of hands.
 ap plause', approval shown by clap-
 ping of hands.
 ap pli ca'tion, applying one's self, ac-
 tivity.
 ap pre'ci ate, recognize the worth of.
 ap pre hen'sion, understanding, grasp-
 ing the meaning of; fear.
 ap prov'al, favorable opinion of.
 a'pri cot (ā'pri kōt, or, less frequently,
 āp'rī kōt).
 ar'a ble, ploughed or tilled.
 ar'dent ly, eagerly, earnestly.
 ar'gu ment, debate, discussion, quar-
 rel.
 ar ma'da, a great collection of armed
 ships.

a ro'ma, a pleasing smell.
 ar'ro gance, showing one's power or
 position in an overbearing way.
 ar tic'u late, distinctly spoken.
 a'rum, a kind of plant.
 as a foet'i da (ās ā fēt'idā), a kind of
 ill-smelling gum used in medicine.
 a skew', turned to one side, crooked.
 as'pect, appearance, look.
 as'pen, a kind of poplar whose leaves
 tremble in the slightest current of
 air.
 as'phalt (ās'fālt), a kind of mineral
 pitch used for paving streets.
 as sault', attack.
 as sent', consent, approval.
 as so'ci ate, to have dealings with, be
 in the company of.
 as sur'ed ly, certainly.
 as tound'ed, greatly surprised.
 a sun'der, apart.
 as sume', to take up, take charge of.
 Ath'el stane.
 at tain', to accomplish, bring about,
 reach.
 at test', to bear witness, assert the
 truth of.
 au'di ble, capable of being heard.
 au'gur, to foresee, predict.
 au'thor ize, to give authority to.
 aux il'ia ry (ōg zīl'yā rī), giving help
 to, supporting.
 a vow', to declare.
 awe, solemn wonder.
 a zal'e a, a kind of flowering shrub.
 back'wa ter, a body of quiet water out
 of the main current.
 baff'le, to foil, check.
 bait, to tease.
 bal'lad, a poem or a song that tells a
 moving story.
 ban'dy, hockey.
 bar bar'ic, belonging to or resembling
 an uncivilized person or people.
 Bar'ba ry, the countries on the north
 coast of Africa, from Egypt to the
 Atlantic.
 bark, a three-masted sailing vessel
 having square sails on the first two
 masts.

bar'n'a cles, tiny shellfish that attach themselves to rocks at the seashore and to the bottoms of vessels.
bar ri ca'do, to make a barricade or rude kind of breastwork or defense.
bar'ter, to trade by exchanging one article for another.
bat'ter y, in the expression "assault and battery" it means the unlawful beating of another.
bay, at bay, checked, to turn to fight after having fled.
bay'o net, a kind of knife or sword placed on the end of a gun.
bay'ou (bī'ōō), an inlet from a lake or large river having a sluggish current.
Bed'i vere, an old and trusted knight of King Arthur.
be dight', ornamented, decked.
be seech', to ask earnestly.
be think', to call to mind, think.
be wil'dered, astonished, confused.
bis'cuit (bīs'kit).
bliz'zard, a cold, violent storm, usually with snow.
Bois-Guil bert (bwä gēl'bēr').
bois'ter ous, noisy.
Bon Homme Rich ard' (bôn nô'm' rē shār'), Good Man Richard.
bon'ny, handsome, pretty.
boor, an ill-bred, vulgar fellow.
boun'ty, generosity.
brace, a rope running to the end of the yard on a square-rigged vessel to turn the sail horizontally.
brig, a two-masted vessel with square sails.
brig a dier', an officer in command of a brigade, usually two regiments.
brig'an dine, a coat consisting of steel plates fastened over leather.
brin'dled, streaked with gray or dark yellow.
broad'cloth, a kind of smooth woolen cloth.
buff coat, a military coat of leather with a rough, hairy finish on the outside.
bulged, stove in.
bul'wark (bōōl'wark), the sides of a boat or vessel above the upper deck.

bur'gess (bûr'jēs), inhabitant of a borough or town, a citizen.
bur'glar.

cai'tiff (kā'tif), base, cowardly.

Cam el'i ard.

cam paig'n', a series of operations or movements to bring about some wished-for result.

can'on, an officer of the church, usually attached to a cathedral, and having certain duties under the direction of a bishop.

cant-hook, a wooden lever having a movable iron hook near the end.

can'vass, to analyze, weigh.

ca pa'cious, roomy.

cap'-a-pie, from head to foot.

ca pri'cious, changeable.

car'cass, a dead body.

car'ri on, a dead and decaying body.
case'ment (kās'měnt), a window-sash opening on hinges fastened to the upright side of the frame.

casque (cāsk), steel headpiece, helmet.
cav al cade', a procession or line of persons on horseback.

ca've ad'sum, Latin words meaning "beware, I am here."

cav'ern ous, big or deep, like a cavern or cave.

Ced'ric (sěd'rik).

cer'tes (sūr'tēz), certainly, in truth.

cha'os (kā'ōs), confusion, lack of order.

cher'ish, to hold dear, protect, nurse.
chim pan zee', or (chīm pān'zē), a kind of monkey.

Chris'ten dom (krī's'n dŭm), the part of the world living according to the teaching of Christ.

chute (shōōt), an inclined spout or trough.

cir'cu lar, round like a circle.

clam'or, loud noise, uproar.

clang'or, sharp, ringing sound.

clar'i on, a clear-toned trumpet; the sound of a clear-toned trumpet.

cler'gy man, a minister.

close, enclosed grounds, field or yard.

cob'ble-stoned, paved with round stones.

co lo'ni al, belonging or relating to a colony.
 comb'er (kōm'ēr), a long, curling wave.
 com men da'tion, approval, praise.
 com'merce, business, trade.
 com mis'er a'tion, sorrow, pity.
 com mis'sion, "in commission," = in active service.
 com pact', adj., smug; com'pact, noun, agreement.
 com par'a tive ly, by comparison with others.
 com pas'sion at ing, pitying.
 com posed', calm, serene.
 com'pro mise, to settle by agreement.
 con, to direct the course of a vessel.
 con cern', business.
 con'course, crowd, gathering.
 con firmed', proved.
 con ser'va tive, mod'erate.
 con so la'tion, consoling or comforting.
 con spic'u ous, noticeable.
 con spir'a cy, a plot or agreement for wrong-doing.
 Con'stance, a lake and a city in western Germany.
 Con stel la'tion.
 Con sti tu'tion.
 con'strue, to translate.
 con sult', to ask the advice of.
 con sum ma'tion, the bringing to completion.
 con sump'tion, the act of consuming or using up.
 con tem'po ra ry, living at the same time with.
 Con ti nen'tals, a name applied to the American soldiers in the Revolution.
 con tort', to twist.
 con trap'tion, machine, device.
 con triv'ance, machine, arrangement.
 con trive', manage, plan.
 con'vict, one who has been imprisoned for committing a crime.
 con vul'sive, attended by sudden, jerky movements.
 Corn wal'is, English general in the American Revolution.
 cor'ri dor, a passageway.

couch'ant, lying down.
 coun'ter charge, a charge made in return for one made by an opponent.
 court mar'tial, a trial by a military court.
 cov'ert (kūv'ērt), sheltered place, thickets.
 cov'et (kūv'ēt), to desire what belongs to another.
 cov'ey (kūv'ī), a flock.
 cowed, frightened.
 coy o'te, a prairie-wolf.
 cri'sis, the point when the course of action may turn one way or another.
 crit'ic, one who judges or gives an opinion about the value of anything; one who finds fault.
 crit'i cal, very important.
 crit'i cise, to find fault with.
 crow, crowbar, an iron bar used for moving heavy weights.
 crude, rough, unfinished.
 crup'per, the strap that passes under the horse's tail in a harness; the hind quarters of a horse.
 cul ti va'tion, the act of cultivating or growing.
 cul'vert, a drain or waterway under a road.
 Cy ane'.
 cym'bals, disks with handles, usually of brass, made to clash together so as to make a sharp, ringing sound in a band of music.
 Dal'hem.
 dan'dle, to move up and down on the knees, playfully or affectionately.
 dank, damp, wet.
 Dan'ube
 dead'lock, at a standstill.
 de cis'ive, putting an end to doubt or uncertainty; final.
 de claim', to speak loudly and in a formal way.
 deem, to think, judge.
 de fense', de fence', act of defending.
 def er'en'tial ly, showing deference or respect for the wishes of others.
 de fi'ance, act of defying or challenging to a contest.

deft'ly, with deftness or lightness of touch.
 de jec'tion, depression, sadness.
 de lib'er a'tion, careful consideration.
 de lir'i um, strong excitement, madness.
 Del'phi, a famous city in ancient Greece.
 dem'i god, a half god.
 dem'i volte, a kind of leap in which the legs are raised high.
 dem on stra'tion, proof, show.
 de mure'ly, modestly, gravely.
 de pos'it, to place, to lay down.
 de pressed', discouraged, low-spirited.
 de rived', taken from.
 Des dich a do.
 des patch', haste; to send.
 des'per ate, hopeless; mad, furious.
 des'pi ca ble, low, base.
 de spite', in spite of.
 des'ti tute, without means of support.
 de tach', to take off, separate.
 de'vi ate, to turn aside.
 de vour', to eat greedily.
 Dew'ey, George, famous American admiral who destroyed the Spanish fleet at the battle of Manila in 1898.
 dex'ter ous ly, skilfully.
 di a bol'i cal, wicked.
 dic'tion, choice of words for speaking or writing.
 di men'sions, length, breadth, and height.
 din'ghy (dĭŋ'gĭ), a ship's small boat.
 din'gy (dĭŋ'jĭ), dark-colored, soiled.
 dir'est, most terrible.
 dir i gi bil'i ty, ability to be directed.
 dis as'ter, misfortune, mishap.
 dis close', to show something that has been hidden.
 dis in her'it ed, cut off from rights or property that would naturally fall to one by law.
 dis in te gra'tion, decay, going to pieces.
 dis mount', to get down from a horse.
 dis par'i ty, difference in age, rank, excellence, etc.
 dis perse', to scatter.
 dis play', to show publicly.

dis tri bu'tion, the assigning or giving to different persons or parties their proper shares.
 di vine', to guess.
 di vin'i ty, state of being divine or godlike.
 doc'u ment, a formal or official paper.
 doff, to take off.
 dog'ged, stubborn, determined.
 dom'i nant, having the upper hand, leading.
 dough'nut (dō'nūt).
 drench, to wet, soak.
 du'bi ous ly, doubtfully.
 du'bi ta tive, doubtful.
 Duf feld' (du fĕlt'), a town in Belgium.
 dune, a hill or ridge of sand piled up by the wind.
 ebb, the flowing back of the tide.
 Eb en e'zer.
 ec stat'i cal ly, in a way to show extreme pleasure.
 ef fect'u al ly, in a way to bring about the intended effect.
 e lat'ed, greatly pleased.
 em bar'assed, confused, not knowing what to say or do.
 em bar'ass ment, state of being embarrassed or confused.
 em'bas sy, the ambassador and his attendants; the building occupied by an ambassador.
 em bat'tled, ranged up for battle.
 e merge', to come into sight.
 em'i nence, a hill.
 em'pha sis, special force or weight.
 en com'passed, surrounded.
 en gage'ment, battle.
 en light'en, to inform, teach.
 en liv'en, to stir up, make lively.
 en sconce', to place, hide, conceal.
 en shrine', to keep as something highly prized or sacred.
 en slave', to make a slave of.
 en'ter pris ing, wide-awake, ready for new things.
 en thu'si asm, strong feeling of joy.
 en tice', to draw on, usually to something evil.
 en'vi ous ly, in a way to show envy or jealousy.

en vi'roned, surrounded.
 e quip'ment, the articles that make up an outfit.
 ep'och, fixed period of time; era.
 e'ra, fixed period of time; epoch.
 es cutch'eon, a shield showing certain family symbols.
 es'say, to try.
 es tab'lish, to make firm, settle.
 Eu'rope
 ev a nes'cent, quickly changing.
 e'ven-song, vespers, evening service.
 e vince', to show.
 ev o lu'tions, movements, exercises.
 ex as per a'tion, anger.
 Ex cal'i bur, the famous sword of King Arthur.
 ex cep'tion al, unusual.
 ex clus'ive, excluding others, particular.
 ex e cu'tion, punishment, damage.
 ex hib'it, to show publicly.
 ex hil'a rat ing, exciting, stirring.
 ex ist'ence, state of existing or being.
 ex pec'tan cy, the state of being expectant or waiting.
 ex pec'tant, waiting.
 ex pe di'tion, a journey or trip; haste.
 ex pla na'tion, that which explains.
 ex ploit', a deed or act.
 ex pose', to show something that has been kept hidden.
 ex pos'ure, the act of exposing.
 ex trem'i ty, limit, end.
 ex'tri cate, to get out of trouble.
 ex ult'ing, joyous, full of great joy or pride.
 E ze'ki el.

fam'ine (fām'īn), general lack of food.
 fare, to go, journey.
 fas ci na'tion, strong attraction or interest.
 feign'ing, making believe.
 fe roc'i ty, cruelty, fierceness.
 fer'ule (fēr'ool), a piece of wood, like a ruler, used for striking children on the hand.
 feud (fūd), a bitter quarrel between families or clans.
 feu'dal, relating to the system of relationship between the great land-

holders and their tenants in the Middle Ages. This system was called the "feudal system," and under it the tenant took his land from an "overlord," to whom he gave a certain amount of labor and military service in time of war.
 Fi'a met'ta (fē ā mēt'ā).
 floss, a small stream of water.
 flot'sam, floating material, wreckage.
 foi'ble, weakness.
 foil, a light sword for fencing.
 for'ay, a raid, fight.
 fore'cas tie, the forward part of the vessel, where the sailors live.
 fore-chains, the chains or irons fastened to the side of the vessel to hold the dead-eyes or blocks to which are fastened the shrouds or ropes which support the foremast.
 fore'ground, the ground immediately in front of one.
 forge, a blacksmith's shop; to move ahead.
 for lorn', deserted, ruined.
 form, class.
 fos'ter-moth er, a woman who acts as a mother toward a child not her own.
 fowl'ing-piece, a gun used in hunting birds.
 fray, fight, battle.
 freight'ed, loaded.
 frig'ate (frīg āt), a warship not so large or so heavily armed as a ship of the line and much swifter, corresponding to the cruiser of the modern navy.
 Front-de-Bœuf (frôn dē būf').
 fug'i tive, one who has run away.
 func'tion, natural and proper action; to act naturally.
 ga'la (gā lā), lively celebration.
 gare le cor'beau (gair lē kôr'bō), look out for the raven.
 gaunt (gänt, gönt), thin, lean.
 gen er a'tion, the length of time during which a man is engaged in active life before his son has grown old enough to take his place. We usually speak of thirty years as a generation.

ges'ture, a movement of the hand.
gi gan'tic (jī gǎn'tík), big, like a giant.
go pher, a kind of large rat.
gor'geous, handsome, brilliant, showy.
gorse, low-growing evergreen bushes.
Goth'ic, a style of building followed in the Middle Ages.
gra mer'cy (grá mūr'cǐ), thank you, thanks.
Grant mes nil (grän'mā nǐl).
grav'i ty, the force that draws objects to the earth.
gren a dier', formerly a soldier who threw hand-grenades or bombs, later applied generally to foot-soldiers.
grim'ace, a twisted face to express strong feeling.
gross, coarse.
grot'to, cave.
grudge, to allow unwillingly.
Guer ri ère' (gěr'ī ěr').
Guin'e vere.
guise (gīz), appearance, manner.

hab'er dash er, a dealer in neckwear, underwear, etc.
hack'ma tack, an evergreen tree with delicate, slender branches and twigs; also called tamarack.
ham'let, village.
ham'per, to interfere with, bother.
han'di capped, placed at a disadvantage by having one's opponent given a start.
hap'less, unlucky.
hap'ly, by chance.
har'py, an imaginary creature half woman, half bird.
har'rier, a kind of dog used for hunting hares.
har'vest er, a machine that cuts grain, ties it into bundles, and in some cases even threshes it and puts it into bags.
Has'selt (hās'ělt), a town in Belgium.
haw'ser, a large rope used for towing or mooring.
haz'ard, risk, chance.
her'o ism (hěr'ō ĭz'm), great bravery.
hes i ta'tion, the act of hesitating or waiting.

Hes'sian, a soldier from Hesse, a state in western Germany.
hol'ster, a case for a pistol worn at the belt or hung from the saddle.
home'spun, material spun and woven at home.
hov'el (hōv'ěl), in a lumber camp, the place where the horses are kept; a poor, mean house.
hov'er (hūv'ēr), to hang in the air.
hu man'i ty, pity, feelings of consideration or sympathy.
hu mil'i ty, modesty, humbleness.
hy po thet'ic, based on a guess or theory.
hyp'no tize, to put into a condition resembling sleep in which the person hypnotized will do whatever he is told to do by the one hypnotizing him.
im mac'u late, spotless, clean, pure.
im'mi nent, near at hand, threatening.
im mo bile', fixed, immovable.
im'pact, a striking together, force of contact.
im par'tial, fair, not taking sides.
im'pe tus, movement forward.
im plor'ing ly, with earnest appeal.
im por'tance.
im pose', to place upon.
im prac'ti ca ble, impossible to be done.
im'pulse, a sudden or hasty feeling that forces one to act.
in censed', angry.
in clined', disposed toward.
in cog'ni to, disguised, having one's real identity concealed.
in cred'u lous, refusing to believe.
in cur', to make oneself liable to, to bring on oneself.
in dem ni fi ca'tion, payment for injury.
in dig'nant, angry because of ill treatment.
in dis pen'sa ble, absolutely necessary.
in di vid'u al, a single person; belonging or relating to a single person.
in di vid'u al ly, one by one.

in duce', to persuade, to lead to do a thing.
 in dus'tri al, relating to industry, or organized labor.
 in ert', lifeless.
 in ev'i ta bly, surely.
 in fi nite (in'fi nit), all-embracing, limitless.
 in nu en'do, hint, suggestion.
 in or'di nate ly, extremely, excessively.
 in sin u a'tion, a hint, suggestion; a gaining favor by gentle or indirect means.
 in spec'tion, a looking over, examination.
 in spir'ing, stirring, moving to action.
 in stal'ment, part payment.
 in stil'ling, putting into.
 in'stinct, inborn feeling.
 in struct', to teach.
 in sur mount'a ble, incapable of being overcome.
 in tent'ness, having the mind fixed upon something.
 in ter jec'tion, a remark thrown in, an exclamation.
 in ter'min a ble, without end.
 in ter sect', to cross, or cut into.
 in'ti ma cy, close acquaintance.
 in'ti mate, to hint, make known.
 in tox'i cat ing, filling with pleasure.
 in'tri cate, hard to straighten out.
 in tu i'tion, knowledge obtained without reasoning.
 in'un dat ed, flooded.
 in va'ri a ble, without exception; customary.
 in va'sion, the entering upon another's territory without permission.
 in vent'ive, ingenious, full of invention.
 in vent'or, one who invents or contrives something new.
 in vig'or at ed, refreshed, filled with vigor.
 in vin'ci ble, impossible to defeat.
 in volve', to draw in, make necessary.
 ir re sist'i ble, incapable of being resisted.
 ir re spon'si ble, not responsible or trustworthy.

ir'ri ta bly, in an irritable or cross manner.
 ir ri ta'tion, anger, displeasure.
 It'o by.

Ja'bez.
 jack, leather jacket.
 Jack'son, Stone'wall, famous Southern general in the American Civil War.
 jaun'ti ly, stylishly, showily.
 Ja'va (jä'vá).
 Jer'i cho, a famous city in Palestine.
 Jo'ris.
 jos'tle, to push, crowd.
 joust (jüst), a combat with spears between two mounted knights.
 ju di'cious ly, wisely.

ka lei'do scop'ic, having rapidly changing views like those of a kalcidoseope.
 Kear'ny, Phil ip (kär'ní), a distinguished Northern general of the American Civil War.
 ker'chief, a cloth worn about the head or breast; a handkerchief.
 kha'ki (kä'kê), a brownish-yellow cotton cloth much used for army uniforms.
 kin, people of the same race or family.
 kin'dred, relationship by birth or family.

lag'gard, one who hangs back.
 lan'guid, slow-moving, weak, faint.
 lap'stone, a stone held in the lap on which shoemakers beat leather.
 lap'wing, a kind of small bird.
 lar gesse' (lär jës'), a gift, tip.
 lath'ered, covered with foam.
 Lat'in ist, a student of Latin.
 Laun'ce lot, the greatest knight in King Arthur's court.
 le'gion (lé'jün), a great number, an army.
 Le'o de grance.
 Le vant'.
 lift, English word for *elevator*.
 lit'er al ly, really, exactly.
 lit'a ny, a form of service in the English church.

lithe, having a flexible body.
 Lok'er en, a town in Belgium.
 loosestrife, a kind of wild flower.
 Lo oz' (lô ôs'), a town in northern France.
 loy'al ty, state of being loyal or true to a person or cause.
 Lu cerne', a city in Switzerland on a lake of the same name.
 lug'gage, the English word for baggage.
 lun'a tic, an insane person.
 lunge, a thrust.
 lust'i ly, heartily, actively.
 lux u'ri ant, abundant.
 lux'u ry, a free use of rich and costly things.

Ma dei'ra (mâ dâ'rá), a large island in the Atlantic Ocean near Morocco.
 mag'ni fy ing, making larger, increasing the size of.
 ma jes'ti cal ly, in a dignified way.
 ma jor'i ty, the large part.
 mal'e fac tor, an evil-doer.
 Mal'o ry, Sir Thomas Malory, author of the "Morte d'Arthur," a collection of tales of King Arthur's knights; lived in fifteenth century.
 Mal'voi sin (mäl'vwä zän).
 Ma nil'a, a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean; the largest city of these islands.
 man'u script, a written document.
 ma raud'er, robber, thief.
 ma rine', a soldier who fights on board ship.
 Mar'quis de Laf'ay ette, a famous French nobleman who came to America at the time of the Revolutionary War and offered his services to the Colonies.
 mar'shal, to arrange in order.
 mart, market-place.
 mar'tial, warlike.
 mar'vel lous, wonderful.
 mas quer ade', to parade in strange or fanciful clothing.
 ma'tron, a mother or a widow; a woman in charge of an institution of some sort.
 maul, to beat, bruise, handle roughly.

may'hap, perhaps.
 McDon'ough, a distinguished American naval officer of the War of 1812, in command of an American fleet which defeated an English fleet in a battle on Lake Champlain in 1814.
 me chan'ic (mê kân'ík), a man who is skilled at some kind of hand-work.
 me chan'ic al ly, in a machine-like way, stiffly.
 mech'an ism, the relations or arrangements of the parts of a machine.
 Mech'eln (mëk'ël'n), Mechlin, a city of Belgium.
 meet, fitting, proper.
 mê lée' (mâ lâ'), fight, battle.
 mem'o ra ble, worthy of remembrance.
 men'ace, threat.
 men'ac ing, threatening.
 Mer'ri mac, a river in New England; a famous Southern warship in the Civil War.
 met'a phor, a figure of speech in which one object is compared to another that is entirely different.
 me'te or, a so-called flying star; a flaming body seen flying across the sky at night.
 mi li'tia, volunteer soldiers raised by the States for local service.
 min'i mum, the smallest amount.
 Min ne so'ta.
 mis cal cu la'tion, wrong reckoning, mistake.
 mis in ter'pret, to interpret or explain incorrectly.
 mis parse', to "parse" is to show the grammatical relations between the words in a sentence; to misparse would be to parse incorrectly.
 mis scan', to "scan" is to read a line of poetry in such a way as to show its proper divisions of syllables and "feet"; to "misscan" is to scan incorrectly.
 miz'zen-yard, a yard from the mizzenmast, the mast nearest the stern on a three-masted ship.
 moc'ca sin, an Indian shoe, usually made of soft-tanned deerskin.
 mol'i fied, pacified, calmed.

mo'men ta ry, lasting only a moment.
mon'i tor, a low, flat war-vessel having one or two revolving turrets containing guns.

mon'o tone, having a single unvaried tone.

Mor'daunt.

mor ti fi ca'tion, vexation, shame.

mos qui'to.

Moth'er Ca'rey's chick'en, a kind of small sea-bird, the stormy petrel.

mot'ley, mixed.

mot'tled, spotted.

Muh'len berg (mũ'lẽn bērg).

mule, Comp ton's, a machine for spinning cotton and wool into thread.

mul'tioned, having windows that are divided into sections by upright timbers or rods, often used in churches.

mul ti tu'di nous, in great numbers.

mus'cu lar, having strong muscles.

mus'tered out, dismissed from service.

mu'ti ny, to rise against authority.

myr'i ad, ten thousand, an immense number.

myr'mi don, an under officer who carries out orders without pity or sympathy.

Na po le on'ic, belonging or related to Napoleon, the great French emperor (1769-1821).

nav i ga'tion, the art of navigating or sailing a ship.

new-fan'gled, new and striking.

no tice'a ble, attracting notice.

nu'cle us, a central mass or point about which later masses gather.

ob jec'tion, reason for opposing anything.

ob jec'tion a ble, displeasing.

ob jec'tive, the end or object aimed at.

ob li ga'tion, something that one is in duty bound to do.

ob liv'ion, forgetfulness.

ob scure', little known.

ob ser va'tion, remark, notice.

ob'so lete, out of date, old-fashioned.

ob'sta cle, something that is in the way.

ob tuse', slow of understanding.

ob'vi ous, easily seen.

od'or ous, having a good deal of odor or smell.

om nip'o tence, unlimited power.

op po'nent, one who opposes.

or'a cle, a place where messages supposed to come from God were given to those who came asking for advice.

or'a tor, a speaker of unusual skill.

o'sier, a kind of willow whose slender branches are used for making baskets.

pa cif'ic, peaceful.

pad'dock, a yard or enclosure for horses.

pal'a din, a knight, a champion.

pal'ate, a part of the back of the mouth.

pan o ra'ma (pãn õ rä mã), a picture which shows views extending in every direction, more than could be seen at once.

par'ley, talk.

pas'sion ate, relating to or showing passion or strong feeling.

pa thet'ic, exciting pity or grief.

pa thet'i cal ly, in a way to rouse pity or grief.

pa'tri ot (pã'trĩ õt), one who loves his country.

pa trol'man, policeman.

pat'ron ize (pãt'rũn ãz), to give one's business or attention to; to treat as an inferior.

pea'vey, a stout lever with a pick on the end and a circular arm fastened by a hinge about fifteen inches from the point. Used especially for handling logs or heavy timbers.

pe cu'li ar ly, in a peculiar or strange way.

pen'al ty, punishment for wrongdoing.

pen'e trate, to go into.

pen e tra'tion, keenness of insight.

pen'non, a small flag.

per'emp to ri ly, in a positive, final way.

per func'to ry, careless, indifferent, formal.

per'il, danger.
 per'il ous, dangerous.
 per'se cute, to annoy or injure.
 per se vere', to keep at a thing.
 Per'sia.
 per sist'ent, inclined to persist or hold to one's purpose.
 per son al'i ty, that which gives one character, distinguishes him from others.
 per spi ra'tion.
 per tur ba'tion, excitement.
 per vad'ing, thorough-going, penetrating.
 pe ti'tion, a formal request for action.
 pet'ri fied, turned to stone.
 phan'tom, a ghost.
 phos phor es'cence, light sometimes seen on sea waves and about decay-ing wood.
 pho to graph'ic, belonging or related to photography.
 pick'et, an outpost or soldier sent out in advance of an army.
 pieces of eight, old Spanish dollars, so called from the figure 8 upon them.
 pierc'ing, sharp, keen.
 pig wid'geon'.
 Pi la'tus (pē lā'tōōs), a mountain in Switzerland, near Lucerne.
 pique (pēk), peak or pommel of the saddle.
 plac'id (plās'id), calm, peaceful.
 plain'tive ly, in a plaintive or sad manner.
 plight, unpleasant situation.
 pneu mo'ni a, a disease of the lungs.
 poach, to go upon another's property without permission to take game.
 podg'y, thickset, plump.
 point'er, a kind of dog, trained to stand still and look directly at any game which it sees.
 poised, hung over.
 pol'i tic, wise, tactful.
 pol troon', a coward; mean-spirited fellow.
 pol'y gon, a many-sided figure.
 pon'der, to think over, weigh.
 Pon'ti ac, a famous American Indian chief.

pop'u lous, containing many people.
 port'a ble, capable of being carried.
 pos si bil'ity.
 pos'tern (pōs'tērn), a small gate or door in the side or rear of a building.
 pos'ture, position.
 po'ten tate, a very important officer or ruler.
 po'tion, a drink, dose.
 pounce, to leap upon.
 prac'ti cal, workable in practice.
 pre ca'ri ous, dangerous.
 prec'e dent (prēs'ē dēnt), something done that furnishes an example or rule for later action.
 pre cise', exact.
 prej'u dice, an unreasonable opinion against a person or thing.
 pre lim'i na ry, introductory, carried on beforehand.
 pre oc'cu pied, lost in thought.
 pres er va'tion, the act or state of preserving or saving.
 pre serve', to keep, save.
 pre sump'tion, overstepping the bounds of respect or good taste; strong probability.
 pre'text, excuse.
 prey, to feed upon, worry.
 prim'i tive, simple, rude.
 prin'ci ple, rule, law.
 pri va teer', a war-vessel fitted out by private persons to destroy an en-emy's commerce.
 proc la ma'tion, a public announce-ment by a person in authority.
 pro fuse'ly, abundantly.
 pro longed', drawn out.
 proph'e sy, to tell what is going to hap-pen.
 pro phet'ic, bearing promise of events about to happen.
 pro por'tion, share.
 pro pri'e tor, owner, manager.
 pros'pect, view.
 pro test', to declare.
 pro voke', to stir to action.
 prow'ess (prow'ēs), skill, ability.
 proxy, a person who acts for another.
 pru'dence, wisdom, care.
 pry, to look into things that don't con-cern one.

psy cho log'i cal, relating or belonging to psychology.

pug na'cious, quarrelsome.

pul'sa to ry, quivering, trembling.

punc'tu al, on time.

pu'ny, weak, feeble.

Pu'ri tan, a religious group or sect who came from England to Massachusetts in the early seventeenth century.

pur suit', the pursuing or following of.

quaff, to drink.

quar'el, the bolt or arrow used in the crossbow.

quar'ter, the side of the ship toward the stern.

quay (kē), wharf, pier.

quern, hand-mill.

quer'u lous, complaining.

quest, search.

rai'ment, clothing.

ran'ger, forester.

rapt, carried out of oneself by feeling or thought.

ra'tion (rā'shŭn or rāsh'ŭn), the food allowance of a soldier or sailor.

rau'cous, harsh.

re ac'tion, a. moving backward, turning away.

rec og ni'tion, the act of recognizing or knowing.

rec ol lec'tion, remembrance.

rec on cil i a'tion, the restoring of friendship or harmony after a quarrel or misunderstanding.

rec re a'tion, restful occupation.

re cur', to come again.

re deem', to buy back, to win credit or approval again.

re demp'tion, the act of winning back one's credit or reputation.

re doubt'ed, noted, famous, dreaded.

re frain', to keep from.

ref'uge, place of safety.

reg i men'tals, military decorations or ornaments.

re hears'al (rē hērs'āl), a trial performance.

re join', to join again.

re lieve', to help, take the place of.

rel'ish, to enjoy.

re luc'tant ly, unwillingly.

ren'e gade, one who has deserted his faith or party.

re past', a meal, feast.

re pel', to drive back.

re pine', to mourn.

re proach', to blame.

rep'u ta'tion, the general opinion held of one.

re quite', to repay.

re sent, to feel or show displeasure.

re sent'ful, angry.

re sent'ment, anger.

re serves', soldiers held back in the early part of a battle, to be used later.

re sid'u um, what remains after certain deductions have been made.

res'in ous, having to do with resin, a pitchy substance that comes from the pine-tree.

re sist', to oppose.

res'o lute, firm, fearless.

re sound'ing, making a loud noise.

re spon si bil'i ty, state of being answerable or accountable for matters of importance.

re spec'tive, relating to particular persons or things, each to each.

re strain', to hold back.

re straint', self-control.

re tort', to reply with spirit.

re veil'le (rē vāl'yē, rēv ī lē'), the bugle-call that rouses soldiers in the morning.

rev'er end, a title applied to clergymen.

re verse', wrong end (of a lance).

re volt', a struggle against authority.

rhy'thm (rīth 'm), the swing of a piece of verse.

rick yard, yard where ricks, or haystacks, are; farmyard.

Ri'gi (rē'gī), a mountain in Switzerland near Lucerne.

rig'id (rī'īd), stiff.

ri'ot (ry'ūt), a violent disturbance of the public peace.

ri'ot ous, disorderly.

Ro'land.

romp, to play roughly, to frisk.

Ro os.

rout, to drive away in confusion, to defeat completely.

rou tine' (rōō tēn'), a regular round of business.

roy'als, the small square sails on a ship, next to the highest on the mast.

ruffi an, a rough, brutal fellow.

run'nel, a small brook.

rus'tic, belonging to the country.

ruth'less without pity.

Ry'ence.

sa ga'cious, wise.

sal'let, a kind of light helmet without a visor.

sal va'tion, state of being saved.

Sa mar'i tan, one who assists another in distress; so called from the Bible story of the Good Samaritan.

Sar a cen'ic, related to the Saracens, or Mohammedans, of the Middle Ages.

Sar a to'ga, a city in New York State, the scene of a famous battle in the American Revolution.

sa'vor, flavor, taste.

sa'vor y, having a pleasant taste.

scan, to look at with great care.

scep'tre, the wand carried by a king on state occasions.

Schuyl'kill (skōōl'kil), a river in Pennsylvania that flows into the Delaware near Philadelphia.

scour, to sail over thoroughly.

scud, to scurry, move quickly.

scur'ry ing, hurrying.

sear, to burn.

sedg, coarse grass or reeds growing by the waterside.

sel'vage, the edge of a piece of woven material so made as to prevent ravelling.

sen'si ble, that which can be felt, material.

sen'ti ent (sēn'shī ěnt, sēn'shēnt), breathing, feeling as a living thing.

se'quence, order.

Se ra'pis.

sham'ble, to walk in a clumsy manner.

shock, a bundle of grain.

shore, block of wood used to keep a vessel in place while she is being built.

shrug, a raising of the shoulders.

shunt, to switch or turn on to another track.

sieve.

sil hou ette', an outline of an object filled in with black.

skir'mish er, a soldier who fights in advance of the main body of an army.

slake, to quench, satisfy.

sloe, a kind of black wild plum or berry.

smoth'er (smūth'ēr), blinding confusion of spray.

sov'er eign ty, rule, power.

spa'cious, roomy.

span, to cross with a span, as a bridge.

spec'i men, a sample, example of a class of things.

spell'bound, motionless through surprise or fear.

spit, a sand-bank or point.

splotch, a blot, stain.

spokes'man, one who speaks for others.

spright ly, lively, active.

sprit'sail-yard, the small yard that supported a small sail on the bowsprit of old-fashioned ships.

spume, foam.

squad'ron, a small fleet.

stam'mer, to hesitate in speaking, stutter.

stead'fast ly, firmly.

stealth'i ly, secretly.

sten to'ri an, very loud.

stoat, a small animal of the weasel family.

strait, difficulty.

stren'u ous, active, laborious.

strick'en, struck by disease or misfortune.

strip'ling, boy, young man.

struck, hauled down his flag as a sign of surrender.

sub lime', rousing feelings of awe, wonder, and admiration.

sub scribe', to write down one's name in support or approval of a person or a movement.

sub sist'ence, support, living.
sub'sti tute, one who takes the place of another.

sub'urb, the outskirts of a city.

sub urb'an, belonging to a suburb.

sug ges'tion, a hint.

sug ges'tive, carrying a hint or a suggestion, often with the idea of something improper.

sul'len, ill-tempered.

sum ma'ri ly, quickly, without delay.

sum'mons, call, message.

su per fi'cial, not based on careful study or thought.

su pe ri or'i ty, greater power or merit.

sup press', to keep back, quiet.

sur'ly, ill-tempered.

sur mise', thought, guess.

sur mount', to overcome.

sur vive', to outlive.

sur viv'or, one who survives or lives through an experience.

sus pect', to have doubts of, to believe that something exists which does not appear openly.

sus pi'cious ly, in a manner to cause suspicion or doubt.

sus tain', to bear up.

sward, turf, grassy ground.

swath (swôth), a wide path.

swarth'y, having a dark complexion.
Swit'zer land.

tab'leau, a picture made up of a group of living persons.

tan'ta lize, to tease by the promise of something that is held just out of reach.

taunt, to mock, jeer at.

ten'ure, act or right of holding property.

ter'mi nate, to end.

thread'bare, worn so that the thread is bare.

togue (tôg), a kind of lake trout.

to'ken, keepsake, sign.

Ton'gres (tôn'gr'), a town in Belgium.

top gal'lants, the square sails on a ship just below the royals.

tour'na ment, a formal contest between mounted knights.

trac'tor, an engine for drawing loaded wagons, ploughs, etc.

tra di'tion, records of the past handed down by word of mouth.

Traf al'gar or Traf al gar', a cape on the west coast of Spain, scene of a famous victory by the British fleet, under Lord Nelson, over the combined French and Spanish fleets, in 1805.

trag'ic, involving death or calamity; terrible.

trance, a state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body.

tran scend'ent, reaching beyond human experience; excelling, surpassing.

trans'fix, to pierce through.

trans'form, to change completely.

trans'port, to carry to a distance.

treach'er ous, not to be trusted.

trib u la'tion, sorrow, trouble.

tri'reme, an ancient ship having three banks of oars.

trun'cheon, staff of office.

trust'y, faithful.

tu mult'u ous, in a tumult or uproar, disturbed.

tur'ret, a round structure on a war-vessel containing guns, sometimes arranged to turn by machinery.

tu'tor, a teacher who gives instruction privately to one or more pupils.

typ'i cal, agreeing with some type or model.

tyr'an ny, power based on the will of a ruler without regard to the rights of those ruled.

Ul'fi us.

um'pire, a disinterested person who rules on the plays of a game or decides a dispute.

unc'tion, fervor, tenderness, show of feeling.

un daunt'ed, unafraid.

un'der tow, the pull of the outflowing water after a wave has washed in on the shore.

un du la'tion, wavy movement.

un'i form, a dress of a particular style or pattern worn by all the persons in a certain service; having the same form or manner.

u nique'ness, the quality of being unique or different from anything else.

un mer'it ed, undeserved.

un mo lest'ed, unharmed, not interfered with.

un scathed', unharmed.

un sur pas'sa ble, not capable of being surpassed or excelled.

un ut'ter a ble, not utterable, unspeakable.

un wield'y, clumsy, hard to move.

ur'chin, a mischievous boy.

u'su rer, one who takes more than the legal rate of interest on a loan.

u'su ry, the taking of more than the legal rate of interest on a loan.

u ten'sil, a vessel or implement used in a kitchen.

u'til ize, to make use of.

ut'ter ly, entirely.

vague, not clear.

val'iant, brave.

va lise' (vá lēs'), a hand-bag, "grip."

Val'ley Forge, a small place in Pennsylvania about 20 miles from Philadelphia, famous because of the severe winter spent there in camp by the American army in 1777-1778.

van, front part of a body of men.

van'quish, defeat, conquer.

va'ri e gat ed, having a variety of colors.

ve loc'i ty, speed.

ven'er a ble, worthy of honor and respect.

ve ran'da, an open gallery or portico on the outside of a building; a piazza.

ver'dict, the opinion of a body of disinterested persons in regard to a question in dispute.

ver'ger, an officer who looks after the interior of a church.

ver'i ly, truly.

ver'i ta ble, true.

vex a'tion, state of being vexed or annoyed.

vi'ands, articles of food.

vi'brant, trembling or quivering with feeling.

vic'tim, one who is injured by another through no fault of his own.

vig'il, watch.

vin'di cate, to relieve of blame.

vi o la'tion, the breaking of a rule or principle.

Vir'gil, great Roman poet, B. C. 70-19.

vis'ion a ry, given to seeing visions, dreamy.

viv'id, bright, clear.

vo'cal, relating or belonging to the voice.

vo ca'tion, the means by which one earns a living.

vol can'ic, belonging or related to a volcano.

vol'u ble, noisy, talkative.

vot'ive, given by vow or in fulfilment of a vow.

waif, a stray child.

war'i ly (wār'ī lī or wār'ī lī), carefully, cautiously.

warp, to twist, bend.

wend, to go.

wince, to flinch, shrink.

wist'ful ly, longingly.

wont (wūnt), accustomed.

wor'ship ful, entitled to worship or high respect.

wran'gler, one who wrangles or quarrels.

wretch'ed, miserable, poor, unhappy.

Xerx'es (zûrk'zēz), famous Persian king, B. C., 486-465.

yeo'man, a common middle-class citizen.

Zu'rich (zoō'rīk), a city in Switzerland.

Zug (tsōōg), a district in Switzerland.

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